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THE

LIFE & CORRESPONDENCE

of the late

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

The Rev.d Charles Cuthbert Southey.

VOL. V.

London:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS.
1850.

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LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

EDITED BY HIS SON, THE

REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A.

CURATE OF PLUMBLAND, CUMBERLAND.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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Drawn & Engraved by W. Westall, A.R.A.

THE

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER XXV.

OPINIONS ON POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SUBJECTS. — CURIOUS BEQUEST FROM A LUNATIC. — LETTER TO HIM. — DISLIKE OF THE QUAKERS TO POETRY. — LIFE OF WESLEY. — COLLOQUIES WITH SIR THOMAS MORE. — SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS. — THE KING'S DEATH. — PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY. — REV. PETER ELMSLEY. — NEW FASHION OF POETRY OF ITALIAN GROWTH. — DON JUAN. — POLITICAL FOREBODINGS. — PARALLEL ROADS IN SCOTLAND. — DEATH OF THE DUKE DE BERRI. — BEGUINAGE SCHEME. — ENGLISH SISTERHOODS. — HIS BROTHER EDWARD. — JOHN MORGAN. — LAUREATE ODES. — THE LIFE OF WESLEY. — LETTER IN RHYME FROM WALES.—ACCOUNT OF HIS RECEIVING THE HONORARY DEGREE OF D.C.L. AT OXFORD. — RETURN HOME. — CONGRATULATIONS TO NEVILLE WHITE ON HIS MARRIAGE. — OPINIONS ON THE LIFE OF WESLEY. — EXCUSES FOR IDLENESS. — OCCUPATIONS. — LETTER FROM SHELLEY. — PROJECTED LIFE OF GEORGE FOX. — MR WESTALL AND MR. NASH. — THE VISION OF JUDGMENT. — CLASSICAL STUDIES. — RODERICK TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH — BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE. — DEATH OF MISS TYLER. — BIRTHDAY ODE. — PORTUGUESE AFFAIRS. — 1820, 1821.

In the last volume the reader has had several specimens of the obloquy which my father's political

writings had entailed upon him. It may yet be allowed me once more to say a few words upon this subject before we enter upon this last period of his intellectual life, in which all his opinions and currents of thought were fixed and defined.

It has been the fashion with many of those persons whose opinions were most opposed to those my father held in later life, taking up their cue from the abuse which was for a long period showered upon him in the *Liberal* journals, to assume, as an undoubted truth, that at some particular period his views had changed totally and suddenly, under the influence of unworthy motives,—that he had veered round (like a weather-cock upon a gusty day) from the levelling opinions set forth in Wat Tyler to high Toryism,—that he was a "renegade," an "apostate," an "hireling," and I know not what; and they attributed this change, on the one hand, to the mortification he felt at the squibs of the Anti-Jacobin, and at the various satirical attacks which he experienced; and, on the other, to the hope of basking in Court smiles, and comfortably "feathering his nest" under ministerial favour. His pension (which the reader need not be reminded, left him a poorer man than it found him) was by some considered as the pivot upon which he had turned round; and the Laureateship, paid by the magnificent income of 90*l.*, and taken at a time when the office was considered as all but ridiculous, was by such persons regarded as the second instalment of a series of payments for this tergiversation. Others, again, unable to find that these had been the agents in effecting the changes in his

views, and determined to discover some unworthy causes for the alteration rather than frankly attribute it to time, experience, increased knowledge, and calm and deliberate conviction, have declared that it was his connection with the Quarterly Review which chiefly influenced the course of his life and opinions; not choosing to suppose, with greater charity, that the Quarterly Review exhibited those opinions, but did not make them, or to confess that they were the spontaneous growth of his own mind.

I think it needless now to attempt to rebut charges like these, because the candid reader of the past volumes, having seen the ardour and frankness with which my father expressed the same opinions in his unguarded correspondence which he advocated in his public writings, will hardly be disposed to acquiesce in them, especially as his reasons for refusing to join the Edinburgh Review, at a period antecedent to the existence of the Quarterly, are on record.

But as my father's views upon politics have been so often misrepresented and misunderstood, a brief sketch of the chief of these can hardly be misplaced here; and I am the more impelled to make such a sketch, because I have lately seen it asserted that "the only opinions England has cause to dread are those held and advocated by Robert Southey during middle life." A notable sentence, showing how little his political opponents either know or consider how many of the improvements and changes which he advocated have been, or are now being, carried into

effect, with the approbation of the best and most distinguished men of all parties.

Now, as in politics there are two great and opposite evils to be dreaded, — tyrannical government on the one hand, and anarchy on the other, — my father believed that the time for dreading the former was gone by, and that the latter danger was imminent; and on this account, as we have seen, he directed his energies to supporting the supreme authority, by urging the adoption of strong measures towards the seditious writers and speakers of the time, — by opposing such proposals as seemed to have a tendency to strengthen the democratic element, — and by himself proposing and urging the adoption of measures for improving the condition of the poorer classes.

Under these three heads are comprised, I believe, most of my father's political acts. Of the two first I need not speak: they are sufficiently understood; but on the third I would wish to dilate a little further. Let me, however, first guard against being supposed to claim infallibility for my father in his political opinions. Doubtless, he sometimes erred in his estimate both of the good and the evil likely to result from certain measures. Who, indeed, has not so erred? What politician or what party does not occasionally anticipate exaggerated effects, alike from what they support or what they deprecate? But I would submit that, with respect to the *ultimate* effects of those great measures he most strongly opposed, time has not yet fully set his seal upon them; that we have not yet seen the whole results either of Catholic Emancipation or of

the Reform Bill; and with respect to Free Trade, when its effects have already so far outrun the calculations of its first movers, surely he must be a bold man, however much he may wish it to succeed, who will say it is not still an experiment.

But while the correctness or the fallacy of my father's opinions, and of those who thought with him upon these points in great measure has yet to be decided, I would lay much more stress upon his views on social subjects—upon his earnest advocacy of those measures he thought most calculated to ameliorate the condition of the lower orders, and to cement the bonds of union between all classes of society, and this as proving that both in early and in later life the objects he aimed at were the same, although he had learned to think that political power was not the panacea for all the poor man's evils.

Among the various measures and changes he advocated may be named the following, many of which were topics he handled at greater or less length in the Quarterly Review, while his opinions upon the others may be found scattered throughout his letters:—National education to be assisted by Government grants. The diffusion of cheap literature of a wholesome and harmless kind. The necessity of an extensive and well organised system of colonisation, and especially of encouraging female emigration. The importance of a wholesome training for the immense number of children in London and other large towns, who, without it, are abandoned to vice and misery. The establishment of Protestant sisters of charity, and of a better order of hospital nurses. The establishment

of savings' banks in all the small towns throughout the country. The abolishment of flogging in the army and navy, except in cases flagrantly atrocious. Alterations in the poor laws. Alterations in the game laws.* Alterations in the criminal laws, as inflicting the punishment of death in far too many cases. Alterations in the factory system, for the benefit of the operative, and especially as related to the employment of children. The desirableness of undertaking national works, reproductive ones if possible, in times of peculiar distress.† The necessity of doing away with interments in crowded cities. The system of giving allotments of ground to labourers; the employment of paupers in cultivating waste lands. The commutation of tithes; and lastly, the necessity for more clergymen, more colleges, more courts of law.

A man whose mind was full of projects of this kind ought, I think, to be safe from sentences of indiscriminate condemnation, and, indeed, when we remember how few of them had occupied the attention of politicians when he wrote of them, it must be allowed that he was one of the chief pioneers of most of the great and real improvements which have taken and are taking place in society in our own times; and though some may still think his fears of a revolution were exaggerated, yet who can say how far the tranquillity we enjoy has not been owing to the preventive and curative measures which he and others

* The changes he advocated in the game laws have long since taken place; but, alas, without the good effects anticipated from them.

† Such as of later years has occurred in Ireland and Scotland.

who thought with him so perseveringly laboured to bring about?

The various literary employments upon which he was engaged in 1819–20 have been frequently referred to in his letters. The Life of Wesley was in the press. The Peninsular War he was busily employed upon; he had also in progress the Book of the Church, and the Colloquies with Sir T. More; and to the Quarterly Review he was, as we know, a constant contributor, not so much from choice as from necessity.

But in addition to all his other manifold employments, the Laureateship was an inconvenient tax upon his time, and a considerable one upon his ingenuity. The regular task-work was still required, and he was at the same time too desirous of rendering the Laurel more honourable than it had been, to be content with merely those common-place compositions; which no one could hold more cheaply than he did himself, often designating them as "simply good for nothing," and declaring "that next to getting rid of the task which the Laureateship imposed upon him, of writing stated verses at stated times, the best thing he could do was to avoid publishing them except on his own choice and his own time."

The death of the King, which occurred in January, 1820, now seemed to call for some more particular effort on his part; and as this event had been for some time expected he had been turning over in his mind in what way he could best pay his official tribute, and at the same time produce something of real merit. We have seen that from his youth he had been de-

sirous of making the experiment of writing a poem in hexameter verse, and it has been noticed that in the year 1799 he commenced one in that measure. He now therefore determined upon the plan and structure of the Vision of Judgment, which it may be supposed was a work of no small time and labour, and with this addition to his other employments he might well say that his "head and his hands were as full as they could hold, and that if he had as many heads and as many hands as a Hindoo god, there would be employment enough for them all."

One other subject may also be mentioned as occupying his thoughts at this time, though probably in a less degree than it would have occupied the thoughts of most persons. He has mentioned in his autobiography that his great uncle, John Canon Southey, had left certain estates of considerable value in trust for his great nephew, John Southey Somerville, afterwards Lord Somerville, and his issue, with the intent that if he, who was then a child, should die without issue, the estates should descend to the Southeys. Lord Somerville was lately dead without issue, and my father was under the impression that he had a legal claim to the property, and was at this time taking advice upon the subject. It turned out, however, that Canon Southey had not taken proper care that his intention should be carried into effect, for the opinions upon his claim were not sufficiently favourable to encourage him to take legal proceedings in the matter.

This disappointment he bore as quietly as he had done others of the same kind, and while by no man

would a competence have been more thankfully welcomed and regarded as a greater blessing, and I believe I may add, better employed, he was far too wise to disturb himself with unavailing regrets, and never allowed these untoward circumstances to give him one moment's disquiet. In the present instance he most philosophically looked on the bright side of the matter. "Twice in my life," he says, "has the caprice of a testator cut me off from what the law would have given me had it taken its course, and now the law interferes and cuts me off from what would have been given me by a testator. It is, however, a clear gain to escape a suit in Chancery."

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

"Keswick, Jan. 18. 1820.

"My dear Wynn,

"I have two things to tell you, both sufficiently remarkable. Lord Bathurst, supposing that I had a son growing up, called on Croker lately to offer me a writership for him. I never saw Lord B., nor have I any indirect acquaintance with him. The intended kindness therefore is the greater.

"A curious charge has been bequeathed me,— the papers of a man who destroyed himself on the first day of this year, wholly, I believe, from the misery occasioned by a state of utter unbelief. I never saw him but once. Last year he wrote me two anonymous letters, soliciting me to accept this charge. I

supposed him, from what he said, to be in the last stage of some mortal disease, and wrote to him under that persuasion. And I rather imagined that the religious character of my second reply had offended him, for I heard nothing more till last week, when there came a letter from an acquaintance of mine telling me his name, his fate, and that the papers were deposited by the suicide himself the day before he executed his fatal purpose, to await my directions. I have reason to believe, that with all proper respect to the dead as well as to the living, a most melancholy, but instructive lesson may be deduced from them. His letters are beautiful compositions, and he was a man of the strictest and most conscientious virtue!

"The jury pronounced him insane, which, perhaps, they would not have done, had they seen the paper which he addressed to them. That cruel law should be repealed, and I wish you would take the credit of repealing it. It is in every point of view barbarous. A particular prayer for cases of this kind should be added to our Burial Service, to be used in place of those parts that express a sure and certain hope for the dead. God bless you!

R. S."

Upon a careful examination of the papers here alluded to, my father found that it would be quite impossible to make any use of them, as they contained the strongest internal evidences of the perfect insanity of the writer. The reader will, probably,

be interested by the insertion here of the letter * which my father conceived had offended the person to whom it was addressed. This, however, it had not done; on the contrary, it had affected him considerably, but he reasoned insanely upon it, and it seems not improbable that it had caused him to postpone for awhile his wretched intention of suicide, which it appears he had determined upon for six years.

To ———.

"Keswick, March 2. 1819.

"Your letter, my dear Sir, affects me greatly. It represents a state of mind into which I also should have fallen, had it not been for that support which you are not disposed to think necessary for the soul of man.

"I, too, identified my own hopes with hopes for mankind, and at the price of any self-sacrifice would have promoted the good of my fellow-creatures. I too have been disappointed in being undeceived; but having learnt to temper hope with patience, and when I lift up my spirit to its Creator and Redeemer, to say, not with the lips alone, but with the heart also, 'Thy will be done,' I feel that whatever afflictions I have endured, have been dispensed to me in mercy, and am deeply and devoutly thankful for what I am, and what I hope to be when I shall burst my shell.

"O Sir! Religion is the one thing needful. With-

* My father's first letter to —— has not been preserved.

out it, no one can be truly happy (do you not feel this?); with it, no one can be entirely miserable. Without it, this world would be a mystery too dreadful to be borne, — our best affections and our noblest desires a mere juggle and a curse, and it were better, indeed, to be nothing than the things we are. I am no bigot. I believe that men will be judged by their actions and intentions, not their creed. I am a Christian; and so will Turk, Jew, and Gentile be in Heaven, if they have lived well according to the light which was vouchsafed them. I do not fear that there will be a great gulph between you and me in the world which we must both enter; but if I could persuade you to look on toward that world with the eyes of faith, a change would be operated in all your views and feelings, and hope and joy and love would be with you to your latest breath, — universal love — love for mankind, and for the Universal Father, into whose hands you are about to render up your spirit.

"That the natural world, by its perfect order, displays evident marks of design, I think you would admit, for it is so palpable that it can only be disputed from perverseness or affectation. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the moral order of things should in like manner be coherent and harmonious? It is so if there be a state of retribution after death. If that be proved, everything becomes intelligible, just, beautiful, good. Would you not, from the sense of fitness and of justice, wish that it should be so? And is there not enough of wisdom and power apparent in creation to authorise us in inferring, that

whatever upon the grand scale would be the best, therefore must be?

"Pursue this feeling, and it will lead you to the cross of Christ.

"I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this; and that, absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, they are not always false; but that the spirits of the dead have sometimes been permitted to appear. I believe this, because I cannot refuse my assent to the evidence which exists of such things, and to the universal consent of all men who have not *learnt* to think otherwise. Perhaps you will not despise this as a mere superstition, when I say that Kant, the profoundest thinker of modern ages, came, by the severest reasoning, to the same conclusion.

"But if these things are, then there is a state after death; and if there be a state after death, it is reasonable to presume that such things should be.

"You will receive this as it is meant. It is hastily and earnestly written, in perfect sincerity, in the fulness of my heart. Would to God that it might find its way to yours. In case of your recovery, it would reconcile you to life, and open to you sources of happiness to which you are a stranger.

"But whether your lot be for life or death, dear Sir, God bless you!

R. S."

To Bernard Barton, Esq.

"Keswick, Jan. 21. 1820.

"Dear Sir,

"You propose a question* to me, which I can no more answer with any grounds for an opinion, than if you were to ask me whether a lottery ticket should be drawn blank or prize, or if a ship should make a prosperous voyage to the East Indies. If I recollect rightly, poor Scott, of Amwell, was disturbed in his last illness by some hard-hearted and sour-blooded bigots, who wanted him to repent of his poetry as of a sin. The Quakers are much altered since that time. I know one, a man deservedly respected by all who know him (Charles Lloyd the elder, of Birmingham), who has amused his old age by translating Horace and Homer. He is looked up to in the Society, and would not have printed these translations if he had thought it likely to give offence.

"Judging, however, from the spirit of the age, as affecting your Society, like every thing else, I should think they would be gratified by the appearance of a poet among them, who confines himself within the limits of their general principles. They have been reproached with being the most illiterate sect that has ever arisen in the Christian world, and they ought to be thankful to any of their members who should assist in vindicating them from that opprobrium. There is nothing in their principles which

* The question was, whether the Society of Friends were likely to be offended at his publishing a volume of poems.

should prevent them from giving you their sanction; and I will even hope that there are not many persons who will impute it to you as a sin, if you should call some of the months by their heathen names.* I know of no other offence that you are in danger of committing. They will not like virtuous feelings and religious principles the worse for being conveyed in good verse. If poetry in itself were unlawful, the Bible must be a prohibited book.

"I shall be glad to receive your volume, and you have my best good wishes for its success. The means of promoting it are not within my power; for though I bear a part in the Quarterly Review (and endure a large portion of the grossest abuse and calumny for opinions which I do not hold, and articles which I have not written), I have long since found it necessary, for reasons which you may easily apprehend, to form a resolution of reviewing no poems whatever. My principles of criticism, indeed, are altogether opposite to those of the age. I would treat everything with indulgence, except what was mischievous; and most heartily do I disapprove of the prevailing fashion of criticism, the direct tendency of which is to call bad passions into full play.

"Heartily hoping that you may succeed to your utmost wishes in this meritorious undertaking,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

* "One in the British Friend did impute this as a sin, twenty-five years after this was written." — *Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton*, p. 111.

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Jan. 28. 1820.

"My dear R.,

". . . . . My knowledge is never so ready as yours. The less you trust your memory the worse it serves you; and for the last five-and-twenty years I have hardly trusted mine at all; the consequence has been, that I must go to my notes for everything, except the general impressions and conclusions that much reading leaves behind.

"Upon the deficiency of our Ecclesiastical Establishment and its causes, you will find an historical chapter in my Life of Wesley, agreeing entirely with your notes in all the points on which we have both touched. Since that chapter was written I have got at sundry books on the subject,—Kennet's Case of Impropriations, Henry Wharton's Defence of Pluralities, Staveley's History of Churches—each very good and full of sound knowledge; Eachard's Contempt of the Clergy and Stackhouse's Miseries of the Inferior Clergy—books of a very different character, but of great notoriety in their day; and two recent publications by a Mr. Yates, which contain a great deal of information. I was led to them by the mention made of them in Vansittart's speech upon the New Churches. . . . . .

"I must borrow from some of the black letter men Sir Thomas More's works, which are tolerably numerous; and when I am in London, I must ask you to turn me loose for two or three mornings among the statutes at large, for I must examine those

of Henry VII. in particular. There is something about the process of sheep-farming in those days, which I am not sure that I understand. The double grievance complained of is, that it appropriated commons and turned arable land into pasture. Now, could this latter commutation answer in a country where the demand must have been as great for meal and malt as for wool and mutton? What I perceive is this, that down to the union of the Two Roses, men were the best stock that a lord could have upon his estates; but when the age of rebellions, disputed succession, and chivalrous wars was over, money became of more use than men; and the question was not, who could bring most vassals into the field, but who could support the largest expenditure; and in Sir T. More's days the expenditure of the fashionables was infinitely beyond anything that is heard of in ours. So I take it they did as —— is now doing: got rid of hereditary tenants who paid little or nothing, in favour of speculators and large breeders, who could afford to pay, and might be rack-rented without remorse. I shall put together a good deal of historical matter in these interlocutions, taking society in two of its critical periods — the age of the Reformation, and this in which we live.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Feb. 11. 1820.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"When you see Gifford (and when you go near his door I wish you would make it a reason for calling), will you tell him that among the many applications to which, like himself, I am exposed on account of the Quarterly Review, there is one from Sir —— ——, concerning whose book I wrote to him some three or four months ago. I very much wish he would get Pasley to review that book. It would hardly require more than half a dozen pages; and I believe the book deserves to be brought forward, as being of great practical importance. If, as I apprehend, it shows that we are so much superior to the French in the most important branch of war in theory, as we have proved ourselves to be in the field, the work which demonstrates this ought to be brought prominently into notice, more especially as the notoriety which the Quarterly Review may give to Sir ——'s refutation of Carnot's theories may tend to prevent our allies from committing errors, the consequence of which must be severely felt whenever France is able to resume her scheme of aggrandisement. . . . . .

"Do you know that one of those London publishers who are rogues by profession, is now publishing in sixpenny numbers a life of the King, by Robert Southy, Esq., printed for the author. 'Observe

to order Southy's Life of the King, to avoid imposition.' J. Jones, Warwick Square, is the ostensible rogue, but the anonymous person who sent me the first number, says, '*alias Oddy*.' I have sent a paragraph to the Westmoreland Gazette, which may save some of my neighbours from being taken in by this infamous trick, and have written to Longman, to ask whether it be advisable that I should take any further steps. He must be the best judge of this, and if he thinks I ought to apply for an injunction, he will hand over my letter to Turner, by whose opinion I shall be guided. The scoundrel seems to suppose that he may evade the law by misspelling my name.

"The death of the King will delay my departure two or three weeks beyond the time which I had intended for it. For if I do not finish the poem, which I must of course write before I leave home, my funeral verses would not appear before the coronation. In my next letter, I shall probably horrorize you about these said verses, in which I have made some progress.

"I have about a fortnight's work with Wesley, not more; and not so much if this sort of holiday's task had not come to interrupt me. I versify very slowly, unless very much in the humour for it, and when the passion of the part carries me forward. This can never be the case with task verses. However, as I hope not to go beyond two or three hundred lines, I imagine that, at any rate, a fourth part is done. I shall not be very long about it. If I manage the

end as well as I have done the beginning, I shall be very well satisfied with the composition.

" All well, thank God, at present.

" God bless you !

R. S."

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

"Keswick, Feb. 20. 1820.

" Your poem has not found its way to me. It is either delayed or mislaid at Longman's. Oh that you would write in English ! I can never think of your predilection for Latin verse but as a great loss to English literature.

" The times make less impression upon me than upon men who live more in the political world. The *present*, perhaps, appears to you, at a distance, worse than it is. The future will be what we may choose to make it. There is an infernal spirit abroad, and crushed it must be. Crushed it will be, beyond all doubt; but the question is, whether it will be cut short in its course, or suffered to spend itself like a fever. In the latter case, we shall go on through a bloodier revolution than that of France, to an iron military government, — the only possible termination of Jacobinism. It is a misery to see in what manner the press is employed to poison the minds of the people, and eradicate every thing that is virtuous, everything that is honourable, everything upon which the order, peace, and happiness of society are founded. The recent laws have stopped the twopenny supply

of blasphemy and treason, and a few of the lowest and vilest offenders are laid hold of. But the mischief goes on in all the stages above them.

"Do you remember Elmsley at Oxford, — the fattest under-graduate in your time and mine? He is at Naples, superintending the unrolling the Herculaneum manuscripts, by Davy's process, at the expense of the Prince Regent, — I should say, of George IV. The intention is, that Elmsley shall ascertain, as soon as a beginning is made of one of the rolls, whether it shall be proceeded with, or laid aside, in hope of finding something better, till the whole have been inspected.

"A fashion of poetry has been imported which has had a great run, and is in a fair way of being worn out. It is of Italian growth, — an adaptation of the manner of Pulci, Berni, and Ariosto in his sportive mood. Frere began it. What he produced was too good in itself and too inoffensive to become popular; for it attacked nothing and nobody; and it had the fault of his Italian models, that the transition from what is serious to what is burlesque was capricious. Lord Byron immediately followed; first with his Beppo, which implied the profligacy of the writer, and, lastly, with his Don Juan, which is a foul blot on the literature of his country, an act of high treason on English poetry. The manner has had a host of imitators. The use of Hudibrastic rhymes (the only thing in which it differs from the Italian) makes it very easy.

"My poems hang on hand. I want no monitor to tell me it is time to leave off. I shall force myself

to finish what I have begun, and then — good night. Had circumstances favoured, I might have done more in this way, and better. But I have done enough to be remembered among poets, though my proper place will be among the historians, if I live to complete the works upon yonder shelves.

"God bless you!

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To John May, Esq.

"Keswick, Feb. 22. 1820.

"My dear Friend,

". . . . . .

You know what a rose-coloured politician I was during the worst years of the war. My nature inclines me to hope and to exertion; and in spite of the evil aspects on every side, and the indications which are blackening wherever we look, I think that if we do not avert the impending dangers we shall get through them victoriously, let them come thick and threatening as they may. But it will not be without a heavy cost. The murder of the Duc de Berri surprised me more than a like tragedy would have done at home, where such crimes have perseveringly been recommended in those infamous journals, most of which have been suppressed by the late wholesome acts. The effect of such things (as it is the end also of all revolutions), must be to strengthen the executive power. As no man can abuse his fortune without injuring it, so no people can abuse their liberty

without being punished by the loss of it, in whole or in part. . . . . .

"Is it within the bounds of a reasonable hope that an improved state of public opinion, and an extended influence of religion, may prevent the degradation which, in the common course of things, would ensue, after one or two halcyon generations? How justly did the Romans congratulate themselves upon the security which they enjoyed under Augustus; but how sure was the tyranny, and corruption, and ruin which ensued? Our chance of escaping from the same process of decay depends upon the question, whether religion or infidelity are gaining ground: and if I am asked this question, I must comfort myself by the wise and good old saying; 'Well masters, God's above.'

"You have heard, no doubt, of the discovery of Cicero de Republica? This was brought to my mind at this moment by a thought whether we might not be verging towards a state of things, in which a general wreck of literature and destruction of libraries would make part of the plans of reform. The proposal of a new alphabet has been made by a German reformer, and approved by an English one, *because one of its effects would be to render all existing books useless!* It was said of old that there was nothing so foolish but some philosopher had said it. Alas there is nothing so mischievous or so atrocious, but that men are found in these days mad enough and malignant enough to recommend and to defend it.

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To John Rickman, Esq.

"March 1. 1820.

"My dear Rickman,

"Your guess about the Parallel Roads * has this in its favour, that if Glen Roy mean the king's glen, the word Roy would not have been used before there was an intercourse between the Scotch and the French; they were never such friends with our Normans as to have taken it from them. In point of time, therefore, this would suit well. On the other hand, in that age chroniclers delighted as much in a good show as in a good battle, and Froissart would hardly have failed to describe a hunting party upon so grand a scale as that for which these roads were made. It appears to be impossible that they should have been made for any other purpose; and when our friends at Corpach procure a list of the names of places, and some Gael is found learned enough to translate them, this main fact I have no doubt will be established. There is some possibility that by this means, also, we may come near the age; not by the language (for I believe the Gaelic is not like the Welsh, in which the date of a composition may be

* "I read in Froissart (chap. lxi.) that the king of Scotland (Robert II.) was at that time absent from Edinburgh, being in the Highlands on a hunting party. The Parallel Roads in Glen Roy might be freshly made at that time; the Scottish kings having had recent opportunity of enlarging their ideas as prisoners or auxiliaries in England and France; and the listed field of a tournament might give the hint for a grand apparatus, — a hunting spectacle. Game might be preserved in the neighbourhood for royal diversion." — *J. R. to R. S., Feb.* 20. 1820.

inferred with some certainty by its language), but by the names of some of the party, and perhaps of some of the implements used.

"You are quite right in thinking funded property better than landed property for charitable institutions, as being rather more than less secure, safe from fraudulent management, and requiring no trouble. There remains an objection from the uncertainty of the value of money; but it appears to me impossible that money should ever fall in value as it has done since the Middle Ages, perhaps even such an advance in prices as has taken place within our own recollection will never again occur; I mean as affecting every thing. In the view which I take of the improvement of society, stability is one of the good things to be expected.

"I like your Beguinage scheme in all its parts. Endowments (analogous to college fellowships) would grow out of it in due course of time. And great part of the business of female education would be transferred to these institutions to the advantage of all parties.

"The Duc de Berri will do more good by his death than he would ever have done by his life. I had been saying that such a tragedy in France surprised me much more than it would have done in England. The will, I knew, was not wanting, and intelligence soon came that the purpose had been formed. Your Oppositionists will call this discovery* a most unfortunate business, and such I trust it will

* Of the Cato Street conspiracy.

prove for them. The jury who acquitted Thistlewood and Watson, the Oppositionists in Parliament and out of it who ridiculed the green bag plot, and the subscribers to Hone and Co., are much more deeply implicated in the guilt of this business than they would like to be told. They have given every encouragement to traitors, and thereby have made themselves morally art and part in the treason. What a fortunate thing that the Habeas Corpus was not suspended! in that case these miscreants would most of them have been in confinement, and the Whigs lamenting over them, and promoting subscriptions for them as the victims of oppression. The gallows will now have its due. . . . . .

"God bless you!

R. S."

The following was the "Beguinage scheme" alluded to in the foregoing letter: —

"A local habitation is all I wish for where a secular nunnery is to be established; acres enough to preserve the integrity of aspect from encroachment and to prevent intrusion. . . . . My notion of a female establishment is, that any benefactor erecting a set of chambers shall thereby acquire a right (alienable by will, gift, or sale, like other property) to place inmates there on certain conditions, such as that security shall be given that each enjoy a competent income, not less than £ —— while she resides there; that she shall be bound to the neces-

sary rules of female decorum, on pain of instant expulsion; and to such other rules as are indispensable to the well-being of the community; but that nothing like common meals shall be proposed. The ladies to choose their own mutual society, — of which there would be enough, — and to make all minor arrangements among themselves. I believe for external appearance, to prevent expense and vanity, and to restrain the number of idle applications, a uniform dress would be proper; and, for many purposes, as for prayers, bad weather, and peripatetic exercise, a large room would be a respectable adjunct to the edifice, and for which the fundatores might be taxed a per-centage upon their several chambers. Under such easy laws as these, and considering how fashionable and how laudable is the appetite for virtuous patronage, I do not see how it could fail that among the female nobility and other opulent females many would be ready so to invest part of their money. None of it could be spent more for their own reputation and respectability; and, considering that the individuals admitted would not of necessity (nor usually) be *maintained* by the foundress of the chamber, but recommended to her by those who might have interest or gratification in giving security for the maintenance of the inmate, I cannot but think that the foundress, the immediate patron of the admitted female, — who might thus exonerate himself from care and anxiety, were better motive wanting, — and the admitted female, whose maintenance for life, or, at least, for a specified term of years, must be secured before her admission, would all find motive

enough for falling into a plan, simple and unambiguous in its arrangement, and (if not wofully mismanaged) of the highest respectability.

"I do not know whether you are prepared to agree with me as to the necessity of a secured income to each female, but I have inquired enough in and about such female societies (such there are for clergymen's widows at Bromley, at Winchester, at Froxfield, at Lichfield, and, I dare say, elsewhere) as to be fully convinced that respectability cannot be otherwise maintained. . . . . In short, there must be a classification of relief, and I treat of the upper classes, observing only that many would be exalted into that upper class were the means of so exalting them easy, and obvious to the wealthy. Few wills would be without bequests of the competent annuity to some humble friend; various societies would be at various rates, — I should say from 50*l.* to 100*l.* per annum, or some such minimum, — and, if a wealthy foundress resided herself, she would have larger facility for beneficence than display. The love of the community, so conspicuous among monks in former times, would found libraries, plantations, walks, cloisters, gaudy days, whether obit or birthday, medical attendance, a chaplain, perhaps. For government, the foundresses must legislate."*

The reader will remember an interesting account of a Beguinage at Ghent in the last volume, and the recurrence to the subject at various intervals throughout my father's life shows how much interest he felt in it.

* J. R. to R. S., Feb. 20. 1820.

How far this plan of Mr. Rickman's, without considerable modification, might answer, seems doubtful, and something more of the nature of an asylum for persons of very limited means, or for those left altogether destitute, appears greatly wanted.

Institutions of this kind, however, so long as their object is limited to the benefit of their own inmates, have not in them a sufficient largeness of purpose and general utility to command the interest and admiration of mankind to any wide extent.

But when regarded in another light, as an influential machinery for the moral and religious cultivation of the people, they become highly important. My father has unfolded his own ideas upon this subject in the latter part of the Colloquies with Sir Thomas More, using frequently the same phrases, and making the same suggestions which occur in these letters, whether his own or his friend's; and he there indicates certain principles which seem essential to the well-being of such communities. There must be a centre of union sufficient to overpower, or at least to keep in harmonious subjection, individual characters; this can only be supplied by religion and the habit of obedience. "Human beings," he remarks, "cannot live happily in constrained community of habits without the aid of religious feeling, and without implicit obedience to a superior;" but he did not expect that these requirements would be easily met with in this age, and he attributes the little success of some institutions to the want of them.

It seems also an absolute essential that they should have their definite work; an object which may fill

their thoughts and occupy their energies; and this my father suggests, arguing that they ought to be devoted to purposes of Christian charity, and showing how wide a field is open to the members of such societies, in attendance upon the sick, in affording Christian consolation, and in the relief and the education of the poor; and with reference to such offices as these, he concludes with the hopeful prognostic that "thirty years hence the reproach may be effaced, and England may have its Sisters of Charity."

We have happily seen that in this respect, as in some others, the tide has turned, and some Institutions have sprung up, whose existence is based upon these two principles. While, however, I sincerely rejoice that such a beginning has been made, I may be allowed to express a fear that as yet, with the enthusiasm of persons following a new and exciting idea, they have adopted too much of the minutiæ and austerities of convent discipline to be widely acceptable to the English mind, and consequently to be extensively beneficial. For the rigid strictness of the rules (in some houses at least) is likely to deter any one from entering them, who respects and values the cheerfulness and rational liberty of domestic life, such as it appears in most religious families; and the quantity and fatigue of the duties required, is such as can only be endured by persons in robust health; and thus the very class who most need such a residence as an asylum, and who, under a more moderate system, might be both contented and useful, are altogether excluded. It would seem, indeed, to be desirable that the inmates of such Sisterhoods should aim

at making as small a distinction as possible, consistently with their great objects and principles, between themselves and other sensible, industrious, and devout English ladies. Some differences there must be; but such as, without being necessary, are only likely to offend, should surely be studiously avoided.

In the following letter, my father alludes to his youngest brother Edward, who has not been mentioned in these volumes since his boyhood. The subject is a painful one, and I may be excused from entering into it further than to say that every effort had been made, both by his uncle, Mr. Hill, and his brothers, to place him in a respectable line of life, and induce him to continue in it. He possessed excellent abilities, and had received a good education; and if he would have chosen any profession, they would have prepared him for it. He was placed first in the navy, and afterwards in the army, but in vain; and he finally took to the wretched life of an actor in provincial theatres. My father here sufficiently indicates the course ultimately pursued towards him by his brothers, who, in fact, did everything it was possible to do for him. He died in 1845.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"March 1. 1820.

"My dear G.,

"Though I never examined an account in my life (holding it a less evil to be cheated than to cast up long sums, and fret myself about *l. s. d.*), yet I think

there is an error in yours, for you have not debited me for the Westminster subscription, which must surely have been paid within the last three months.

"I thank you for your solicitude concerning my readiness to give. But you do not know when I turn a deaf ear. The case of poor Page's family is the only one in which I had not a cogent motive; there, perhaps, there was no better one than a regard to appearances — a tax to which I have paid less in the course of my life than most other persons. My unhappy brother Edward has at least the virtue of being very considerate in his demands upon me. They come seldom, and are always trifling. At present he is ill, perhaps seriously so. All that can be done for him is to take care that he may not want for necessaries while in health, nor for comforts (as far as they can be procured) when health fails him.

"In John Morgan's case I acted from the double motive of good will towards him and his wife, and of setting others an example,—which has had its effect. There was an old acquaintance there; and for the sake of his mother, at whose table I have been a frequent guest, I would have done more for him than this, had it been in my power.

"People imagine that I am very rich, that I have great interest with Government, and that my patronage in literature is sufficient to make an author's fortune, and to introduce a poet at once into full celebrity.

"Turner is about to take an opinion concerning my claims, both in law and in equity, to the Somersetshire Estates. Were I to recover them, I should

have great satisfaction in resigning my pension. The Laureateship I would keep as a feather, and wear it as Fluellen did his leek.

"Last night I finished the Life of Wesley; but I have outrun the printer as well as the constable, and it may be four or five weeks before he comes up to me. Now I go *dens et unguis* to my Carmen, which, if I do not like when it is done, why I will even skip the task, and prepare for the coronation. Alas! the birthdays will now be kept; learn for me on what days, that I may be ready in time. I do not know why you are so anxious for rhyme. The rhythm of my Congratulatory Odes is well suited for lyrical composition; and the last poem which I sent you was neither amiss in execution, nor inappropriate in subject. God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"March 26. 1820.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"Before I see you, you will receive the Life of Wesley*, whereof only about two sheets remain to

* There are at this day half a million of persons in the world (adult persons) calling themselves Methodists, and following the institutions of John Wesley; they are pretty equally divided between the British dominions and the United States of America; and they go on increasing year after year. They have also their missionaries in all parts of the world. The rise and progress of such a community is, therefore, neither an incurious nor an unimportant part of the history of the last century. I have brought it no farther than the death of the founder. You will find in it some odd things, some odd characters, some fine anecdotes, and many valuable facts, which the psychologist will know how to appreciate and apply. My humour (as

be printed. Some persons have expressed their expectations that the book will have a huge sale. I am much more inclined to think that it will obtain a moderate sale, and a durable reputation. Its merit will hardly be appreciated by any person, unless it be compared with what his former biographers have done: then, indeed, it would be seen what they have overlooked, how completely the composition is my own, and what pains it must have required to collect together the pieces for this great tesselated tablet. The book contains many fine things, — pearls which I have raked out of the dunghill. My only merit is that of finding and setting them. It contains also many odd ones, -- some that may provoke a smile, and some that will touch the feelings. In parts I think some of my own best writing will be found. It is written with too fair a spirit to satisfy any particular set of men. For the 'religious public' it will be too tolerant and too philosophical; for the Liberals it will be too devotional; the Methodists will not endure any censure of their founder and their institutions; the high Churchman will as little be able to allow any praise of them. Some will complain of it as being heavy and dull; others will not think it serious

it would have been called in the days of Ben Jonson) inclines me to hunt out such subjects; and whether the information be contained in goodly and stately folios of old times, like my noble Acta Sanctorum (which I shall like to show you whenever you will find your way again to your old chamber which looks to Borodale), or in modern pamphlets of whitey-brown paper; I am neither too indolent to search for it in the one, nor so fastidious as to despise it in the other. In proof of this unabated appetite, I have just begun an account of our old acquaintance the Sinner Saved, in the shape of a paper for the Q. R." — *To Richard Duppa, Esq., March* 25. 1820.

enough. I shall be abused on all sides, and you well know how little I shall care for it. But there are persons who will find this work deeply interesting, for the subjects upon which it touches, and the many curious psychological cases which it contains, and the new world to which it will introduce them. I dare say that of the twelve thousand purchasers of Murray le Magne's Review, nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand know as little about the Methodists as they do about the Cherokees or the Chiriguanas. I expect that Henry will like it, and also that he will believe in Jeffrey *, as I do.

"God bless you!

R. S."

In April, May, and June my father was absent from home, during which time he visited his friend Mr. Wynn, in Wales, spent some wearisome weeks in society in and about London, and finally received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at the Oxford commemoration.

The following letters are selected, because they give some slight idea of that affectionate playfulness which, in a character like his, ought not to be wholly passed over in silence.

* Jeffrey was the name given to the invisible cause of certain strange noises which annoyed the Wesley family. — See *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 445.

To Edith May Southey.

"Shrewsbury, April 25. 1820.

"Having nothing else to do for a dismal hour or two, I sit down to write to you, in such rhymes as may ensue, be they many be they few, according to the cue which I happen to pursue. I was obliged to stay at Llangedwin till to-day; though I wished to come away, Wynn would make me delay my departure yesterday, in order that he and I might go to see a place whereof he once sent a drawing to me.

"And now I'll tell you why it was proper that I should go thither to espy the place with mine own eye. 'Tis a church in a vale, whereby hangs a tale, how a hare being pressed by the dogs and much distressed, the hunters coming nigh and the dogs in full cry, looked about for some one to defend her, and saw just in time, as it now comes pat in rhyme, a saint of the feminine gender.

"The saint was buried there, and a figure carved with care, in the churchyard is shown, as being her own; but 'tis used for a whetstone (like the stone at our back door), till the pity is the more, (I should say the more's the pity, if it suited with my ditty), it is whetted half away, — lack-a-day, lack-a-day!

"They show a mammoth's rib (was there ever such a fib?) as belonging to the saint Melangel. It was no use to wrangle, and tell the simple people, that if this had been her bone, she must certainly have grown, to be three times as tall as the steeple.

"Moreover there is shown a monumental stone, as being the tomb of Yorwerth Drwndwn (*w*, you must know, serves in Welsh for long *o*). In the portfolio there are drawings of their tombs, and of the church also. This Yorwerth was killed six hundred years ago. Nevertheless, as perhaps you may guess, he happened to be an acquaintance of mine, and therefore I always have had a design to pay him a visit whenever I could, and now the intention is at last made good. . . . .

"God bless you!

R. S."

A very different record of the same scenes is preserved in my father's poems. One of the guests at Llangedwin during his stay there, was Bishop Heber, and the meeting was remembered on both sides, for in Heber's journal there is an allusion to Oliver Newman, which must have been read to him at this time; and ten years later my father embodied, in his lines On the Portrait of Bishop Heber, a graceful memorial of his friends, and the spots which he visited in their company.

"Ten years have held their course
Since last I look'd upon
That living countenance,
When on Llangedwin's terraces we paced
Together, to and fro.
Partaking there its hospitality,
We with its honoured master spent,
Well-pleased, the social hours;
His friend and mine, . . my earliest friend, whom I
Have ever, thro' all changes, found the same,
From boyhood to grey hairs,
In goodness, and in worth and warmth of heart.

Together then we traced
The grass-grown site, where armed feet once trod
The threshold of Glendower's embattled hall;
Together sought Melangel's lonely Church,
Saw the dark yews, majestic in decay,
Which in their flourishing strength
Cyveilioc might have seen;
Letter by letter traced the lines
On Yorwerth's fabled tomb;
And curiously observed what vestiges,
Mouldering and mutilate,
Of Monacella's legend there are left,
A tale humane, itself
Well nigh forgotten now." *

To Bertha, Kate, and Isabel Southey.

"June 26. 1820.

"Bertha, Kate, and Isabel, you have been very good girls, and have written me very nice letters, with which I was much pleased. This is the last letter which I can write in return; and as I happen to have a quiet hour to myself, here at Streatham, on Monday noon, I will employ that hour in relating to you the whole history and manner of my being ell-ell-deed at Oxford by the Vice-Chancellor.

"You must know, then, that because I had written a great many good books, and more especially the Life of Wesley, it was made known to me by the Vice-Chancellor, through Mr. Heber, that the University of Oxford were desirous of showing me the only mark of honour in their power to bestow, which was that of making me an LL.D., that is to say, a doctor of laws.

"Now, you are to know that some persons are ell-

* In both the ten vol. and one vol. edit. of my father's poems, this poem "On the Portrait of Bishop Heber" bears the wrong date of 1820. It was written in 1830.

ell-deed every year at Oxford, at the great annual meeting which is called the Commemoration. There are two reasons for this; first, that the university may do itself honour, by bringing persons of distinction to receive the degree publicly as a mark of honour; and, secondly, that certain persons in inferior offices may share in the fees paid by those upon whom the ceremony of ell-ell-deeing is performed. For the first of these reasons the Emperor Alexander was made a Doctor of Laws at Oxford, the King of Prussia, and old Blucher, and Platoff. And for the second, the same degree is conferred upon noblemen, and persons of fortune and consideration who are any ways connected with the university, or city, or county of Oxford.

"The ceremony of ell-ell-deeing is performed in a large circular building called the theatre, of which I will show you a print when I return, and this theatre is filled with people. The undergraduates (that is the young men who are called Cathedrals at Keswick) entirely fill the gallery. Under the gallery there are seats, which are filled with ladies in full dress, separated from the gentlemen. Between these two divisions of the ladies are seats for the heads of houses, and the doctors of law, physic, and divinity. In the middle of these seats is the Vice-Chancellor, opposite the entrance which is under the orchestra. On the right and left are two kind of pulpits, from which the prize essays and poems are recited. The area, or middle of the theatre, is filled with bachelors and masters of arts, and with as many strangers as can

obtain admission. Before the steps which lead up to the seats of the doctors, and directly in front of the Vice-Chancellor, a wooden bar is let down, covered with red cloth, and on each side of this the beadles stand in their robes.

"When the theatre is full, the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of houses, and the doctors enter: those persons who are to be ell-ell-deed remain without in the divinity schools, in their robes, till the convocation have signified their assent to the ell-ell-deeing, and then they are led into the theatre, one after another in a line, into the middle of the area, the people just making a lane for them. The professor of civil law, Dr. Phillimore, went before, and made a long speech in Latin, telling the Vice-Chancellor and the dignissimi doctores what excellent persons we were who were now to be ell-ell-deed. Then he took us one by one by the hand, and presented each in his turn, pronouncing his name aloud, saying who and what he was, and calling him many laudatory names ending in issimus. The audience then cheered loudly to show their approbation of the person; the Vice-Chancellor stood up, and repeating the first words in issime, ell-ell-deed him; the beadles lifted up the bar of separation, and the new-made doctor went up the steps and took his seat among the dignissimi doctores.

"Oh Bertha, Kate, and Isabel, if you had seen me that day! I was like other issimis, dressed in a great robe of the finest scarlet cloth, with sleeves of rose-coloured silk, and I had in my hand a black velvet cap like a beef-eater, for the use of which dress I paid one guinea for that day. Dr. Philli-

more, who was an old school-fellow of mine, and a very good man, took me by the hand in my turn, and presented me; upon which there was a great clapping of hands and huzzaing at my name. When that was over, the Vice-Chancellor stood up, and said these words whereby I was ell-ell-deed: — Doctissime et ornatissime vir, ego, pro auctoritate meâ et totius universitatis hujus, admitto te ad gradum doctoris in jure civili, honoris causâ.' These were the words which ell-ell-deed me; and then the bar was lifted up, and I seated myself among the doctors.

"Little girls, you know it might be proper for me, now, to wear a large wig, and to be called Doctor Southey, and to become very severe, and leave off being a comical papa. And if you should find that ell-ell-deeing has made this difference in me you will not be surprised. However, I shall not come down in a wig, neither shall I wear my robes at home.

"God bless you all!

Your affectionate Father,

R. SOUTHEY."

To the Rev. Neville White.

"Keswick, July 6. 1820.

"My dear Neville,

"There is no better proof that two fellow-travellers are upon a proper understanding with each other, than when they travel together for a good length of time in silence, each thinking his own

thoughts, and neither of them feeling it necessary to open his lips for the sake of politeness. So it is with real friends: I have not written to congratulate you on your change of state till now, because I could not do it at leisure, I would not do it hastily, and *I knew* that *you knew* how completely every day, hour, and minute of my time must be occupied in London. Never, indeed, was I involved in a more incessant succession of wearying and worrying engagements from morning till night, day after day, without intermission; here, there, and everywhere, with perpetual changes of every kind, except the change of tranquillity and rest. During an absence of nearly eleven weeks, I seldom slept more than three nights successively in the same bed. At length, God be thanked, I am once more seated by my own fireside—perhaps it is the only fire in Keswick at this time; but like a cat and a cricket, my habits or my nature have taught me to love a warm hearth: so I sit with the windows open, and enjoy at the same time the breath of the mountains and the heat of a sea-coal fire.

"And now, my dear Neville, I heartily wish you all that serious, sacred, and enduring happiness in marriage which you have proposed to yourself, and which, as far as depends upon yourself, you have every human probability of finding, and I make no doubt as far as depends upon your consort also. Such drawbacks as are inseparable from our present imperfect state, and such griefs as this poor flesh is heir to, you must sometimes expect, and will know how to bear. But the highest temporal blessings

as certainly attend upon a well-regulated and virtuous course of conduct now, as they did during the Mosaic dispensation; for what other blessings are comparable to tranquillity of mind, resignation under the afflictive dispensations of Providence, faith, hope, and that peace which passeth all understanding? However bitter upon the palate the good man's cup may be, this is the savour which it leaves: whatever his future may be, his happiness depends upon himself, and must be his own work. In this sense, I am sure you will be a happy man; may you be a fortunate one also.

"I had the comfort of finding all my family well, the children thoroughly recovered from the measles, though some of them somewhat thinner, and the mother a good deal so, from the anxiety and the fatigue which she had undergone during their illness. You hardly yet know how great a blessing it is for a family to have got through that disease; one of the passes perilous upon the pilgrimage of life. Cuthbert had not forgotten me; five minutes seemed to bring me to his recollection; he is just beginning to walk alone, — a fine, stout, good-humoured creature, with curling hair, and eyes full of intelligence. How difficult it is not to build one's hopes upon a child like this.

"I am returned to a world of business; enough to intimidate any one of less habitual industry, less resolution, or less hopefulness of spirit. My time will be sadly interrupted by visitors who, with more or less claims, find their way to me during the season from all parts. However, little by little, I

shall get on with many things: of which the first in point of time will be the long-intended Book of the Church. I told you, if I recollect rightly, what the Bishop of London had said to me concerning the Life of Wesley. You will be glad to hear that Lord Liverpool expressed to me the same opinion, when I met him at Mr. Canning's, and said that it was a book which could not fail of doing a great deal of good. Had that book been written by a clergyman, it would have made his fortune beyond all doubt. But it will do its work better as having come from one who could have had no view to preferment, nor any undue bias upon his mind. If I live, I shall yet do good service both to the Church and State.

"My visit to Oxford brought with it feelings of the most opposite kind. After the exhibition in the theatre, and the collation in Brazenose Hall given by the Vice-Chancellor, I went alone into Christ Church walks, where I had not been for six-and-twenty years. Of the friends with whom I used to walk there, many (and among them some of the dearest) were in their graves. I was then inexperienced, headstrong, and as full of errors as of youth and hope and ardour. Through the mercy of God, I have retained the whole better part of my nature, and as for the lapse of years, that can never be a mournful consideration to one who hopes to be ready for a better world, whenever his hour may come. God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, July 29. 1820.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"It is very seldom that a whole month elapses without some interchange of letters between you and me. And, for my part, on the present instance, I cannot plead any unusual press of business, or any remarkable humour of industry. But, then, I can plead a great deal of enjoyment. I have been staying in the house all day, — a great happiness after the hard service upon which my ten trotters were continually kept in London. I have been reading, — a great luxury for one who during eleven weeks had not half-an-hour for looking through a book. I have been playing with Cuthbert, giving him the Cries of London to the life, as the accompaniment to a series of prints thereof, and enacting lion, tiger, bull, bear, horse, ass, elephant, rhinoceros, the laughing hyena, owl, cuckoo, peacock, turkey, rook, raven, magpie, cock, duck, and goose, &c., greatly to his delight and somewhat to his edification, for never was there a more apt or more willing pupil. Whenever he comes near the study door, he sets up a shout, which seldom fails of producing an answer; in he comes, tottering along, with a smile upon his face, and *pica pica* in his mouth; and if the picture-book is not forthwith forthcoming, he knows its place upon the shelf, and uses most ambitious and persevering efforts to drag out a folio. And if this is not a proper excuse for idleness, Grosvenor, what is?

"But I have not been absolutely idle, only comparatively so. I have made ready about five sheets of the Peninsular War for the press (the main part, indeed, was transcription), and William Nicol will have it as soon as the chapter is finished. I have written an account of Derwent Water for Westall's Views of the Lakes. I have begun the Book of the Church, written half a dialogue between myself and Sir Thomas More, composed seventy lines for Oliver Newman, opened a Book of Collections for the Moral and Literary History of England, and sent to Longman for materials for the Life of George Fox and the Origin and Progress of Quakerism, a work which will be quite as curious as the Wesley, and about half the length. Make allowances for letter writing (which consumes far too great a portion of my time), and for the interruptions of the season, and this account of the month will not be so bad, as to subject me to any very severe censure of my stewardship.

"The other day there came a curious letter from Shelley, written from Pisa. Some of his friends persisted in assuring him that I was the author of a criticism * concerning him in the Quarterly Review. From internal evidence, and from what he knew of me, he did not and would not believe it; nevertheless they persisted; and he writes that I may enable him to confirm his opinion. The letter then, still couched in very courteous terms, talks of the principles and slanderous practices of the pretended friends of order, as contrasted with those which he professes, hints at

* My father was not the writer of this article.

challenging the writer of the Review, if he should be a person with whom it would not be beneath him to contend, tells me he shall certainly hear from me, because he must interpret my silence into an acknowledgment of the offence, and concludes with Dear-Sir-Ship and civility. If I had an amanuensis I would send you copies of this notable epistle, and of my reply to it.

"God bless you, Grosvenor!

Yours as ever,

R. S."

To Bernard Barton, Esq.

"Keswick, Nov. 24. 1820.

"My dear Sir,

"In reply to your questions concerning the Life of George Fox, the plan of the work resembles that of the Life of Wesley as nearly as possible. Very little progress has been made in the composition, but a good deal in collecting materials, and digesting the order of their arrangement. The first chapter will contain a summary history of the religious or irreligious dissensions in England, and their consequences, from the rise of the Lollards, to the time when George Fox went forth. This will be such an historical sketch as that view of our ecclesiastical history in the life of Wesley, which is the most elaborate portion of the work. The last chapter will probably contain a view of the state of the society at this time, and the modification and improvement which it has gradually, and almost insensibly re-

ceived. This part, whenever it is written, and all those parts wherein I may be in danger of forming erroneous inferences from an imperfect knowledge of the subject, I shall take care to show to some members of the society before it is printed. The general spirit and tendency of the book will, I doubt not, be thought favourable *by* the Quakers, as well as *to* them; and the more so, by the judicious, because commendation comes with tenfold weight from one who does not dissemble his own difference of opinion upon certain main points. Perhaps in the course of the work I may avail myself of your friendly offer, ask you some questions as they occur, and transmit certain parts for your inspection.

"Farewell, my dear Sir; and believe me,

Yours with much esteem,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

It would seem that a rumour had got abroad at this time, that the society of Friends were somewhat alarmed at the prospect of my father's becoming the biographer of their founder; for a few weeks later, Bernard Barton writes to him, telling him that he had seen it stated in one of the magazines that "Mr. Southey could not procure the needful materials, owing to a reluctance on the part of the Quakers to entrust them to him." And he goes on to say: — "But although I have stated that I see no objection to entrusting thee with any materials which thou mayest consider at all essential to thy undertaking, I think I can see, and I doubt not thou dost, why some little hesitation should exist in certain quarters. Thy

name is, of course, more likely to be known as that of a poet; and though poets as well as poetry are, I should hope, of rather increasing good repute amongst us, yet some distrust of their salutary tendency, which too much of our modern poetry may perhaps justify, still perhaps operates to their disadvantage. Then again, many of us are very plain matter-of-fact sort of people, making little allowance for poetical licence, and little capable of appreciating the pure charm and hidden moral of superstition and legendary lore. Now supposing thy Old Woman of Berkeley, — St. Romuald, — the Pope, the Devil, and St. Antidius, — or the Love Elegies of Abel Shufflebottom, to have fallen in the way of such personages, and then for them to be abruptly informed that the author of them was about compiling a Life of George Fox, &c., thou wilt, I think, at once see a natural and obvious cause for hesitation in really very respectable and good sort of people, but with little of poetry in them."

In this there is some reason as well as some humour; the report, however, was without foundation; and it was not from want of the offer of sufficient materials that the Life of George Fox was never written. Other labours crowded closely one upon the other, and this was only one more to be added to the heap of unfulfilled intentions and half-digested plans which form the melancholy reliquiæ of my father's literary life, leaving us, however, to wonder, not at what he left undone, but at what he did.

To W. Westall, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 8. 1820.

"My dear Westall,

"Your letter arrived yesterday, by which post, you know (being Thursday), it could not be answered. By this night's I shall write to Murray, saying that you will deliver the drawings to him, and informing him of the price. That they have in them that which is common to poetry and painting I do not doubt, and I only wish it were possible for you to engrave them yourself. The first edition of the book would then bear a high value hereafter. In describing that scene on the side of Walla Crag, I have introduced your name in a manner gratifying to my own feelings, and which I hope will not be otherwise to yours.

"I am glad to hear you are employed upon your views of Winandermere. My topographical knowledge in that quarter is but imperfect; but, when you want your letter-press, if you cannot persuade Wordsworth to write it (who would be in all respects the best person) I will do for you the best I can.

"Allow me to say one thing before I conclude. When you were last at Keswick there was an uncomfortable feeling in your mind towards Nash: I hope it has passed away. There is not a kinder-hearted creature in the world than he is; and I *know* that he has the truest regard for you, and the highest possible respect for your genius. Any offence that he may have given was entirely unintentional. Forget it, I entreat you: call upon him again as you were wont to do; it will rejoice him, and you will not feel the worse for having overcome the feeling of

resentment. I need not apologise for saying this; for, indeed, I could not longer forbear saying it; consistent with my regard both for him and for you.

"All here desire their kind remembrances. We cannot send them to Mrs. Westall, because you did not give us an opportunity of becoming known to her; but, I pray you, present our best wishes, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The prints referred to in the commencement of the foregoing letter were for the Colloquies with Sir Thomas More. The concluding paragraph of it had a special interest in Mr. Westall's eyes, as, with a rare willingness to receive such advice, he had immediately acted upon it, and renewed his friendly intercourse with Mr. Nash. And he reflected upon it with the more satisfaction as a few weeks only elapsed before Nash was suddenly cut off.

Nash was a mild, unassuming, and most amiable person, bearing meekly and patiently a severe bodily infirmity, which, in its consequences, caused his death. My father first became acquainted with him in Belgium in 1815: he spent several summers at Greta Hall, a guest dear both to young and old; and to his and to Mr. W. Westall's pencil the walls of our home owed many of their most beloved ornaments.

Since the commencement of the publication of these volumes, Mr. Westall has also "departed to his rest;" and I will take this opportunity of noticing

the sincere regard my father entertained for him as a friend, and the estimation in which he held him as an artist, considering him as by far the most faithful delineator of the scenery of the Lakes.

His death has taken away one more from the small surviving number of those who were familiar "household guests" at Greta Hall, and to whom every minute particular of the friend they so truly loved and honoured had its own especial interest.

To the Rev. Neville White.

"Keswick, Dec. 14. 1820.

"My dear Neville,

". . . . . .

I shall have a poem to send you in the course of a few weeks, planned upon occasion of the King's death (which you may think no very promising subject), laid aside eight months ago, when half written, as not suited for publication while the event was recent, and now taken up again, and almost brought to a conclusion. The title is, 'A Vision of Judgment.' It is likely to attract some notice, because I have made — and, in my own opinion, with success — the bold experiment of constructing a metre upon the principle of the ancient hexameter. It will provoke some abuse for what is said of the factious spirit by which the country has been disturbed during the last fifty years; and it will have some interest for you, not merely because it comes from me, but because you will find Henry's name not improperly introduced in it. My Laureateship has not been a sinecure: without reckoning the annual odes, which

have regularly been supplied, though I have hitherto succeeded in withholding them from publication, I have written, as Laureate, more upon public occasions (on none of which I should otherwise have ever composed a line) than has been written by any person who ever held the office before, with the single exception of Ben Jonson, if his Masques are taken into the account.

"The prevailing madness has reached Keswick*, as well as all other places; and the people here, who believe, half of them, that the King concealed his father's death ten years for the sake of receiving his allowance, and that he poisoned the Princess Charlotte (of which, they say, there can be no doubt; for did not the doctor kill himself? and why should he have done that if it had not been for remorse of conscience?), believe, with the same monstrous credulity, that the Queen is a second Susannah. The Queenomania will probably die away ere long; but it will be succeeded by some new excitement; and so we shall go on as long as our Government suffers itself to be insulted and menaced with impunity, and as long as

* Some riots had been expected on the occasion of the Queen's trial. My father writes at the time, "King Mob, contrary to his majesty's custom, has borne his faculties meekly in this place, and my windows were not assailed on the night of the illumination. I was prepared to suffer like a Quaker; and my wife was much more 'game' than I expected. Perhaps we owed our security to the half dozen persons in town who also chose to light no candles. They had declared their intention of making a fight for it if they were attacked, and they happened to be persons of consideration and influence. So all went off peaceably. The *tallow chandler* told our servant that it was expected there would be *great disturbances*; this was a hint to me, but I was too much a Trojan to be taken in by the man of *grease*." — *To G. C. B., Nov.* 17. 1820.

our Ministers are either unwilling or afraid to exert the laws in defence of the institutions of the country.

"I have a book in progress upon the state of the country, its existing evils, and its prospects. It is in a series of dialogues, and I hope it will not be read without leading some persons both to think and to feel as they ought. In more than one instance I have had the satisfaction of being told that my papers in the Quarterly Review have confirmed some who were wavering in their opinions, and reclaimed others who were wrong. . . .

"God bless you, my dear Neville!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Jan. 5. 1821.

"My dear G.,

"As for altering the movement of the six stanzas *, you may as well ask me for both my ears, or advise me to boil the next haunch of venison I may have, which, next to poaching a Simorg's† egg, would, I conceive, be the most inexpiable of offences. I cast them purposely in that movement, and with forethought.

"Why should the rest of the world think meanly of me for offering a deserved compliment to Haydon?‡ or for what possible reason consider it as a piece of flattery to a man who might fancy it his interest to

* Of the ode for St. George's Day, published with the Vision of Judgment.

† See Thalaba, book xi., verse 10.

‡ This refers to an allusion to Haydon in the Vision of Judgment.

flatter me, but whom I can have no imaginable motive for flattering? That point, however, you will press no farther when I tell you that the very day after the passage was written Haydon himself unexpectedly appeared,—that I read him the poem as far as it had then proceeded, — and that he, who, from the nature of his profession, desires contemporary praise more than anything in the world except abiding fame, values it quite as much as it is worth. You have shown me that I was mistaken about Handel, yet I think the lines may stand, because the King's patronage of his music is an honourable fact.

"I have to insert Sir P. Sidney among the elder worthies, and Hogarth among the later; perhaps Johnson also, if I can so do it as to satisfy myself with the expression, and not seem to give him a higher praise than he deserves. Offence I know will be taken that the name of Pitt does not appear there. The King would find him among the eminent men of his reign, but not among those whose rank will be confirmed by posterity. The Whigs, too, will observe that none of their idols are brought forward: neither Hampden, nor their Sidney, nor Russell. I think of the first as ill as Lord Clarendon did; and concerning Algernon Sidney, it is certain that he suffered wrongfully, but that does not make him a great man. If I had brought forward any man of that breed, it should have been old Oliver himself; and I had half a mind to do it.

"I have finished the explanatory part of the preface, touching the metre — briefly, fully, clearly, and fairly. It has led me (which you will think odd till

you see the connection) to pay off a part of my obligations to Lord Byron and ——, by some observations upon the tendency of their poems (especially Don Juan), which they will appropriate to themselves in what proportion they please. If —— knew how much his character has suffered by that transaction about Don Juan, I think he would hang himself. And if Gifford knew what is said and thought of the Q. R. for its silence concerning that infamous poem, I verily believe it would make him ill. Upon that subject I say nothing. God bless you!

R. S."

To the Rev. Neville White.

"Keswick, Jan. 12. 1821.

"My dear Neville,

"It appears to me that whatever time you bestow upon the classics is little better than time lost. Classical attainments are not necessary for you, and even if you were ten years younger than you are, they would not be within your reach. This you yourself feel; you had better therefore make up your mind to be contented without them, and desist from a study which it is quite impossible for you to pursue with any advantage to yourself.

"My dear Neville, it is a common infirmity with us to over-value what we do not happen to possess. In your education you have learnt much which is not acquired in schools and colleges, but which is of great practical utility,—more probably than you would now

find it if you had taken a wrangler's degree, or ranked as a medallist. You have mingled among men of business. You know their good and their evil, the characters which are formed by trade, and the temptations which are incident to it. You have acquired a knowledge of the existing constitution of society, and situated as you will be, in or near a great city, and in a trading country, this will be of much more use to you professionally, than any university accomplishments. Knowing the probable failings of your flock, you will know what warnings will be most applicable, and what exhortations will be most likely to do them good.

"The time which classical studies would take may be much more profitably employed upon history and books of travels. The better you are read in both, the more you will prize the peculiar blessings which this country enjoys in its constitution of Church and State, and more especially in the former branch. I could write largely upon this theme. The greater part of the evil in the world, — that is, all the evil in it which is remediable (and which I take to be at least nine-tenths of the whole) — arises either from the want of institutions, as among savages; from imperfect ones, as among barbarians; or from bad ones, as in point of government among the oriental nations; and in point of religion among them also, and in the intolerant Catholic countries. In your own language you will find all you need, — scriptural illustrations, and stores of knowledge of every kind.

"What you say concerning my correspondence, and the latitude which you allow me is both kind and

considerate, as is always to be expected from Neville White. I do not, however, so easily forgive myself when a long interval of silence has been suffered to elapse. A letter is like a fresh billet of wood upon the fire, which, if it be not needed for immediate warmth, is always agreeable for its exhilarating effects. I who spend so many hours alone love to pass a portion of them in conversing thus with those whom I love.

"You will be grieved to hear that I have lost my poor friend Nash, whom you saw with us in the autumn. He left us at the beginning of November, and is now in his grave! This has been a severe shock to me. I had a most sincere regard for him, and very many pleasant recollections are now so changed by his death, that they will never recur without pain. He was so thoroughly amiable, so sensible of any little kindness that was shown him, so kind in all his thoughts, words, and deeds; and withal bore his cross so patiently and meekly, that every body who knew him respected him and loved him. Very few circumstances could have affected me more deeply than his loss.

"Remember me most kindly to your excellent mother, and to your sisters. You are happy in having had your parents spared to you so long. The moral influences of a good old age upon the hearts of youth and manhood cannot be appreciated too highly. We are all well at present, thank God.

"God bless you, my dear Neville!

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Jan. 26. 1821.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"Yesterday evening I received 'Roderic, Dernier Roi des Goths, Poëme tradui de l'Anglais de Robert Southey, Esq., Poëte Laureat, par M. le Chevalier * * *.' Printed at Versailles and published at Paris by Galignani. It was accompanied by a modest and handsome letter from the translator, M. Chevalier de Sagric, and by another from Madame St. Anne Holmes, the lady to whom it is dedicated. This lady has formerly favoured me with some letters and with a tragedy of hers, printed at Angers. She is a very clever woman, and writes almost as beautiful a hand as Miss Ponsonby of Llangollen. She is rich, and has lived in high life, and writes a great deal about Sheridan, as having been very intimate with him in his latter years. Me, Mr. Bedford, unworthy as I am, this lady has chosen for her *poëte favori*, and by her persuasions the Chevalier has translated Roderick into French. This is not all: there is a part of the business which is so truly booksellerish in general, and French in particular, that it would be a sin to withhold it from you, and you shall have it in the very words of my correspondent St. Anne.

"'There is one part of the business I cannot pass over in silence: it has shocked me much, and calls for an apology; which is, — The life of Robert Southey, Esq., P.L. It never could have entered my mind to be guilty of, or even to sanction, such an imperti-

nence. But the fact is this, the printer and publisher, Mr. Le Bel of the Royal Printing-office Press in Versailles (printers, by-the-bye, are men of much greater importance here than they are in England) insisted upon having the life. He said the French know nothing of M. Southey, and in order to make the work sell, it must be managed to interest them for the author. To get rid of his importunities we said we were not acquainted with the life of Mr. Southey. Would you believe it? this was verbatim his answer: — "N'importe! écrivez toujours, brodez! brodez-la un peu, que ce soit vrai ou non ce ne fait rien; qui prendra la peine de s'informer?" Terrified lest this ridiculous man should succeed in his point, I at last yielded, and sent to London to procure *all the lives;* and from them, and what I had heard from my dear departed friend Richard Brinsley Sheridan, we drew up the memoir.'

"Grosvenor, whoever writes my life when the subject has an end as well as a beginning, and does not insert this biographical anecdote in it, may certainly expect that I will pull his ears in a true dream, and call him a jackass.

"The Notice sur M. Southey, which has been thus compounded, has scarcely one single point accurately stated, as you may suppose, and not a few which are ridiculously false. *N'importe*, as M. Le Bel says, I have laughed heartily at the whole translation, and bear the translation with a magnanimity which would excite the astonishment and envy of Wordsworth if he were here to witness it. I have even gone beyond the Quaker principle of bearing injuries meekly.

I have written to thank the inflictor. Happily it is in prose, and the Chevalier has intended to be faithful, and has, I believe, actually abstained from any interpolations. But did you ever hear me mention a fact worthy of notice, which I observed myself,—that wherever a breed of peacocks is spoiled by mixture with a white one, birds that escape the degeneracy in every other part of their plumage show it in the *eye* of the feather? the fact is very curious; where the perfection of nature's work is required there it fails. This affords an excellent illustration for the version now before me; every where the eye of the feather is defective. It would be impossible more fully to exemplify how completely a man may understand the general meaning of a passage, and totally miss its peculiar force and character. The name of M. Bedford appears in the *Notice*, with the error that he was one of my *College* friends, and the fact that Joan of Arc was written at his house. The dedication to him is omitted.

"God bless you!

R. S.

"What a grand bespattering of abuse I shall have when the Vision appears! Your walk at the Proclamation was but a type of it,—only that I am booted and coated, and of more convenient stature for the service. Pelt away my boys, pelt away! if you were not busy at that work you would be about something more mischievous. Abusing me is like flogging a whipping-post. Harry says I have had so much of it that he really thinks I begin to like it. This is

certain, that nothing vexes me except injudicious and exaggerated praise, *e. g.* when my French friends affirm that Roderic is acknowledged to be a better poem than the Paradise Lost ! !"

To John May, Esq.

"Keswick, March 4. 1821.

" My dear Friend,

" Yesterday I received a letter from my uncle with the news of Miss Tyler's death, an event which you will probably have learnt before this reaches you. My uncle is thus relieved from a considerable charge, and from the apprehension which he must have felt of her surviving him. She was in the eighty-second year of her age. She will be interred (to-morrow, I suppose,) in the burial place of the Hills, where her mother and two of the Tylers are laid, and my father with five of my brothers and sisters.

" Her death was, even for herself, to be desired as well as expected. My affection for her had been long and justly cancelled. I feel no grief, therefore, but such an event of necessity presses for a while like a weight upon the mind. Had it not been for the whim which took her to Lisbon in the year of my birth, you and I should never have known each other; my uncle would never have seen Portugal, and in how different a course would his life and mine in consequence have run ! I have known many strange characters in my time, but never so extraordinary a one as hers, which, of course, I know in-

timately. I shall come to it in due course, and sooner than you may expect, from the long intervals between my letters.

"Yesterday's post brought me also an intimation from my musical colleague, Mr. Shield, that 'our most gracious and royal master intends to command the performance of an Ode at St. James' on the day fixed for the celebration of his birth-day.' Of course, therefore, my immediate business is to get into harness and work in the mill. Two or three precious days will be spent in producing what will be good for nothing; for as for making any thing good of a birth-day ode, I might as well attempt to manufacture silk purses from sows' ears. Like Warton, I shall give the poem an historical character; but I shall not do this as well as Warton, who has done it very well. He was a happy, easy-minded, idle man, to whom literature in its turn was as much an amusement as rat-hunting, and who never aimed at anything above such odes.

"*March* 20.—I now send you the fourth letter of the promised series, dated at the beginning nearly four months before it was brought to an end. Were I to proceed always at this rate with it, I should die of old age before I got breeched in the narrative; but with all my undertakings I proceed faster in proportion as I advance in them. Just now I am in the humour for going on; and you will hear from me again sooner than you expect, for I shall begin the next letter as soon as this packet is dispatched. It is a long while since I have heard from you, and I am somewhat anxious to hear how your affair goes

on in Brazil. If O Grande Marquez could have been raised from the dead, he would have had courage and capacity to have modelled both countries according to the circumstances of the age. But I am more anxious about the manner in which these events may affect you, than concerning their general course; that is in the will of Providence; and with regard to the state of the Peninsula, and of Italy, I really see so much evil on both sides, and so much good intent acting erroneously on both, that if I could turn the scale with a wish, I should not dare to do it.

"God bless you, my dear friend!

Yours affectionately,

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, April 15. 1821.

"Mr. Bedford —Sir,

" . . . . . .

I have received invitations to dine with the Literary Fund . . . and with the Artists' Benevolent Institution. These compliments were never before paid me. Cobbett also has paid me a compliment equally well-deserved and of undoubted sincerity. He marks me by name as one of those persons who, when the Radicals shall have effected a reformation, are, as one of the first measures of the new government, to be executed. As a curious contrast to this, the committee of journeymen who propose to adopt

what is practicable and useful in Owen's plan, quote in their Report the eleventh stanza of my ode * written in Dec. 1814, as deserving "to be written in diamonds." This is the first indication of a sort of popularity which, in process of time I shall obtain and keep, for the constant tendency of whatever I have written. . . . Wordsworth was with me last week. Oddly enough, while I have been employed upon the Book of the Church, he has been writing a series of historical sonnets upon the same subjects, of the very highest species of excellence. My book will serve as a running commentary to his series, and the one will very materially help the other; and thus, without any concerted purpose, we shall go down to posterity in company. . . . .

"God bless you!

R. S."

* The following is the stanza here referred to: —

"Train up thy children, England, in the ways
Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou thy mines
But in their industry?
Thy bulwarks where, but in their breasts?
Thy might, but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers, therefore, be thy wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and thy pride?
Oh grief, then, grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land
There should be dwellings where the new-born babe
Doth bring unto its parent's soul no joy;
Where squalid poverty
Receives it at its birth,
And on her withered knees
Gives it the scanty food of discontent."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT. — LORD BYRON. — MR. JEFFREY'S OPINION OF HIS WRITINGS. — WORDSWORTH'S ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS. — STATE OF SPAIN. — SCARCITY OF GREAT STATESMEN. — THE εικων βασιλικη. — HOBBES'S BEHEMOTH. — FAILURE OF AN ATTEMPT TO RECOVER SOME FAMILY ESTATES. — LONELY FEELINGS AT OXFORD. — THE VISION OF JUDGMENT APPROVED BY THE KING. — AMERICAN VISITORS. — DISAPPROVAL OF THE LANGUAGE OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW TOWARDS AMERICA. — AMERICAN DIVINITY. — ACCOUNT OF NETHERHALL. — BOHEMIAN LOTTERY. — HAMPDEN. — A NEW CANDIDATE FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE GAME LAWS. — STATE OF IRELAND. — SIR EDWARD DERING. — DECREE OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT. — SPANISH AMERICA. — HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS. — STATE OF ITALY, OF SPAIN, AND OF ENGLAND. — 1821.

THE Vision of Judgment was now, at last, published, and my father had not overrated the measure of opposition and abuse with which its appearance would be hailed. Nor was this at all to be wondered at; for besides the unfriendly criticisms of his avowed enemies and opponents, the poem, both in its plan and execution, could not fail to give offence to many of those persons most disposed to receive favourably the productions of his pen. The Editor hopes he will not be thought chargeable with any want of filial respect, if he thinks it right here to express his own regret that such a subject should have been chosen,

as, however solemnly treated, it can hardly be said to be clear from the charge of being an injudicious attempt to fathom mysteries too deep for human comprehension; and it must be allowed, that to speculate upon the condition of the departed, especially when under the influence of strong political feelings, is a bold, if not a presumptuous undertaking.

My father adopted, as we have seen, his leading thoughts from Dante's great poem; not reflecting that Dante himself, if it were not for the halo thrown around him by his antiquity and the established fame of his transcendant genius combined, would in these days be very offensive to many sincerely religious minds.

But while undoubtedly the Vision of Judgment had the effect of shocking the feelings of many excellent persons, the storm of abuse which greeted its author did not come from them; nor did it arise from any regret that spiritual matters should be thus handled. It was the preface and not the poem which called them forth.

Now whatever may be the opinion which any person may form of my father's writings, one thing has always been conceded — that in none of them did he appeal to the darker passions of human nature, or seek to administer pernicious stimulants to a depraved taste; that in none did he paint vice in alluring colours, calling evil good and good evil; and that in all of them there is a constant recognition of the duties, the privileges, and the hopes derived from revealed religion.

There was, therefore, a perfect contrast between

his writings and those of some of the most popular authors of that day; and in the Quarterly Review he often used unsparing language concerning those writers who were in the habit of spreading among the people Freethinking opinions in religion, and base doctrines in morals.

These things would naturally create a bitter enmity against him, in the minds of all who either by their own acts or by sympathy were implicated in such proceedings; and the more definite and pointed remarks which he took occasion to make in his preface to the Vision of Judgment, upon the principles and tendencies of these writers, wound up his offences to a climax in their estimation, and set in motion the array of opposition and invective to which I have just alluded. Before, however, noticing more particularly the remarks themselves, and the rejoinder and counter-rejoinder they called forth, we will look a little at the relative position of the parties with respect to their writings.

Lord Byron, as is well known, in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, had satirised my father in common with many others, but not in any peculiarly objectionable manner; and when, as has been noticed, they met once or twice in London society in the year 1813, it was with all outward courtesy. From that time Lord Byron became year after year more notorious, and his writings more objectionable in their tendency. But while my father could not but greatly disapprove of many portions of them, he had been far too busily employed to trouble himself much about Lord Byron. He rarely alludes to him in

his letters; for every allusion that I have found, I have printed. For some years he had made it a rule never to review poetry; and while he regarded him as a man of the highest talents, using them in a manner greatly to be lamented, and notoriously profligate as to his private life, he had never said this in print; and rarely seems to have spoken of him at all.

Lord Byron, on the other hand, appears to have regarded my father with the most intense dislike, which he veiled under an affectation of scorn and contempt which it is impossible to believe he could really feel. He had pronounced * his talents to be "of the first order," his prose to be "perfect," his Roderick "the first poem of the time," and therefore he could not think meanly of his abilities; and widely as he differed from him on political subjects, that could be no reason for the bitter personal animosity he displayed towards him. This is sufficiently shown in many passages of his published letters, and more particularly in his Don Juan; which, in addition to the allusions in the poem itself, came over for publication with a Dedication to him prefixed to it, couched in coarse and insulting terms. This was suppressed at the time, (the editor states with Lord Byron's reluctant consent); but its existence was well known, and it is now prefixed to the poem in the collected edition of his works.

But the feelings with which Lord Byron regarded my father were still more plainly shown in some observations upon an article in Blackwood's Magazine,

* See Byron's Life and Works, vol. ii. p. 268., and vol. vii. p. 239.

published for the first time in his Life and Works, but written, be it observed, *before* the remarks on the Satanic School, in the preface to the Vision of Judgment.

The writer in Blackwood, it appears, had alluded to Lord Byron having "vented his spleen" against certain "lofty-minded and virtuous men," which he interprets to mean "the notorious triumvirate known by the name of the Lake Poets;" and he then goes on to make various charges against my father, which it is impossible to characterise by any other epithet than false and calumnious. These were based upon the assumed fact, that on his return from the Continent, in 1817, my father had circulated slanderous reports respecting Lord Byron's mode of life *; and upon this supposition, which was *wholly without foundation*, he proceeds in a strain of abuse which I will not sully these pages by quoting; suffice it to say, that when, at a later period, Lord Byron, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, declares his intention of "working the Laureate," as soon as he could muster *Billingsgate* enough †," he had a plentiful supply of it in those then

* With reference to this accusation, which was made through some other medium during Lord Byron's life, my father says, in a letter to the editor of the Courier, "I reply to it *with a direct and positive denial*;" and he continues, "If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk or monk of La Trappe, that he had furnished a harem or endowed a hospital, I might have thought the account, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly, passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation for no more than it was worth. But making no inquiry concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no curiosity, I heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat."—See Appendix. I may add that there is no allusion to Lord Byron, either in my father's letters written during that tour or in his journal.

† See Life and Works of Byron, vol. v. p. 300.

unpublished pages. It is painful to have to recur to these deeds of the dead; but it is necessary because these facts prove that Lord Byron's attacks upon my father preceded my father's comments upon him, and were altogether unprovoked; and also because his authority is still occasionally employed by others for the purpose of bringing my father's name and character into contempt.

Now I have made these observations solely to show upon which of the two (if upon either) the blame of a malicious or contentious temper must rest, not because I assume these calumnies to have been the reason why my father censured Lord Byron's writings.* The worst of these insults he certainly never saw; the other he was acquainted with; but while the effect of it must undoubtedly have been to remove any delicacy with regard to hurting Lord Byron's feelings, I am perfectly justified in asserting, that if there had not existed a great public cause, — a question of the most vital principles, — my father would never, upon that provocation, have gone out of his way to lift his hand against him.† He conceived it to be his duty, as one who had some influence over the opinions of others, to condemn as strongly as possible, works, the perusal of which he conscientiously believed was calculated to weaken the principles, corrupt the morals, and harden the heart.

With respect to the remarks in the preface to

* See Appendix.

† Had he seen the other attack, he *could* not have remained silent under it.

the Vision of Judgment, while it must be admitted they are stern and severe, they are surely not more so than the occasion justified. They are no personal invective, but simply a moral condemnation of a class of publications, and to be judged by a consideration of the whole question whether they were deserved or not. The question itself as to the spirit and tendency of many of Lord Byron's writings has never, by the public, been considered *apart* from his rank, his genius, and his redeeming qualities: admiration and adulation operated on the one hand, fear on the other; for while he himself and his advocates attributed the condemnation of his writings to "cowardice," with far greater truth might that be alleged as a reason for the praise of many and the silence of more.*

It was natural, then, that my father should meet with a large share both of abuse and blame, for daring thus to attack the enemy in his stronghold; and while some marvelled at his imprudence, there was one great writer who said more than that with strange inconsistency. Mr. Jeffrey, in the Edinburgh Review, suppressing the remarks themselves, attributed them wholly to envy; and it is not a little

* Mr. Jeffrey, in the Edinburgh Review, says, "Lord Byron complains bitterly of the detraction by which he has been assailed, and intimates that his works have been received by the public with far less cordiality and favour than he was entitled to expect. We are constrained to say that this appears to us a very extraordinary mistake. In the whole course of our experience we cannot recollect a single author who has so little reason to complain of his reception; to whose genius the public has been so early and constantly just; to whose faults they have been so long and so signally indulgent"—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 72.

curious to observe, coupled with this, his own estimate of Lord Byron's writings, some portions of which I cannot resist quoting here.

After various remarks, levelled apparently at my father, concerning "the base and the bigoted venting their puny malice in silly nicknames," he goes on to say,

"He has no priest-like cant, or priest-like reviling to apprehend from us; we do not charge him with being either a disciple or an apostle of Satan, nor do we describe his poetry to be a mere compound of blasphemy and obscenity. On the contrary, we believe he wishes well to the happiness of mankind."

After speaking of the immoral passages and profligate representations in his writings, which, he says, are not worse than Dryden or Prior or Fielding, justly adding, however, that "it is a wretched apology for the indecencies of a man of genius, that equal indecencies have been forgiven to his predecessors,"— he proceeds, —

"It might not have been so easy to get over his dogmatic scepticism, his hard-hearted maxims of misanthropy, his cold-blooded and eager expositions of the non-existence of virtue and honour. Even this, however, might have been comparatively harmless, if it had not been accompanied with that which may look at first sight like a palliation, — the frequent presentment of the most touching pictures of tenderness, generosity, and faith.

"The charge we bring against Lord Byron, in short, is, that his writings have a tendency to destroy all belief in the reality of virtue, and to make all enthusiasm and constancy of affection ridiculous; and this is effected, not merely by direct maxims and examples of an imposing or seducing kind, but by the constant exhibition of the most profligate heartlessness in the persons of those who have been transiently represented as actuated by the purest and most exalted emotions, and the lessons of that very teacher who had been but a moment before so beautifully pathetic in the expression of the loftiest conceptions.

"*This* is the charge which *we* bring against Lord Byron. We say that, under some strange misapprehension of the truth and the duty of proclaiming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind to convince his readers, directly and indirectly, that all ennobling pur-

suits and disinterested virtues are mere deceits and illusions, hollow and despicable mockeries for the most part, and at best but laborious follies. Love, patriotism, valour, devotion, constancy, ambition — all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised! and nothing is really good, as far as we can gather, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to soothe it again. If the doctrine stood alone, with its examples, we believe it would revolt more than it would seduce; but the author has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lofty illusions, and that with such grace and power and truth to nature, that it is impossible not to suppose for the time that he is among the most devoted of their votaries, till he casts off the character with a jerk; and the moment after he has moved and exalted us to the very height of our conceptions, resumes his mockery of all things sacred and sublime, and lets us down at once on some coarse joke, hard-hearted sarcasm, or relentless personality; as if to show

'Whoe'er was edified, himself was not.'"*

It is difficult to imagine how anything more severe, and at the same time more just, than these remarks could have been penned; but I may fairly ask, with what consistency could the writer of them reckon my father as among the base and the bigoted, for his remarks on the "Satanic School?" He does not, he says, charge Lord Byron with being either a disciple or an apostle of Satan; but had he striven to picture forth the office of such a character, could he have done it better? What method more subtle or more certain could the Enemy of Mankind use to enlarge the limits of his empire than "*to destroy all belief in the reality of virtue*,"—to convince men that all that is good, noble, virtuous, or sacred is "*to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised?*" Consciously or unconsciously, the reviewer in these passages has embodied the very system which those, whose philosophy is based upon Holy Scripture, believe that the Evil

* Edinburgh Review, No. 72.

Spirit is continually pursuing against the souls of men. He has said, virtually, only at greater length and more persuasively, exactly the same thing my father had said in those very passages he sneers at and condemns.

These remarks, including the quotation, have extended further than I could have wished; but the clergyman who finds cheap editions of Don Juan and Shelley's Queen Mab lying in the cottages of his rural flock, who knows that they are sold by every hawker of books throughout the country, and that they are handed about from one to the other by schoolboys and artisans to supply shafts for the quiver of ribald wit and scoffing blasphemy, can hardly be thought out of season, if, when this subject is forced upon him, he allows his own feeling concerning such works to appear; and it is not unimportant, while doing so, to have pointed out the strong coincidence, upon this question in real opinion, which existed between two writers, in general so opposed to each other as my father and the editor of the Edinburgh Review.

As may well be imagined, the passage alluded to concerning the Satanic School roused Lord Byron's anger to the uttermost; and he replied to it in a strain which compelled a rejoinder from my father, in a letter addressed to the Editor of the Courier, the effect of which was to make his lordship immediately sit down and indite a cartel, challenging my father to mortal combat, for which purpose both parties were to repair to the Continent. This challenge, however, never reached its destination, Lord Byron's

"friend," Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, wisely suppressing it.

The passage itself, Lord Byron's reply, and the rejoinder, together with a letter written in 1824, on the appearance of Capt. Medwin's work, the reader will find in an Appendix to this volume.

To the Rev. Neville White.

"Keswick, April 25. 1821.

"My dear Neville,

"I heartily give you joy of your dear wife's safe deliverance, and of the birth of your first child, — an event which, of all others in the course of human life, produces the deepest and most permanent impression.

> "Who hath not proved it, ill can estimate
> The feeling of that stirring hour, — the weight
> Of that new sense; the thoughtful, pensive bliss.
> In all the changes of our changeful state,
> Even from the cradle to the grave, I wis
> The heart doth undergo no change so great as this.

"So I have written in that poem which will be the next that I hope to send you; but I transcribe the lines here because you will feel their truth at this time. Parental love, however, is of slower growth in a father's than in a mother's heart: the child, at its birth, continues, as it were, to be a part of its mother's life; but, upon the father's heart it is a *graft*, and some little time elapses before he feels that it has united and is become inseparable. God bless the babe and its parents, and spare it and them, each for the other's sake, amen!

"Tilbrook wrote to tell me his disapprobation of my hexameters. His reasons were founded upon some musical theory, which I did not understand farther than to perceive that it was not applicable. His opinion is the only unfavourable one that has reached me; that of my friend Wynn, from whom I expected the most decided displeasure, was, that he 'disliked them less than he expected.' Women, as far as I can learn, feel and like the metre universally, without attempting to understand its construction. My brethren of the art approve it, and those whom I acknowledge for my peers are decidedly in its favour. Many persons have thanked me for that part of the preface in which Lord Byron and his infamous works are alluded to. . . .

"I am going on steadily with many things, the foremost of which is the History of the War. The first volume will be printed in the course of September next. Whether it will be published before the other two, depends upon the booksellers, and is a matter in which I have no concern. I am proceeding also with my Dialogues, and with the Book of the Church,—two works by which I shall deserve well of posterity, whatever treatment they may provoke now from the bigoted, the irreligious, and the factious. But you know how perfectly regardless I am of obloquy and insult. Your brother Henry gave me that kind of praise which is thoroughly gratifying, because I know that I deserve it, when he described me as fearlessly pursuing that course which my own sense of propriety points out, without reference to the humour of the public.

"In the last Quarterly Review you would recognise me in the account of Huntington. I am preparing a life of Oliver Cromwell for the next. . .

Believe me, my dear Neville,

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To C. H. Townshend, Esq.

"Keswick, May 6. 1821.

"My dear Chauncey,

"I received your little parcel this afternoon, and thank you for the book, for the dedication, and for the sonnet. As yet I have only had time to recognise several pieces which pleased me formerly, and to read a few others which please me now.

"The stages of your life have passed regularly and happily, so that you have had leisure to mark them with precision, and to feel them, and reflect upon them. With me these transitions were of a very different character; they came abruptly, and, when I left the University, it was to cast myself upon the world, with a heart full of romance, and a head full of enthusiasm. No young man could have gone more widely astray, according to all human judgment; and yet the soundest judgment could not have led me into any other way of life in which I should have had such full cause to be contented and thankful.

"The world is now before you; but you have neither difficulties to struggle with, nor dangers to

apprehend. All that the heart of a wise man can desire is within your reach. And you are blest with a disposition which will keep you out of public life, in which my advice to those whom I loved would be, — never to engage.

"Your Cambridge wit is excellent of its kind. I am not acquainted with Coleridge of King's; but somewhat intimately so with one of his brothers*, now at the bar, and likely to rise very high in his profession. I know no man of whose judgment and principles I have a higher opinion. They are a remarkably gifted family, and may be expected to distinguish themselves in many ways.

"The Wordsworths spoke of you with great pleasure upon their return from Cambridge. *He* was with me lately. His thoughts and mine have for some time unconsciously been travelling in the same direction; for while I have been sketching a brief history of the English Church, and the systems which it has subdued or struggled with, he has been pursuing precisely the same subject in a series of sonnets, to which my volume will serve for a commentary, as completely as if it had been written with that intent. I have reason to hope that this work will be permanently useful. And I have the same hope of the series of Dialogues with which I am proceeding. Two of the scenes in which these are laid are noticed in your sonnets, — the Tarn of Blencathra and the Ruined Village. Wm. Westall has made a very fine drawing of the former, which

* Now Mr. Justice Coleridge.

will be engraved for the volume, together with five others, most of which you will recognise. One of them represents this house, with the river and the lake, and Newlands in the distance.

"Are you going abroad? Or do you wait till the political atmosphere seems to promise settled weather? God knows when that will be! For myself I know not what to wish for, when on the one side the old Governments will not attempt to amend anything, and on the other the Revolutionists are for destroying every thing. Spain is in a deplorable state, which must lead to utter anarchy. If other powers do not interfere (which I rather hope than think they will not), the natural course of such a revolution will serve as an example *in terrorem* to other nations. True statesmen are wanted there, and not there alone, but everywhere else; why it is that there has not been a single man in Europe worthy of the name for the last century, is a question which it might be of some use to consider. Burke would have been one, had he not been always led away by passion and party, and an Irish imagination. It is something in the very constitution of our politics which dwarfs the breed; for we have had statesmen in India.

. . . . . .

"God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY."

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Keswick, May 13. 1821.

"My dear Rickman,

"The present Oliver Cromwell, whose book serves me for a heading in the Quarterly Review, has led me into an interesting course of reading, and I am surrounded with memoirs of that age. Among other books, I have been reading the Εικων Βασιλικη, which never fell in my way before. The evidence concerning its authenticity is more curiously balanced than in any other case, except perhaps that of the two Alexander Cunninghams; but the internal evidence is strongly in its favour, and I very much doubt whether any man could have written it in a fictitious character, — the character is so perfectly observed. If it be genuine (which I believe it to be as much as a man can believe the authenticity of any thing which has been boldly impugned) it is one of the most interesting books connected with English history. I have been reading also Hobbes's Behemoth; it is worth reading, but has less of his characteristic strength and felicity of thought and expression than the Leviathan. There is one great point on which he dwells with unanswerable wisdom — the necessity that public opinion should be directed by Government, by means of education and public instruction.

"The course of the revolution in Portugal and Brazil will be to separate the two countries, and then I fear, to break up Brazil into as many separate

states as there are great Captaincies; these again to be subdivided among as many chieftains as can raise ruffians enough to be called an army. There is, however, some check to these in the fear of the negroes, which may reasonably exist in great part of the country. This mischief has been brought about by Portuguese journals printed in London since the year 1808, and directed always to this end.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To the Rev. Nicholas Lightfoot.

"Keswick, June 2. 1821.

"My dear Lightfoot,

"Your letter brings to my mind how it happened that the last which I received from you remained unanswered. I began a reply immediately, but having expressed a hope that business might probably soon lead me into the west country, and intimated a little too confidently the likelihood of my succeeding to some good family estates there in consequence of Lord Somerville's death, the letter was laid aside, till I could be more certain. Shortly afterwards I went to London, and the result of my legal inquiries there was, that owing to the clumsy manner in which a will was drawn up, estates to the value of a thousand a year in Somersetshire, which according to the clear intention of the testator, ought now to have devolved upon me, had been adjudged to Lord Somerville to be at his full disposal, and were by him

either sold or bequeathed to his half-brothers, so that the whole is gone to a different family. You know me well enough to believe that this never deprived me of an hour's sleep nor a moment's peace of mind. The only ill effect was that I fancied your letter had been answered, and wondered I did not hear from you again, which wonder, nothing but never ending business has prevented me from expressing to you long ere this.

"God knows how truly it would have rejoiced me to have seen you at Oxford. My heart was never heavier than during the only whole day which I passed in that city. There was not a single contemporary whom I knew; the only person with whom I spoke, whose face was familiar to me, was Dr. Tatham! except poor Adams and his wife, now both old and infirm. I went in the morning to look at Balliol, and as I was coming out he knew me, and then I recognised him, which otherwise I could not have done. I *dined* there in the hall, at ten o'clock at night, and the poor old woman would sit up till midnight that she might speak to me when I went out. After the business of the theatre was over I walked for some hours alone about the walks and gardens, where you and I have so often walked together, thinking of the days that are gone, the friends that are departed (Seward, and C. Collins, and Allen and poor Burnet), time, and change, and mortality. Very few things would have gratified me so much as to have met you there. I had applause enough in the theatre to be somewhat overpowering, and my feelings would have been very different if you

had been there, for then there would have been one person present who *knew* me and loved me.

"My lodging was at Oriel, in the rooms of an under-graduate, whose aunt is married to my uncle. Coplestone introduced himself to me and asked me to dinner the next day, but I was engaged to return to London and dine with Bedford. There is no one of our remembrance left at Balliol except Powell, and him I did not see. The master and the fellows there showed me every possible attention; I had not been two hours in Oxford before their invitation found me out.

"The King sent me word that he had read the Vision of Judgment twice and was well pleased with it; and he afterwards told my brother (Dr. S.) at the drawing-room, that I had sent him a very beautiful poem, which he had read with great pleasure.

"You will be pleased to hear that the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Durham, and Lord Liverpool told me when I was in town last year, that the Life of Wesley was a book which in their judgment could not fail of doing a great deal of good.

Always and affectionately yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Among the great variety of strangers who found their way to Greta Hall with letters of introduction, there were a considerable proportion from America, — travellers from thence, as my father humorously observes in one of the letters in the last volume, inquiring as naturally for a real live poet in England,

as he would do for any of the wild animals of their country. Since that time, however, America has made rapid strides in literature, and native authors are not such rarities now as they were then. In this way he had made many agreeable and valuable acquaintances, and with several of them the intercourse thus begun was continued across the Atlantic; and he was the more rejoiced at the opportunity of showing them any attention in his power, because he had been most unjustly accused of holding and expressing opinions very unfavourable to America. Several papers had appeared in the Quarterly Review, manifesting an unfriendly feeling towards that country, and these were ascribed to him *, while he was protesting against them privately, and strongly condemning the spirit in which they were written. This, however, was only one out of many instances in which the offences of the Quarterly Review were laid to his charge.

The gentleman (Mr. Ticknor of Boston), to whom the two following letters are addressed, was one of the most literary of his American visitors; and a feeling of mutual respect and good-will quickly sprang up between them, kept up by an occasional correspondence.

In the course of one of the evenings he passed at

* "I returned to the post-office the other day three half crowns worth of abuse sent from New Orleans in the shape of extracts from Yankee newspapers. Every disrespectful thing said of America in the Q. R. is imputed to me in that country, while I heartily disapprove of the temper in which America is treated. Such things, however, are not worth notice; and lies of this kind for many years past have been far too numerous to be noticed, unless I gave up half my time to the task." — *To G. C. B., Jan.* 5. 1820.

Greta Hall, my father had read to him the commencement of his poem of Oliver Newman, to which reference has occasionally been made, with which Mr. Ticknor had been much pleased; and in consequence of the scene being laid in his native country, the MS. of the poem when finished was promised to him: to this the commencement of the following letter refers. Alas for the uncertainty of our intentions! No further progress of any moment was ever made in it; constant occupations of a different kind imperatively called for all his time and thoughts; many cares and more sorrows thickened upon him in these later years of his life; and the effort to resume the subject, though often contemplated, was never made.

To George Ticknor, Esq.

"Keswick, Aug. 19. 1821.

"My dear Sir,

"That I intended to thank you for the books you sent me from London in 1819, the unfinished letter which I have now fished up from the bottom of my desk will show; and it is better to say *peccavi* than to apologise for the old and besetting sin of procrastination. That I had received them, you would probably infer from the mention of Fisher Ames in the Quarterly Review. This omission has been attended with frequent self-reproaches, for I am sure you will not suppose that you were forgotten; but I looked forward to an honourable amends in sending

you the manuscript of my New England poem, as soon as it should be completed. When that will be, I dare not promise; but the desire of sending you that first fair copy, part of which was put into your hands when you were here, is not one of the least inducements for taking it up speedily as a serious and regular occupation.

"I found your parcel last night, on my return home, after a fortnight's absence. Its contents will be of the greatest use to me. I have already looked through Callender and the Archaiology, and find in the former applicable information not in my other authorities; and in the latter many curious facts. Our old divine, Dr. Hammond, used to say, that whatever his course of study might be in the first part of the week, something always occurred in it which was convertible to use in his next sermon. My experience is of the same kind, and you will perceive that these books will assist me in many ways.

"My little girls have not forgotten you. The infant whom you saw sleeping in a basket here in this library, where he was born three weeks before, is now, God be thanked, a thriving and hopeful child. Kenyon will be here in the course of the week, and we shall talk of you, and drink to our friends in New England. This is less picturesque than the votive sacrifices of ancient times, but there is as much feeling connected with it.

"Mr. Everett sent me the two first numbers of his quarterly journal, telling me that I should not need an apology for the sentiments which it expresses towards England. I am sorry that those

opinions appear to have his sanction, esteeming him highly as I do; and desirous as I am that the only two nations in the world who really are free, and have grown up in freedom, should be united by mutual respect and kindly feelings, as well as by kindred, common faith, and the indissoluble bond of language. Remember me most kindly to him, and to Mr. Cogswell also.

"I am collecting materials for a Life of George Fox, and the Rise and Progress of Quakerism. Perhaps some documents of American growth may fall in your way. We are never likely to meet again in this world; let us keep up this kind of intercourse till we meet in a better.

"God bless you!

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The following is the letter referred to as inclosed in the preceding one. I place it here as containing some interesting remarks upon American literature.

To George Ticknor, Esq.

"Keswick, Aug. 13. 1819.

"My dear Sir,

"I did not receive your friendly letter, and the books which you sent to Murray's, till the last week in May, at which time I supposed you would be on your voyage homeward. Long ere this I trust you

will have reached your native shores, and enjoyed the delight of returning to your friends after a long absence. Life has few greater pleasures.

"You have sent me a good specimen of American divinity. I very much doubt whether we have any contemporary sermons so good. For though our pulpits are better filled than they were in the last generation, we do not hear from them such sound reasoning, such clear logic, and such manly and vigorous composition as in the days of South and Barrow. What is said in the memoir of Mr. Buckminster of the unimpassioned character of our printed sermons is certainly true; the cause of it is to be found in the general character of the congregations for which they were composed, always regular church-going people, persons of wealth and rank, the really good part of the community, and the Formalists and the Pharisees, none of whom would like to be addressed by their parish priest as miserable sinners standing in need of repentance. Sermons of country growth seldom find their way to the press; in towns the ruder classes seldom attend the Church service, in large towns because there is no room for them; and indeed, in country as well as town, the subjects who are in the worst state of mind and morals never enter the Church doors. Wesley and Whitfield got at them by preaching in the open air, and they administered drastics with prodigious effect. Since their days a more impassioned style has been used in the pulpit, and with considerable success. But the pith and the sound philosophy of the elder divines are wanting. Your Buckminster was taking

the right course. The early death of such a man would have been a great loss to any country.

"You have sent me also a good specimen of American politics in the works of Fisher Ames. I perused them with great pleasure, and have seldom met with a more sagacious writer. A great proportion of the words in the American vocabulary are as common in England as in America. But provided a word be good, it is no matter from what mint it comes. Neologisms must always be arising in every living language; and the business of criticism should be not to reprobate them because they are new, but to censure such as are not formed according to analogy, or which are merely superfluous. The authority of an English reviewer passes on your side of the Atlantic for more than it is worth; with us the Review of the last month or the last quarter is as little thought of as the last week's newspaper. You must have learnt enough of the constitution of such works to know that upon questions of philology they are quite unworthy of being noticed. The manner in which they are referred to in the vocabulary led me to this, and this leads me to the criticisms upon Bristed and Fearon's books in the Quarterly Review. I know not from whom they came, but they are not in a good spirit.

R. S."

To John May, Esq.

"Keswick, Aug. 26. 1821.

"My dear Friend,

"How little are our lots in life to be foreseen! It might reasonably have been thought that, if any man could have been secured against ill fortune in his mercantile concerns by prudence, punctuality, method, and the virtues and habits which the mercantile profession requires, you, above all men, would have been uniformly and steadily prosperous; and yet to what a series of anxieties and losses have you been exposed, without any fault, or even anything which can justly be called incaution on your part! This, however, is both consolatory and certain, that no good man is ever the worse for the trials with which Providence may visit him, and the way in which you regard these afflictions exemplifies this.

"Since I received your letter I made my proposed visit to the sea-coast with the two Ediths and Cuthbert. We were at Netherhall, the *solar* of my friend and fellow-traveller, Senhouse, where his ancestors have uninterruptedly resided since the days of Edward II. (when part of the present building is known to have been standing), and how long before that no one knows. Some of his deeds are of Edward I.'s reign, some of Henry III.'s; and one is as far back as King John. We slept in the tower, the walls of which are nine feet thick. In the time of the great Rebellion the second of the two sons of this house went to serve the King, the elder brother (whom ill-

ness had probably detained at home) died, and the parents then wished their only surviving child to return, lest their ancient line should be extinct. A man who held an estate under the family was sent to persuade him to this, his unwillingness to leave the service in such disastrous times being anticipated; but the result of this endeavour was that Senhouse, instead of returning, persuaded the messenger to remain and follow the King's fortunes. They were at Marston Moor together, and at Naseby. In the last of those unhappy fields Senhouse was dreadfully wounded, his skull was fractured, and he was left for dead. After the battle his faithful friend searched for the body, and found him still breathing. By this providential aid he was saved; his skull was pieced with a plate of metal, and he lived to continue the race. His preserver was rewarded by having his estate enfranchised; and both properties continue at this day in their respective descendants. This is an interesting story, and the more so when related as it was to me, on the spot. The sword which did good service in those wars is still preserved. It was made for a two-fold use, the back being cut so as to form a double-toothed saw.

"Netherhall stands upon the little river Ellen, about half a mile from the sea, but completely sheltered from the sea-wind by a long high hill, under cover of which some fine old trees have grown up. The Ellen rises on Skiddaw, forms the little and unpicturesque lake or rather pool which is called Overwater, near the foot of that mountain, and, though a very small stream, makes a port, where a

town containing 4000 inhabitants has grown up within the memory of man, on the Senhouse estate. It was called Maryport, after Senhouse's grandmother, a very beautiful woman, whose portrait is in his dining-room. His father remembered when a single summer-house standing in a garden was the only building upon the whole of that ground, which is now covered with streets. The first sash windows in Cumberland were placed in the tower in which we slept, by the founder of this town; and when his son (who died about six years ago at the age of eighty-four or five) first went to Cambridge, there was no stage coach north of York.

"Old as Netherhall is, the stones of which it is built were hewn from the quarry more than a thousand years before it was begun. They were taken from a Roman station on the hill between it and the sea, where a great number of Roman altars, &c. have been found. Some of them are described by Camden, who praises the Mr. Senhouse of his time for the hospitality with which he received him, and the care with which he preserved these remains of antiquity. . . . It was a bishop of this family who preached Charles I.'s coronation sermon, and the text which he took was afterwards noted as ominous; — 'I will give him a crown of glory.' The gold signet which he wore as a ring is now at Netherhall. God bless you!

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Sept. 9. 1821.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"I wish to possess a castle in Bohemia. My good aunt Mary has the like desire; and as there are two castles to be had there, together with twelve villages (enough to qualify me in all conscience for a baron of the holy Roman empire), I beseech you, with as little loss of time as may be, to transmit, in such manner as Herries may best direct, the sum of two pounds to W. H. Reinganum, Banquier, No. 13. Rue Zeil, Frankfort sur Maine, to purchase one ticket in my name, and one in my aunt Mary's, in the lottery for the seven estates in Bohemia, which are to be *played for* at Vienna on the 1st of next month; and I invite you, Grosvenor, to purchase a ticket also, and let us go shares in the adventure; and if we get the prize, we will make a merry and memorable journey to Prague, and you shall take your choice of seven titles for your baronship, to wit, Zieken, Wolschow, Koyschitz, Shunkau, Libietitz, Prytanitz, and Oberstankau.

"Just suppose, Grosvenor, that Fortune, in one of her freaks, was to give us this prize, and we were to set out for the purpose of taking possession of twelve villages, two chateaux, seven farms, and several mills and manufactures, and valued judicially at 894,755 florins of Vienna. I suppose the inhabitants are included. The notion, I think, will amuse you as much as it does us. So buy the tickets, Grosvenor.

The castles in question are certainly two of the King of Bohemia's castles, because they make the great prize in an imperial lottery; but whether they are two of the seven castles the history of which Corporal Trim began to Uncle Toby, I pretend not to determine. By all means, however, let us have a chance for them. I should like a good fortune well, and much the better if it were a queer one, and came in a comical way.

"So God bless you, Grosvenor! and make us both barons, and my aunt a Bohemian baroness.

R. S."

To the Rev. Neville White.

"Keswick, Oct. 20. 1821.

"My dear Neville,

"\. . . . . .

You form a just opinion of the character and tendency of William Taylor's conversation. A most unfortunate perversion of mind has made him always desirous of supporting strange and paradoxical opinions by ingenious arguments, and showing what may be said on the wrong side of a question. He likes to be in a state of doubt upon all subjects where doubt is possible, and has often said, 'I begin to be too sure of that, and must see what reasons I can find against it.' But when this is applied to great and momentous truths, the consequences are of the most fatal kind. I believe no man ever carried Pyr-

rhonism farther. But it has never led him into immoralities of any kind, nor prevented him from discharging the duties of private life in the most exemplary manner. There never lived a more dutiful son. I have seen his blind mother weep when she spoke of his goodness; and his kindness and generosity have only been limited by his means.

"What is more remarkable is, that this habitual and excessive scepticism has weakened none of the sectarian prejudices in which he was brought up. He sympathises as cordially with the Unitarians in their animosity to the Church and State, as if he agreed with them in belief, and finds as strong a bond of union in party-spirit as he could do in principle.

"With regard to his talents, they are very great. No man can exceed him in ingenuity, nor in the readiness with which he adorns a subject by apt and lively illustrations. His knowledge is extensive, but not deep. When first I saw him, three-and-twenty years ago, I thought him the best informed man with whom I had ever conversed. When I visited him last, after a lapse of eight years, I discovered the limits of his information, and that upon all subjects it was very incomplete.

"Of his heart and disposition I cannot speak more highly than I think. It is my belief that no man ever brought a kindlier nature into this world. His great talents have been sadly wasted; and, what is worse, they have sometimes been sadly misemployed. He has unsettled the faith of many, and he has prepared for his own old age a pillow of thorns. To all

reasoning, the pride of reason has made him inaccessible; and when I think of him, as I often do, with affection and sorrowful foreboding, the only foundation of hope is, that God is merciful, beyond our expectations, as well as beyond our deserts.

"Thank you for the copy of Cromwell's Letters. The transcriber has tasked his own eyes, and mine also, by copying them in the very form of the writing. I cannot attempt to read them by candle-light. You will by this time have seen my sketch of Cromwell's Life. It is the only article of mine which was ever printed in the Quarterly Review without mutilation. Gifford has made only one alteration; that, however, is a very improper one. I had said that Hampden might have left behind him a *name scarcely inferior to Washington's;* and he has chosen to alter this to a *memorable name*, not calling to mind that his name *is* memorable. The sentence is thus made nonsensical. Pray restore the proper reading in your copy of the Review. Murray wishes me to fill up the sketch for separate publication. I am fond of biography, and shall probably one day publish a series of English lives. I spent a week lately at Lowther Castle, and employed all my mornings in reading and extracting from a most extensive collection of pamphlets of Cromwell's age.

. . . . . .

"God bless you, my dear friend!

Yours very affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Nov. 11. 1821.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"Lakers and visitors have now disappeared for the season, like the swallows and other birds who are lucky enough to have better winter quarters allotted to them than this island affords them. The woodcocks and snipes have arrived, by this token, that my bookbinder here sent me a brace of the latter last week; and this reminds me to tell you, that if you ever have an owl dressed for dinner, you had better have it boiled, and smothered with onions, for it is not good roasted. *Experto crede Roberto.*

"Two or three weeks ago, calling at Calvert's I learnt that Raisley C. had committed the great sin of shooting an owl. The criminality of the act was qualified by an ingenuous confession, that he did not know what it was when he fired at it: the bird was brought in to show us, and then given me that I might show it to your godson, owls and monkeys being of all created things those for which he has acquired the greatest liking from his graphic studies. Home I came with the owl in my hand, and in the morning you would have been well pleased had you seen Cuthbert's joy at recognising, for the first time, the reality of what he sees daily in Bewick or in some other of his books. Wordsworth and his wife were here, and as there was no sin in eating the owl, I ordered it to be dressed and brought in, in the place of game that day at dinner. It was served up with-

out the head, and a squat-looking fellow it was, about the size of a large wild pigeon, but broader in proportion to its length. The meat was more like bad mutton than anything else. Wordsworth was not valiant enough to taste it. Mrs. W. did, and we agreed that there could be no pretext for making owls game and killing them as delicacies. But if ever you eat one, by all means try it boiled, with onion sauce.

"I asked your opinion, a good while since, concerning a dedication for the Peninsular War, and hitherto you have not opined upon the subject in reply. It has this moment, while I am writing, occurred to me, that I could, with sincere satisfaction in so doing, inscribe it to Lord Sidmouth. I have always felt thankful to him for the peace of Amiens, and should like to tell him so in public, as I once did *vivâ voce*. And I should do it the more willingly if he is going out of office, which I rather think he is.

"Gifford will have a paper upon Dobrizhoffer from me for this next number. Will you tell him that in a volume of tracts at Lowther, of Charles I.'s time, I found a Life of Sejanus by P. M., by which initials some hand, apparently as old as the book, had written Philip Massinger. I did not read the tract, being too keenly in pursuit of other game; but I believe it had a covert aim at Buckingham. I have not his Massinger, and therefore do not know whether he is aware that this was ever ascribed to that author; if he is not, he will be interested in the circumstance, and may think it worthy of farther inquiry.

"My History is in good progress. I am finishing the longest chapter in the volume, and one of the most interesting. It contains the events in Portugal from the commencement of the insurrection in Spain till the arrival of our expedition.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To the Rev. Neville White.

"Keswick, Nov. 29. 1821.

"My dear Neville,

. . . . . .

"What you relate of William Taylor is quite characteristic of the manner in which he abuses his own powers, playing the mere sophist, and disregarding the opinions and feelings of others; careless how he offends and hurts them, though as incapable as man can be of giving intentional pain, or doing intentional wrong. He was not serious, for he knows very well that to call for proof of a negative is an absurdity, and that reason *and discourse of reason* are very different things. If he misleads some, his example operates as a warning upon others. They see how he has squandered his abilities, and that the hereditary blindness which he has some cause to apprehend, and of which he lives in fear, is not the darkest evil in his prospect. There is no rest but in religious faith, and none know this more feelingly than they who are without it.

"It would not surprise me if an expert Roman

Catholic priest (were he to come in his way) should ensnare him in a spider's web of sophistry, more skilfully constructed than his own, and of a stronger thread. The pleasure of defending transubstantiation would go a long way towards making him believe in it.

"What a state is Ireland in at this time! The horrors of the Irish massacres may be credited in their whole extent, because we see that the same temper is exhibited at this time, and the same atrocities perpetrated in retail, opportunity being all that is wanted for committing them upon the great scale. The state of things in that country is a reproach to human nature, and our Government has much to answer for. They must know that such a people ought to be kept under military law till they are fit for anything better; that they stand in need of Roman civilisation, and that no weaker remedy can possibly suffice. Cromwell's government, if it had lasted twenty years longer, would have civilised that island. His tyranny was as useful there and in Scotland as it was injurious in England, because they were barbarous countries, and he introduced order and despotic justice into both. But in England we had order and justice before his time. The rebellion dislocated both, and it was not possible for him to repair the evil in which he had been so great an agent. . . . . .

"God bless you, my dear Neville!

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The reader will have observed in his later letters to Mr. May, frequent allusion to Brazilian affairs as affecting his fortunes, and in the following one, my father speaks of his having transferred to him for his present use what little money he had at command, and expressing a regret at not being able more effectually to assist him in his difficulties. These passages, though relating to matters of a private nature, I am glad to have the opportunity of publishing, with Mr. May's approval, as illustrative of the kindness of my father's heart, the warmth and stability of his friendships, and his grateful remembrance of many similar services rendered to him by his friend in past years.

To John May, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 10. 1821.

"My dear Friend,

"It is not often that I allow myself to wish the accidents of fortune had been more in my favour, and that I were in possession of that property which, in the just ordinary course of things, ought to have devolved upon me; but I cannot help feeling that wish now.

"By this post I write to Bedford, desiring that he will transfer to you 625*l.* in the three-per-cents. I wish it was more, and that I had more at command in any way. I shall in the spring, if I am paid for the first volume of my history as soon as it is finished. One hundred I should, at all events,

have sent you then. It shall be as much more as I may receive.

"One word more. I entreat you break away from business if it be possible, as early in the spring as you can, and put yourself in the mail for this place. Though you cannot leave your anxieties behind you, yet you may, by means of change of air and scene, be assisted in bearing them, and lay in here a store of pleasant recollections, which in all moods of mind are wholesome.

"I cannot write to you about indifferent things, troubled as you needs must be, and sympathising as I must do with you. Yet I trust that you now know the extent of the evil; and that when this storm is weathered, there may be prosperity and comfort in store for one who so eminently deserves them.

"God bless you, my dear friend!

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To the Rev. Neville White.

"Keswick, Dec. 11. 1821.

"My dear Neville,

"When the Life is reprinted, I can modify the passage which expresses an essential difference of opinion upon religious subjects with Henry. That difference is certainly not now what it was then, but it is still a wide one; though, had Henry lived till this time, I believe there would scarcely have been a shade of difference between us. I am perfectly sure

that, with a heart and intellect like his, he would have outgrown all tendency toward Calvinism, and have approached nearer in opinion to Jeremy Taylor than to the Synod of Dort.

"You wrong the Government with regard to Ireland. They neither now have, nor ever have had, a wish to keep the savages in that country in their state of ignorance and barbarity; and it would surprise you to know what funds have been established for their education. I know Dr. Bell was surprised at finding how large the endowments were, and felt that on that score it was not means that were wanting, but the just direction of them. *How* to set about enlightening such a people as the wild Irish is one of the most difficult duties any government was ever called upon to perform, obstructed as it is by such a body of priests, who can effectually prevent any better instruction than they themselves bestow. I want more information concerning certain parts of Irish history than I possess at present; but in one or more of the works which I have in hand I shall trace the evils of Ireland to their source. Meantime, this I may safely assert, as a general deduction from all that I have learnt in the course of history, that the more we know of preceding and coexisting circumstances and difficulties, the more excuse we shall find for those men and measures which, with little knowledge of those circumstances, we should condemn absolutely. This feeling leads not to any thing like indifference concerning right and wrong, nor to any lukewarmness or indecision in opinion; but certainly to a more

indulgent and charitable tone of mind than commonly prevails.

"God bless you, my dear Neville!

And believe me yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 19. 1821.

"At last I have received the books *,—a rich cargo, in which I shall find much to amuse, and not a little to profit by. As yet, I have only had time to catalogue them, and look into them as this was done. In so doing, I saw that you had given a Jesuit the lie, for what he said of the cause of the first rebellion. A lying Jesuit he is; but in this instance the falsehood is merely chronological. The Long Parliament passed a decree, forbidding all persons to bow at the name of Jesus; Sir Edward Dering made a very eloquent speech upon the occasion, which I shall send you ere long in the little sketch of our Church history which I am preparing. This decree was subsequent to the Irish massacre. The fact which the Jesuit might have dwelt upon with advantage is, that the intolerance of the Parliament seeking to enforce the penalty of death against recusant priests, when Charles, like his father, was inclined to toleration, gave a pretext for the rebellion, and furnished those who instigated it with means for alarming and enraging the populace.

* A present of various foreign books from Mr. Landor.

"I shall send your letter to Wordsworth, who will, I am sure, be much gratified at seeing what you say of him. His merits are every day more widely acknowledged, in spite of the duncery, in spite of the personal malignity with which he is assailed, and in spite of his injudicious imitators, who are the worst of all enemies.

"Nothing can be more mournful than the course of events abroad. All that the Spanish-Americans wanted they would have obtained now, in the course of events, without a struggle, if they had waited quietly. A free trade could not, from the first, have been refused them, nor any internal regulations which they thought good; and now the separation would have taken place unavoidably. As it is, it has cost twelve years of crime and misery. It is a most interesting part of the world for its natural features, for what we know of its history, and for what we do not, — how some parts should have attained to so high and curious a state of civilisation, and how the greater part of its inhabitants should have sunk so completely into savages. I will send you, in the next package, Humboldt's Travels, as far as they are published. He is among travellers what Wordsworth is among poets. Of Italian nobility I would take your opinion without hesitation, knowing nothing of them myself; but in Spain and Portugal I would have had a house of peers, were it only in respect to great names, and those heroic remembrances which are the strength and glory of a nation. The nobles were, for the most part, deplorably degenerate; but as a bad spirit had degraded, a

better one would improve the next generation; and I would demolish nothing but what is injurious. My fear is, that they will demolish every thing, and this fear I have felt from the beginning. Deeply, therefore, as I detested the old misrule, I did not rejoice in the Spanish and Portuguese revolutions. In Portugal I wished for a great minister,—such as Pombal would have been in these times; in Spain, for a court revolution, which should have sent Ferdinand to a monastery, and established a vigorous ministry under his brother's name, by whom the reforms which the country needed might have been steadily but gradually effected. I entirely agree with you, that old monarchical states cannot be made republican, nor new colonial ones be made monarchical.

"Since the disappearance of the Queen's fever this country has been unusually calm: little is heard of distress, and less of disaffection. Of the latter we shall hear plentifully when the bills of restriction are expired, and of the former also, when it shall be found (as it will be) that the renewed activity of our manufacturers will have again glutted the South American markets.

"God bless you!

R. S."

CHAPTER XXVII.

RELIGIOUS FEELINGS. — THE BOOK OF THE CHURCH. — HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR. — LORD BYRON. — SPANISH AFFAIRS. — MR. LANDOR'S NEW WORK. — IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON. — EFFECTS OF GENERAL EDUCATION. — VISIT FROM MR. LIGHTFOOT. — DR. CHANNING AND THE REVEREND CHRISTOPHER BENSON. — GENERAL PEACHEY. — DWIGHT'S TRAVELS. — EDITORSHIP OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. — THE LAUREATESHIP. — WAYS AND MEANS. — THE PENINSULAR WAR. — COURSE OF HIS READING. — CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. — ILLUSTRATIONS OF RODERICK. — POSTHUMOUS FAME. — THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. — AMERICAN VISITORS. — WORDSWORTH'S POETRY. — MR. MORRISON. — OWEN OF LANARK. — DANGER OF THE COUNTRY. — BLANCO WHITE. — THE FRENCH IN SPAIN. — JOURNEY TO LONDON. — ROWLAND HILL. — THE DAILY STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES RECOMMENDED. — 1822—1823.

THE careful reader can hardly have failed to observe the gradual progress of my father's mind upon religious subjects, and to have marked how his feelings on those points had deepened and strengthened from the frequent references he makes to them as the only sure foundation for rational happiness. Few men, indeed, had ever the thoughts of the life to come more constantly present to them; and his anticipations of a happy futurity are so frequent as to have met with the charge of an overweening confidence approaching to irreverence. But although his manner of speaking may have been such as to seem

irreverent to other minds constituted differently from his own, his nature was not really so; and the truth would seem to be, that from a fervid imagination combined with strong positive faith, and a habit of mind the opposite to the Pyrrhonism he lamented in his friend William Taylor, he realised the idea of another life so vividly as to make him express himself on that subject with an unusual familiarity. The point which he most frequently alludes to, and which he appears to dwell upon with the greatest pleasure, is that of the meeting of "the spirits of just men made perfect;" and the natural buoyancy of his temperament, united with the wide charitableness of his creed, saved him from the misgivings which would have checked more timid religionists, both in contemplating the future state itself, and in peopling the blessed mansions with those whom he honoured and loved.

The very course of his studies and the habits of his life forced upon him such continual thoughts of the "mighty dead" that they seem to have been almost like living and breathing companions, and his wishes to meet and commune with them face to face, became like the intense desire we sometimes feel to meet a living person known intimately yet not personally.

I cannot resist quoting here his own lines on the subject, written a few years before this period of his life: —

I.

"My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;

My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

II.

"With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

III.

"My thoughts are with the dead, with them
I live in long past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

IV.

"My hopes are with the dead! Anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust." *

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* I have an additional pleasure in quoting these lines here, because Mr. Wordsworth (now, alas! himself numbered among those "mighty dead") once remarked that they possessed a peculiar interest as a most true and touching representation of my father's character. He also wished three alterations to be made in them, in order to reduce the language to correctness and simplicity. In the third line, because the phrase "casual eyes" is too unusual, he proposed

"Where'er I chance these eyes to cast."

In the sixth line, instead of "converse," "commune;" because as it stands, the accent is wrong.

In the second stanza, he thought

"While I understand and feel,
My cheeks have often been bedewed,"

was a vicious construction grammatically, and proposed instead,

"My pensive cheeks are oft bedewed."

These suggestions were made too late for my father to profit by them.

I have before spoken of the prevalence of sceptical opinions (vol. iii. p. 6.) among young men of the higher classes at the commencement of this century, and I have mentioned that many of my father's acquaintances and some of his friends were at one period or another troubled with doubts upon religion. Accordingly, as opportunity occurred, he often endeavoured, when he had any reasonable hopes of doing good, to impress upon such persons the perfect adaptation of Christianity to the wants and nature of man, and especially the deep and never failing sources of comfort it affords in all times of sorrow and trouble.

To one of these friends who had passed through the stages of doubt and settled into a firm conviction of the truth of Christianity, and whom he had the happiness of knowing he had been partly instrumental, through Providence, in leading to this better mind, the following letter was addressed.

To ——.

"Keswick, Feb. 8. 1822.

"My dear ——,

"I heard with sorrow of your ill health. Perhaps you are at this time a happier man than if you were in the enjoyment of vigorous health, and had never known sickness or sorrow. Any price is cheap for religious hope. The evidence for Christianity is as demonstrative as the subject admits: the more it is investigated, the stronger it appears. But the root

of belief is in the heart, rather than in the understanding; and when it is rooted there, it derives from the understanding nutriment and support. Against Atheism, Materialism, and the mortality of the soul, there is the *reductio ad absurdum* in full force; and for revealed religion there is the historical evidence, strong beyond the conception of those who have not examined it; and there is that perfect adaptation to the nature and wants of man, which, if such a revelation had not already been made, would induce a wise and pious man to expect it, as fully as a Jew expects the Messiah. For many years my belief has not been clouded with the shadow of a doubt.

"When we observe what things men will believe, who will not believe Christianity, it is impossible not to acknowledge how much belief depends upon the will.

"I shall have a large share of abuse in the course of this year. In the first place, my Book of the Church, which I am writing *con amore* and with great diligence, will strike both the Catholics and the Puritans harder blows than they have been of late years accustomed to receive. The Emancipationists, therefore, and the Dissenters will not be pleased; and you know the temper of the latter. My History of the War smites the Whigs, and will draw upon me, *sans* doubt, as much hatred from the Buonapartists in France, as I have the satisfaction of enjoying from their friends in England. This volume is in great forwardness; more than five hundred pages are printed. As for Lord Byron and his coadjutors in the Times, Chronicle, &c. &c., I shall of course not

notice the latter, and deal with his lordship as he may deserve and as I may feel inclined. I have the better cause and the stronger hand.

"God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY."

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

"Keswick, Feb. 24. 1822.

"My dear Uncle,

" . . . . . .

With regard to Lord Byron, I have suffered him to attack me with impunity for several years. My remarks upon the Satanic School were general remarks upon a set of public offenders; and it was only in reply to the foulest personalities that I attacked him personally in return. The sort of insane and rabid hatred which he has long entertained towards me, cannot be increased; and it is sometimes necessary to show that forbearance proceeds neither from weakness nor from fear.

"Your copy of Landor's book was franked up through the Admiralty to Gifford. His Latin, I believe, is of the best kind; but it is, like his English, remarkably difficult: the prose, however, much less so than the verse. The cause of this obscurity it is very difficult to discover.

"My correspondence with Frere has been very brisk. Something, also, I have had from Whittingham, and am every day expecting answers to further

questions which I have sent; but the most valuable papers which I have yet had, are from Sir Hew Dalrymple, relating to his first communications with the Spaniards, and the whole proceedings in the south of Spain, while the junta of Seville ruled the roast. They will cause me to cancel a few pages, and replace them with fuller details. Luckily the greater part comes in time to be introduced in its place, without any inconvenience of this kind. These papers have given me a clear insight into many points with which I was imperfectly acquainted before. They contain also proof of scandalous neglect on the part of Ministers, or something worse than neglect — a practice of leaving their agents without instructions for the sake of shifting the responsibility from themselves. At the commencement of the troubles in Spain, out of thirty-four despatches, — certainly the most important that any governor of Gibraltar ever had occasion to send home, — Lord Castlereagh never acknowledged more than two. I have heard our Government complained of for this sort of conduct, which, in fact, is practised in every department of state; but this is the most glaring proof of it that has ever fallen in my way.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

"Feb. 29. 1822.

"In looking over your volumes*, you will, I think, wherever you perceive that a passage has been struck out, perceive at the same time for what reason it was omitted. The reason for every omission was such that, I am persuaded, you would, without hesitation, have assented to it, had you been upon the spot. A most powerful and original book it is, in any one page of which — almost in any single sentence — I should have discovered the author, if it had come into my hands as an anonymous publication. Notice it must needs attract; but I suspect that it will be praised the most by those with whom you have the least sympathy, and that the English and Scottish Liberals may perhaps forgive you even for being my friend.

"I have not been from home since the summer of 1820. Even since that time, London has been so altered as to have almost the appearance of a new city. Nothing that I have seen elsewhere can bear comparison with the line of houses from Regent's Park to Carleton House. A stranger might imagine that our shopkeepers were like the merchants of Tyre, and lived in palaces. I wish the buildings were as substantial as they are splendid; but every thing is done in the spirit of trade. Durability never enters into the builder's speculations, and the unsub-

* The proof sheets of a work of Mr. Landor's, on the Writings of Charles Fox, had passed through my father's hands.

stantial brick walls are covered with a composition which seems to have the bad property of attracting moisture in a remarkable degree. In Regent's Park, before the houses are finished, the cornices are perfectly green with slimy vegetation. The most impressive sight to me was St. Paul's by gas-light. I do not think anything could be more sublime than the effect of that strong light upon the marble statues; and the darkness of the dome, which the illumination from below served only to render visible. They have attempted to warm this enormous building by introducing heated air; but after expending 800*l.* in stoves and flues, the effect was to render the quire unendurably cold, for the whole body of cold air from the dome came rushing down, so that the attempt has been given up as hopeless.

"In London I scarcely went out of the circle of my own immediate friends. But as I went east and west upon a round of flying visits to old friends and familiar acquaintances, some of whom I had not seen for more than twenty years, I had opportunity enough of perceiving a more general disposition to be satisfied with things as they are, than ever existed within my memory at any former time. There happened to be no question afloat with which any party feeling could be connected, and the people were sensible of their general prosperity. Few, indeed, are they who apprehend the momentous consequences of the changes which are taking place. One effect of general education (such as that education is) is beginning to manifest itself. The two-penny journals of sedition and blasphemy lost their

attraction when they no longer found hunger and discontent to work upon. But they had produced an appetite for reading. Some journeymen printers who were out of work tried what a weekly twopenny-worth of miscellaneous extracts would do; it answered so well, that there were presently between twenty and thirty of these weekly publications, the sale of which is from 1000 to 15,000 each. How I should like to talk with you concerning the prospects of the old world and of the new.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, July 12. 1822.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"My old friend Lightfoot is with me, whom you remember at Oxford, and whom I had not seen since we parted upon leaving Oxford eight and twenty years ago. The communication between us had never been broken. I had a great regard for him, and talked of him often and oftener thought of him; and, as you may suppose, the more I became known and talked of in the world, the larger part I occupied in his thoughts. So at length he mustered up resolution to make a journey hither from Crediton during his Midsummer holidays, being master of the grammar school there.

"He declares me to be less altered in appearance and manners than any man whom he ever saw. I

should not have known him; and yet he has worn better than I have; but he is thinner, and altogether less than when he was a young man, and his face has lengthened, partly because he has lost some of his hair. His life has been laborious, uniform, successful, and singularly happy.

"He trembled like an aspen leaf at meeting me.* A journey to Cumberland is to him as formidable a thing as it would be for me to set off for Jerusalem, so little has he been used to locomotion. And he has shocked Edith May by wishing that the mountains would descend to fill up the lakes and vales, because then I should return to the south and be within reach of him.

"The only thing short of this which would be likely to remove me from this country, would be, if upon Gifford's giving up the management of the Quarterly Review, it were to be offered me and made worth my acceptance. In that case I should probably from prudential reasons think it proper to accept the offer, and fix myself within ten or twelve miles of town. But this is not likely, and I am not sure that it would be desirable.

"What a pleasure it is in declining life to see the friends of our youth such as we should wish them to be; and how infinitely greater will be the pleasure of meeting them in another world, where progression in beatitude will be the only change!

"God bless you! my dear Grosvenor.

R. S."

* In another letter he says, "I shall never forget the manner in which he met me, nor the tone in which he said, 'that having now seen me he should return home and die in peace.'"—*Sept.* 1. 1822.

In the course of the summer Dr. Channing made a brief visit to Keswick, bearing a letter of introduction to my father, from whom it seems he had requested one to the Rev. Christopher Benson, the late master of the Temple. This is interesting as relating to two distinguished individuals. I may add that my father used to speak of Mr. Benson as the most impressive and pleasing preacher he had ever heard, "so as to admit of no comparison with any other."

To the Rev. Christopher Benson.

"Keswick, July 17. 1822.

"Dear Sir,

"Dr. Channing, of Boston, in New England, is equally distinguished in his own country by the fervour and eloquence of his preaching, and the primitive virtues of his life. I take the liberty of introducing him to you, because you will feel yourself in accord with him upon many of the most important points, and because I am very desirous that he should see and converse with one who holds as high a rank in Old England as he does in America. I have learnt from him with some surprise that, under the name of Unitarianism, Arianism is the prevailing doctrine in the Massachusetts' states, and that he himself is of that persuasion. But I have told him that he will find himself much more in sympathy with our clergy than with the Dissenters, and this he already apprehends. He is in opulent

circumstances, and has devoted, and almost spent, himself in the ministerial duties.

"I need say no more of him; his conversation and the truly Christian temper of his mind, notwithstanding the doctrinal errors which he holds, will sufficiently recommend him. But I feel the necessity of apologising for the liberty which I am taking with you. You will, I trust, impute it to the true cause, and not be offended, if, in excuse for it, I say to you that having had the good fortune once to hear you in the pulpit, and having since perused with the greatest satisfaction the series of your discourses, I earnestly wish that this excellent American should receive the most favourable impressions of the English Church. When I spoke of you to him last night, and put your volume into his hands, I did not know whether you were in this or in a better world. To-day, by mere accident, I learn that you have happily resumed your labours, and yielding to the first impulse I offered this introduction to Dr. Channing with as much pleasure as he manifested at receiving it.

"When you visit this your native county, you would gratify me greatly by giving me an opportunity of personally repeating an apology for this intrusion, and offering you such hospitality as my means afford.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours with the highest esteem and respect,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The following letter refers to an amusing adventure which had just happened to General Peachey (whose name has before occurred), and who was one of my father's most friendly and hospitable neighbours. His seat was on one of the islands in Derwentwater, and a more lovely spot fancy could not picture. It was not, however, a convenient residence, especially for a dinner party in unfavourable weather; for although the passage was short, still silks and satins suffered woefully when the waves rose high, and occasionally covered the fair wearers with their spray, and great was the reluctance to leave blazing fires and lighted rooms for pitchy darkness, and a voyage not only unpleasant but sometimes formidable.

Many adventures, generally however of a more ludicrous than perilous kind, occurred in consequence of this watery barrier. Large parties have been compelled to remain all night, the gentlemen bivouacking round the drawing-room fire; sometimes a dense fog came on, so that the rowers lost their way, and either wandered up and down the lake for several hours, or landed their hapless boat loads on some distant fenny or stony shore, to act, unwillingly, to the life "the Children of the Mist." On one occasion the General himself, returning home unexpectedly, found it impossible to cross, and after waiting upon the inhospitable shore till he was wet and weary, made his way up to Greta Hall in sad plight.

The General was a great lover of aquatics, and his favourite amusement was a sailing boat, which,

in spite of all warnings (for the sudden gusts which rush down the mountain gorges render the smaller lakes extremely unsafe for sailing on), he persevered in navigating with more boldness than skill. More than once his only place of refuge was the keel of his vessel, on which he hung till help arrived, and sometimes he was driven hopelessly aground on the mid-shallows of the lake. All these accidents, however, served as good stories to circulate around his cheerful board, and many was the hearty laugh he raised and joined in at his own misadventures. The reader will find scattered up and down these volumes occasional allusions to pleasant days passed in his company, nor did any one entertain a truer respect and a more friendly regard for my father. With him departed the open hand and kind heart of a true English gentleman.

To the Rev. Nicholas Lightfoot.

"Keswick, Sept. 16. 1822.

"My dear Lightfoot,

"The General has lately had a narrow, though ludicrous escape. He upset himself with an umbrella in a little skiff which Sir Frederick Moreshead had given him. It was within hearing of his own island. The skiff was corked so that it could not sink, but being half full of water after he had righted it, it was not possible for him to get in, and he being well buttoned up against a stormy day in a thick great coat was in no plight for swimming, so he held on

and holload stoutly for assistance. His two men hastened off in his little boat, the large one happening to be on the opposite shore. The General had presence of mind enough to consider that if he attempted to get into the little boat he should in all likelihood pull her under water, and that neither of the men could swim; he therefore very coolly directed them to take the rope of the skiff and tow it to the island with him at the end; and in this way he came in like a Triton, waving his hat round his head, and huzzaing as he approached his own shores. I ought to have told you that there came an invitation from him for you to dinner the day after your departure.

"John May left me this day fortnight, and Dr. Bell departed some days after him. The exercise which I took with him completed the good work which was begun with you, and has left me in a better state than I had been in for the two last years. By way of keeping it up while the season permits (nothing being so salutary to me as vigorous exercise) I went up Skiddaw Dod this morning — one of the expeditions which is reserved for your next visit; on my return I found a letter from my brother Henry, saying he shall be here on Wednesday. This will give me ten days more of laking and mountaineering, if the weather permit.

"The temptation which the country holds out to that exercise which is peculiarly necessary for me must be weighed among the many reasons for remaining in it. For with my sedentary habits and inactive inclinations I require every inducement to draw me out. But whether I remain or remove

I shall see you, my dear Lightfoot, often again (God willing) both in Devonshire and wherever I may be. I shall certainly come down to you when next I visit London, which will probably be in February or March.

"During the little time I had for business I have written about half a paper for the Quarterly, upon a history of the Religious Sects of the last century, by the ex-Bishop Gregoire. The book is curious for its strange mixture of revolutionary feelings with Catholic bigotry, and for the account which it gives of irreligion in France. It gives me matter for an interesting paper, to be wound-up with some seasonable observations upon the progress of infidelity at home. God bless you, my dear Lightfoot!

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Dr. Southey.

"Keswick, Oct. 30. 1822.

"My dear Harry,

"As soon as you departed I settled regularly to my habitual course of life, which has been so much to my benefit broken up through the summer. At the same time I very dutifully began to observe your directions, and have walked every day with the exception of one stormy one. This is against the grain, but I feel the benefit of it, and therefore do not grumble.

"The American books have arrived, and I am

reading with much interest Dwight's Travels in his own country — a posthumous work. The author (whose unhappy name is Timothy) wrote in his youth some forty years ago, an heroic poem upon the Conquest of Canaan, which was puffed and reprinted in London. Its stilted versification was admired in those days, but it had little or no real merit. Dwight, however, though a bad poet, — because of a bad school, — was a sensible man; and he kept a journal of his travels, and prepared it for publication, from a conviction that a faithful description of New England in all its parts, such as it then was, would in a few generations become exceedingly interesting, however unimportant it might appear if published as soon as it was written. A great deal of course is only interesting locally; but on the whole, the picture of what the country is, his fair views of the state of society then, with its advantages and disadvantages, and the number of curious facts which are brought together, make it very well worth reading. I would give a good deal to see as trustworthy and minute an account of the Southern States. This is just the sort of book which ought to be digested into a review.

"The Quarterly Review will not do itself any good by the mealy-mouthed manner in which it has dealt with Lord Byron. The excuse for its previous silence is wretched; and to preach a sermon in refutation of so silly a piece of sophistry as Cain is pitiful indeed. To crown all, while they are treating his Lordship with so much respect, and congratulating themselves on the improved morality of his

productions — out comes 'the Liberal.' I have only seen some newspaper extracts from this journal, among them the description of myself. He may go on with such satire till his heart aches, before he can excite in me one uncomfortable emotion. In warring with him I have as much advantage in my temper as Orlando had in his invulnerable hide. But there is no necessity for striking a blow at one who has so completely condemned himself. I wish the Liberals joy of their journal.*

"Love from all. God bless you!

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To the Rev. Nicholas Lightfoot.

"Keswick, Nov. 8. 1822.

"My dear Lightfoot,

"By my brother Henry's means, I have found how the impediment between me and your cyder may be removed. If you will direct it for me to the care of George Sealy, Esq., Liverpool, and ship it for that place, letting me know by what vessel it is sent, he will look after it there and forward it to Keswick, and then we will all drink your health in the juice of the apple. It will need a case to protect it from the gimlet.

"There is little chance of any circumstance

* "Lord Byron has rendered it quite unnecessary for me to resent his attacks any farther. This last publication is so thoroughly in famous that it needs no exposure. It may reach a second number if it escape prosecution, but hardly a third. He and Leigh Hunt, no doubt, will quarrel, and their separation break up the concern."— *To the Rev. Neville White, Nov.* 16. 1822.

drawing me from this country to reside in the vicinity of London, — at least I can foresee none. The question whether or not the Quarterly Review should do so has been fairly considered and decided, in consequence of Gifford's dangerous illness. He had written to me soon after you left us, saying he could not long continue to conduct the Review, and he knew not where to look for a successor. He was not ill at the time, and therefore my consideration of the matter was not hastily, but deliberately made. If I had chosen to propose myself, the office must have been mine, of course. The objections to it were, that the increased expenditure which I must incur near London would fully consume any increase of income which I should have obtained, and therefore the time consumed in the mere management of the journal would have been a dead loss. This time would be unpleasantly, as well as unprofitably spent in corresponding upon the mere business of the Review, examining communications, and either correcting them myself where there was anything erroneous, imprudent, or inconsistent with those coherent opinions which the journal should have maintained under my care, or in persuading the respective writers to amend and alter according to that standard. Lastly, it seemed that there was nothing which could recompense me for the sacrifice which it needs would be to quit a country in which I take so much delight, and of which all my family are as fond as myself; and there was this weightier consideration, — that if I gave up the quantity of time which the management of such a journal re-

quires, it would take away all reasonable hope of my completing the various great works for which I have been so long making preparations.

"I talked this matter over with John May, who entered entirely into my feelings. The next point, having fully made up my mind concerning myself, was to secure the succession (as far as my influence extended) for some person with whom I could freely and heartily co-operate. John Coleridge is just such a person; and having ascertained that he would like the situation, I mentioned him to Gifford and to Murray. Gifford's illness has occurred since. He is better at present, and I have good reason to believe it is all but settled that John Coleridge is to become the Editor of the Quarterly Review. Without taking him from his profession, it will render him independent of it, and place him at once in a high and important situation.

" . . . . . This is a long explanation, and yet I think you will like to know the *how* and the *why* of my proceedings. In consequence, I may possibly take more part in the review, and certainly more interest in it; because, knowing the tenor of his opinions, and his way of thinking, I am sure he will admit nothing that either in matter or manner could offend a well-regulated mind. He will hold a manly and straightforward course, and censure will always come with weight and effect, because it will never be unduly or insolently applied. . . .

Believe me, my dear Lightfoot,

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 20. 1822.

"My dear G.,

"I have no written form of admission to the office of Laureate, and very well remember being surprised at the thoroughly unceremonious manner of my induction. At the day and hour appointed (a very memorable one, the Prince Regent going to Parliament just after the news of the battle of Leipsic had been made public), I went to a little low, dark room in the purlieus of St. James's, where a fat old gentleman-usher, in full buckle, administered an oath to me, in presence of a solitary clerk; and that was all, payment of fees excepted, which was not made at the time. Walter Scott, I recollect, was amused at the description which I sent him of this ceremony, and said it was a judgment upon me for inserting among the Notes to the Cid a reflection of Sir John Finett's upon the 'superstition of a gentleman-usher.' Whether any entry was made, and whether I signed my name, I cannot call to mind, it being nine years ago. Gazetted, however, I was, and P. L. I have been from that time. But how can this concern you?

"You know the proverb, that he who is not handsome at twenty, wise at forty, and rich at fifty, will never be rich, wise, or handsome. *Quoad* my handsomeness — handsome is as handsome does, and whatever I may have been, they have made a pretty figure of me in magazines. There is a portrait in a German edition of my smaller poems, which it will

be a treat for you to see. You will never again complain of your ugly likeness below stairs. Concerning the second part of the adage, certain it is that about the age of forty, my views upon all important subjects were matured and settled, so that I am not conscious of their having undergone any change since, except in slight modifications upon inferior points. But for the last part of the story, — rich at fifty, — I certainly shall not be, nor in the way to be so.

"When I deliberated, if deliberating it can be called, about the Quarterly Review, the single motive on one side was the desire of having an adequate and sure income, which I have never had since I discontinued the Edinburgh Annual Register, because it ceased to pay me for my work. My establishment requires 600*l.* a-year, exclusive of other calls. The average produce of my account with Longman is about 200*l.*; what I derive from the Exchequer you know; the rest must come from the grey goose quill; and the proceeds of a new book have hitherto pretty generally been anticipated. They may float me for a second year perhaps. Roderick did for three years, with the help of the Pilgrimage — then the tide ebbs, and so I go on. At present it is neap tide in the Row. My tale of Paraguay, when I can finish it, will about make it high water.

"This is all very well, while I am well; but if any of the countless ills which flesh is heir to should affect my health, eyesight, or faculties, I should instantly be thrown into a state in which my income would only amount to about half my expenditure.

Concerning death I have no anxieties. . . . On that score I am easy, and not uneasy upon any other. But I have said all this to explain why it was that I could even ask myself the question whether it would become me to take the Quarterly Review into my own hands. I am quite satisfied that it would not; but that it behoves me to go on, as I have always hitherto done, hopefully, contentedly, and thankfully, taking no farther care for the morrow than that of endeavouring always to be able to say, sufficient for the day hath been the work thereof.

"I have made a valiant resolution that the produce of this History shall not be touched for current expenses, looking to it always as the work wherewith I was to begin to make myself independent. The Book of the Church I must eat, but I will not eat these Peninsular quartos. The Whigs may nibble at them if they please.

"I have just received an official communication from Sir William Knighton, which, though it be marked *private*, there can be no unfitness in my communicating to you. It is in these words, 'I am commanded by the King to convey to you the estimation in which His Majesty holds your distinguished talents, and the usefulness and importance of your literary labours. I am further commanded to add, that His Majesty receives with great satisfaction the first volume of your valuable work on the late Peninsular War.' This is the letter, and at the head of it is written — 'entirely approved. G. R.' Is not this very gracious? and how many persons there are whom such a communication would make quite

happy. For myself I am sorry there are so few persons connected with me who can be gratified by it, and wish my good Aunt Mary had been here to have enjoyed it. I may deposit it with my letters affilif atory from the Cymmrodorion, &c., and I might write upon the packet that contains them, *vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.* Not that I would be understood as affecting, in the slightest degree, to undervalue what I am continually labouring to deserve.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Jan. 27. 1823.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"I am very glad to see Herries's appointment. By all that I have heard for many years past, a more unfit person than —— could not possibly have been in that situation; to get him out, and to have so efficient a man in his stead, is indeed a great point. It is the very place in which I have wished to see Herries. I hope and trust, now, that such means as the existing laws afford will be steadily employed for checking the license of the press. The radical country papers continually lay themselves open to prosecution; and I am certain that repeated prosecutions would go far towards stopping the mischief which they are doing at present, and have so long been doing with impunity. A strict watch over these, and over Cobbett, would soon suppress them.

"I know nothing of the sale of my book; Murray has not written to me since it appeared. Only two opinions of it have reached me, except those of my friends, — one in a complimentary letter from Mr. Littleton, the member for Staffordshire; the other in a letter of the *ci-devant* Grand Parleur, which Rickman sent me; and certainly nothing could be more flattering than what he said of it, — that it was 'a Thucydidean history, which would last as long as our country and our language.' I must confess, however, that I am not aware of any other resemblance than what the title suggests; though I have always flattered myself that my other historical work might, in more points than one, be compared with Herodotus, and will hereafter stand in the same relation to the history of that large portion of the new world, as his work does to that of the old.

"We had an adventure this morning, which if poor Snivel* had been living would have set up her bristles in great style. A foumart was caught in the back-kitchen: you may, perhaps, know it better by the name of pole-cat. It is the first I ever saw or smelt; and certainly it was in high odour. Poor Snivel! I still have the hairs which we cut from her tail thirty years ago; and if it were the fashion for men to wear lockets, in a locket they should be worn, for I never had a greater respect for any creature upon four legs than for poor Sni. See how naturally men fall into relic-worship; when I have pre-

* A dog belonging to Mr. Bedford in early days.

served the memorials of that momentary whim so many years, and through so many removals!

"To give you some notion of my heterogeneous reading, I am at this time regularly going through Shakspeare, Mosheim's Ecc. Hist., Rabelais, Barrow, and Aitzema, a Dutch historian of the seventeenth century, in eleven huge full folios. The Dutchman I take after supper, with my punch. You are not to suppose that I read his work verbatim: I look at every page, and peruse those parts which relate to my own subjects, or which excite curiosity; and a great deal I have found there.

"We have not seen the face of the earth here for fifteen days, — a longer time than it has ever been covered with snow since I came into the country. I growl at it every day. It seems a long while since I have heard from you. God bless you!

R. S."

To Humphrey Senhouse, Esq.

"Keswick, July 11. 1822.

"My dear Senhouse,

"I am sorry to say that the prospect before me is not such as to allow much hope of my seeing Holland* this year. Time, the printers, and the constable are leagued together to oppose my wishes:

* My father had for some time wished to visit the Low Countries, and had planned a tour there with Mr. Senhouse, who had been his companion in a former journey. This was not accomplished until 1825, when Mr. S. was not able to accompany him.

I shall overcome the alliance, but not till the season will be too far advanced. Perhaps I could be ready by the vintage, which would be no unpleasant sight; but then the days are shortening, and day-light is the thing which travellers can least spare.

"My winter has not been idly spent, but it has not carried me so far forward as I had anticipated, chiefly because writing a book is like building a house, — a work of more time and cost than the estimate has been taken at. This is the chief reason. But something, I confess, must be set down to my besetting sin — a sort of miser-like love of accumulation. Like those persons who frequent sales, and fill their own houses with useless purchases, because they may want them some time or other; so am I for ever making collections, and storing up materials which may not come into use till the Greek Calends. And this I have been doing for five-and-twenty years! It is true that I draw daily upon my hoards, and should be poor without them; but in prudence I ought now to be working up these materials rather than adding to so much dead stock.

"This volume, when it appears, will provoke a great branch of the Satanic confederacy — the Bonapartists. It is the most damning record of their wickedness that has yet appeared in this country, and in a form to command both attention and belief. Only yesterday I learnt from General Whittingham, who was in the battle of Medellin, that the French had orders to give no quarter. A wounded Spanish officer was brought into the room where Victor was at supper, and Victor said to him, 'If

my orders had been obeyed, Sir, you would not have been here.' Those orders were obeyed so well, that the French dragoons that night rubbed their right arms with soap and spirits, to recover the muscles from the fatigue they had undergone in cutting the fugitives down. God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Feb. 23. 1823.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"Your letter comes in aid of a purpose which I had entertained, of putting together what I have said upon the Catholic question in the Edinburgh Annual Register, recasting it, and publishing it, with some needful additions, in the form of a pamphlet. About a week ago, I put down in my note-book the first sketch of an arrangement, and actually began to compose what I have to say, as a letter to some M.P.; not that it was meant to be addressed to any individual one; but having argued with Wilberforce and Sir Thomas Acland, upon the subject, I knew in what light they considered it. The course which affairs have taken in Ireland will, probably, have the good effect of quashing the question for this year; and in that hope I am willing to postpone my own purpose till a season which may be more convenient to myself, and when aid of this kind may be more needed.

"The arguments lie in a nutshell. The restraints which exclude the Catholics from political power are not the cause of the perpetual disorder in Ireland; their removal, therefore, cannot be the cure. Suppose the question carried, two others grow from it, like two heads from the hydra's neck, when one is amputated: — a Catholic establishment for Ireland, at which Irish Catholics *must* aim, and which those who desire rebellion and separation will promote, — a rebellion must be the sure consequence of agitating this. The people of Ireland care nothing for emancipation, — why should they? but make it a question for restoring the Catholic church, and they will enter into it as zealously as ever our ancestors did into a crusade.

"The other question arises at home, and brings with it worse consequences than anything which can happen among the potatoes. The repeal of the Test Act will be demanded, and must be granted. Immediately the Dissenters will get into the corporations everywhere. *Their* members will be returned; men as hostile to the Church and to the monarchy as ever were the Puritans of Charles's age. The church property will be attacked in Parliament, as it is now at mob-meetings, and in radical newspapers; reform in Parliament will be carried; and then farewell, a long farewell, to all our greatness.

"Our constitution consists of Church and State, and it is an absurdity in politics to give those persons power in the *State*, whose duty it is to subvert the *Church*. This argument is unanswerable. I am in

good hopes that my Book of the Church will do yeoman's service upon the question. God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, May 25. 1823.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"Westall has sent me four of the six prints for Roderick; the others are not yet finished. I am very much pleased with these. If I were persuaded, according to the custom of these times, that it is absolutely necessary to find some fault with every thing, I might perhaps say that the engraver has aimed at throwing too much expression into the eyes in some of the plates. Those which are come are Roderick at the Foot of the Cross, Adosinda showing him the Dead Bodies, Florinda at her Confession, and the Death of Count Julian. The first strikes me as the best, and for this reason, that the subject is altogether picturesque, — it explains itself sufficiently; whereas, to know what the others mean, the poetical situation must be understood. I am much more desirous that this speculation should succeed on Westall's account than on my own. He had set his heart upon it, in the belief that it would be of service to me to have my poems thus illustrated (as the phrase is), and in the feeling that the publishers were acting unhandsomely in having such things done for every writer of any note except myself. The success would have been certain, had

it been done some years ago. At present it is very doubtful.

"How is Chantrey? Something like a message from him has been brought me by Mr. Gee, expressing a wish that I would sit to him when I come to London. When will that be you ask? And many, I daresay, ask the same question, who know not what pains, as well as thought, I must take for the morrow before I can afford two months of travelling and expenditure. To-night I shall finish with Queen Mary's reign; Elizabeth's will require not a long chapter; James's a short one. The next is one of the most important in the book, but easily and soon written, because the materials are ready. Another chapter comes down to the Revolution, and one more will conclude. Then I shall set out for town, and eat ice there instead of oysters. . . . . .

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, June 15. 1823.

"My dear G.,

"The worst symptom of advancing age which I am sensible of in myself is a certain anxiety concerning ways and means; to that cause I impute it, for I am sure it does not belong to my disposition.

"You tell me it is not politic to work entirely for posthumous fame. Alas, Grosvenor, had you forgotten when you wrote that sentence that by far

the greater portion of my life has been consumed in providing for my household expenses? As for reputation, of that, God knows, I have as much as either I deserve or desire. If I have not profited by it, as some of my contemporaries have by theirs, the fault is not owing to my living out of sight. What advantage could it possibly be to me to meet great men at dinner twice or thrice in the season, and present myself as often at court? There is, I dare say, good will enough among some of the men in power to serve me, if they knew how; but if they asked me how, I should not be able to point out a way.

. . . . . .

"Is it impossible for you to break away from London, and lay in a stock of fresh health and spirits by help of fresh air and exhilarating exercise? I wish you would come here and stay with me till I could return to town with you. You would do me good as well as yourself. God bless you!

R. S."

To George Ticknor, Esq.

"Keswick, July 16. 1823.

"My dear Sir,

"If, as I trust, you have received my first volume of the Peninsular War, and the lithographic views which my friend, William Westall, has engraved to accompany it, you will perceive that negligent as I have been in delaying so long to thank you for the

books, and to reply to your welcome letter, I had not been wholly unmindful of you. Without attempting to excuse a delay for which I have long reproached myself, I may say that it has been chiefly, if not wholly occasioned by an expectation that I might have communicated to you Gifford's retirement from the management of the Quarterly Review, and the assumption of that management by a friend of mine, who would have given it a consistent tone upon all subjects. Poor Gifford was for several months in such a state that his death was continually looked for. His illness has thrown the journal two numbers in arrear; he feels and acknowledges his inability to conduct it, and yet his unwillingness to part with a power which he cannot exercise, has hitherto stood in the way of any other arrangement.

"I have more than once remonstrated both with him and Murray upon the folly and mischief of their articles respecting America; and should the journal pass into the hands of any person whom I can influence, its temper will most assuredly be changed. Such papers, the silence of the journal upon certain topics on which it ought manfully to have spoken out, and the abominable style of its criticism upon some notorious subjects, have made me more than once think seriously of withdrawing from it; and I have only been withheld by the hope of its amendment, and the certainty that through this channel I could act with more immediate effect than through any other. Inclosed you have a list of all my papers in it. I mean shortly to see whether Murray is willing to reprint such of them as are worth preserving,

restoring where I can the passages which Gifford (to the sore mutilation of the part always, and sometimes to the destruction of the sense and argument) chose to omit, — and beginning with the Moral and Political Essays.

"Your friends and countrymen who come to Keswick make a far shorter tarriance than I could wish. They 'come like shadows, so depart.' Dr. Channing could give me only part of a short evening. Randolph of Roanoak no more: he left me with a promise that if he returned from Scotland by the western side of the island, he would become my guest: if he could have been persuaded to this, it would have done him good, for he stood in need of society, and of those comforts which are not to be obtained at an inn. Mr. Eliot passed through about five weeks ago, and on Monday last we had a younger traveller here, — Mr. Gardner. No country can send out better specimens of its sons.

"Coleridge talks of bringing out his work upon Logic, of collecting his poems, and of adapting his translation of Wallenstein for the stage, — Kean having taken a fancy to exhibit himself in it. Wordsworth is just returned from a trip to the Netherlands: he loves rambling, and has no pursuits which require him to be stationary. I shall probably see him in a few days. Every year shows more and more how strongly his poetry has leavened the rising generation. Your mocking bird is said to improve the strain which he imitates; this is not the case with ours.

"Nov. 2. 1823.

"I conclude this too long delayed letter on the eve of my departure for London. From thence, in the course of the next month, I shall send you the Book of the Church. Gifford is so far recovered that he hopes to conduct the Review to the 60th number. I have sent him the commencement of a paper upon Dwight's book, which I shall finish in town. The first part is a review of its miscellaneous information; the second will examine the points of difference between an old country and a new one, the advantages and disadvantages which each has to hope and to fear, and the folly of supposing that the institutions which suit the one must necessarily be equally suitable to the other.

"Farewell, my dear Sir. Remember me to Alston and my other New England friends; and be assured that to them and to their country I shall always do justice in thought, word, and deed.

"God bless you!

Yours with sincere esteem,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To the Rev. Nicholas Lightfoot.

"Keswick, Sept. 23. 1823.

"My dear Lightfoot,

"The summer, or what might have been the summer, has slipt away, and the autumn, or what ought to be he autumn, is passing after it, and I have not

yet been further from my fireside than a morning's walk could carry me.

"I can tell you, however, now, that I shall start from home with my daughter Edith as early as possible in November, or, if possible, before the beginning of that month; and that after halting a week or ten days in London, I shall pursue my course to Crediton.

"The summer has brought with it its usual flock of strangers, some of them sufficiently amusing. My civilities to them are regulated something by the recommendations with which they present themselves, and a little more perhaps by their likeability, which depends something upon the *cut of their jib*. You know how impossible it is not to read faces, and be in some degree influenced by what we see in them. We have had two travellers from New England — young men both, and well qualified to keep up the good impression which their countrymen have left here. Last week we had an Englishman, who having travelled in the Levant, and been made prisoner by the Bedouins, near Mount Sinai, chooses to relate his adventures instead of publishing them, and tells Arabian stories after the manner of the professed story-tellers in the East. I wish you had seen him the other evening gravely delivering a tale of a magic ring (it was a full hour long) to a circle of some sixteen persons in this room, the vicar being one of the number. But the most interesting stranger who has found his way here is a Somersetshire man — Morrison by name, who, at the age of two or three and thirty, and beginning with little or nothing, has re-

alised some 150,000*l.* in trade, and was then bound to New Lanark, with the intention of vesting 5,000*l.* in Owen's experiment, if he should find his expectations confirmed by what he sees there. This person is well acquainted with the principal men among the free-thinking Christians; he likes the men, but sees reason to doubt their doctrine. He seems to be searching for truth in such a temper of mind that there is good reason for thinking he will find it.

"My household are in tolerable order. It has been increased this year by the acquisition of a most worthy Tom cat, who when the tenants of the next house departed was invited to this, where he received the name of Rumpelstilzchen, and has become a great favourite. I cannot say of him as Bedford does of a similar animal, that he is the *best for nothing cat* in the world, because he has done good service upon the rats, and been successively promoted to the rank of baron, viscount, and earl. In most other things we are as you left us, except that just now the waters are not in their place, having overflowed their banks.

"God bless you, my dear Lightfoot!

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY."

To the Lord Bishop of Limerick.

"Keswick, Oct. 22. 1823.

"My Lord,

"I ought to have thanked you for your Visitation Sermon and for your Charge, both worthy of the

hand from which they come. I have thought, also, more than once, of expressing to yourself, as I have done to others, the sincere pleasure which your promotion gave me, from a public not less than a personal feeling, in these times, when it is of such especial importance that such stations should be so filled.

. . . . . .

"My anticipations would be of the darkest kind, if it were not for a calm, unhesitating reliance upon Providence. Our institutions had need be strong when they are so feebly defended, and so formidably and incessantly assailed. Uncompromising courage was almost the only quality of a statesman which Mr. Pitt possessed; and that quality has not been inherited by his successors. At present they seem to think that all is well, because the manufacturers are in employ, and there is no seditious movement going on. And they would hardly look upon that writer as their friend who should tell them that this quiet is only upon the surface, that the leaven is at work, and that there is less danger from the negroes in Demerara or Jamaica than from a manufacturing population such as ours, with such a party of determined radicals and besotted reformers in Parliament to excite them. Would that I could perceive the remedy as clearly as I do the evil! I have, however, for some time been deliberately putting together my thoughts upon this subject in a series of Colloquies upon the Progress and Prospects of Society, taking for my motto three pregnant words from St. Bernard, *Respice, aspice, prospice.* I am neither so vain or

so inexperienced as to imagine that anything which I may offer will change any man's opinions; but I may fix them when they are unconfirmed, make the scale turn when it is wavering, and give a right bias to those who are beginning their career.

"There is hope for us at home, because our institutions are so good that it is quite certain, if they were subverted, the miserable people would soon desire nothing so much as their re-establishment; and moreover, with the commonest prudence, they are strong enough to resist a revolutionary attack. But if we look abroad, the contending parties are both in such extremes of evil, that I know not from which the worst consequences are to be apprehended, — the establishment of old governments or the triumph of new ones. You would be pleased, I am sure, with the paper concerning Spain in the last Quarterly. It is by my friend Blanco White (Leucadio Doblado). A Spanish priest, who came over to this country in 1810, a thorough Jacobin and a thorough unbeliever, and is at this time as sincere a Protestant and as devout a minister as any whom the Church of England has in her service. There are few men whom I respect so highly.

"Before this letter reaches your Lordship, I shall be on the way to London, and as I shall not finally leave it before the beginning of February, it is possible that I may have the pleasure of meeting you there. It will indeed gratify me to accept of your obliging invitation if I can one day find opportunity and leisure: there is much in your country which I should like to see, and many points upon

which I should gladly seek for information. My Annual Ode two years ago was upon the king's visit to Ireland, and the condition of that country. It would naturally have concluded with some complimentary and hopeful mention of Marquis Wellesley, but my spirit failed. I felt that the difficulties of his situation were more than he could overcome; and the poem remained in this respect imperfect.

"That poem of Langhorn's has certainly a Hebrew cast; but it must be rather a proof that this form of composition is the natural figure of passion, than of imitation. The principle, as a principle, he could not have understood, nor was he, being a lawyer, likely to have had any learning of that kind; nor indeed, being a Catholic, even to have been conversant with the scriptural style. The part given in the Quarterly Review is about a third of the poem, but the whole is in the same high and sustained strain of feeling.

"I am putting the last hand to my long promised Book of the Church. It will give great offence to the Catholics, and to all those Dissenters who inherit the opinions of the Puritans. But I hope and trust that it will confirm in many, and excite in more, a deep, well founded reverence for the Establishment.

Believe me, my Lord,

With great respect and regard,

Your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The reader may possibly have remarked it as an omission, that among the many persons addressed and alluded to in my father's letters, the name of Charles Lamb should have so rarely occurred, especially as they were well known to entertain mutual feelings of close friendship, and admiration of each other's talents. The cause of this has been, on the one hand, that Lamb never preserved the letters he received, and on the other, that such of those written by him to my father as were of peculiar interest, are well known in Mr. Justice Talfourd's interesting sketch of his life.

The correspondence, indeed, between them, though not frequent, was yet of a most familiar and interesting character; and to visit his early friend*, for they had been intimate for nearly twenty years, was one of the choicest pleasures my father always looked forward to in going to London.

At the time of his present visit to the metropolis, a momentary interruption to their friendship occurred, which requires to be noticed here.

In a recent number of the Quarterly (for July, 1823), in a paper upon the Progress of Infidelity, my father had taken occasion to remark upon the Essays of Elia, that it was a book which wanted only a

* In referring back to the account of my father's short residence at Burton in the year 1797, I find I have omitted to notice a visit which Charles Lamb there paid him, and which must have been the commencement of their intimacy. Mr. Justice Talfourd states that their first introduction to each other took place through Mr. Coleridge in 1799, but of this I did not find any traces in my father's letters, doubtless because his mind was then fully occupied with his own difficulties and distresses. Their most frequent intercourse was in 1802, when Lamb was living at the Temple, and London for the last time was my father's place of abode.

sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as it was original. At this expression, with which my father himself had not been satisfied, but had intended to alter it in the proof sheet, which unfortunately was not sent him, Lamb was greatly annoyed; and having previously taken umbrage at some incidental reference to him in former articles, which in his hasty anger he attributed erroneously to my father's pen, he now addressed a very long letter of remonstrance to him by name, in the London Magazine for October (1823). In this, which was republished after his death in his collected works, he dwells particularly upon a point which I have before touched upon, as much I think as is necessary at my hands, that some persons might affix a charge of a want of a sufficiently reverential habit of speaking on religious topics upon my father himself, and also upon the circumstance of his having taken so large a license in jesting upon subjects of Diablerie, and in facetious commentaries upon the Legends of Rome; acquitting him at the same time of all intentional irreverence, and affirming that he himself had learnt from him something of the habit.

This letter, which contained besides much more that was written in a resentful spirit, was put into my father's hands soon after his arrival in London, and he was greatly astonished at its contents. He says, speaking of it in a letter to Mr. Moxon (July 15. 1837), "When he published that letter to me in the London Magazine, so little was I conscious of having done any thing to offend him, that upon seeing it announced in the contents of that number, I expected

a letter of friendly pleasantry. My reply was to this effect, that if he had intimated to me that he was hurt by any thing which had been said by me in the Quarterly Review *, I would in the next number have

* Charles Lamb's bitter feelings against the Quarterly and its Editor originated in an allusion to him in one of the earlier numbers, where, in speaking of a criticism of his on the great scene in Ford's play of The Broken Heart, where "Calantha dances on after hearing at every pause of some terrible calamity, the writer had affected to excuse Lamb as a maniac."[1] On seeing the passage, which the circumstances of Lamb's life rendered so peculiarly obnoxious, my father had written to Murray to express his sorrow at its having been permitted to appear, and received from Gifford, who, it seems, was himself the writer of it, an explanation so honourable to him, that I am extremely glad to be able to insert it here, especially as my father greatly regretted that he had not sent it to Mr. Justice Talfourd.

"James Street, Buckingham Gate, Feb. 13. 1812.

"My dear Sir, ...

"I break off here to say that I have this moment received your last letter to Murray. It has grieved and shocked me beyond expression; but, my dear friend, I am innocent as far as the intent goes. I call God to witness that in the whole course of my life I never heard one syllable of Mr. Lamb or his family. I knew not that he ever had a sister, or that he had parents living, or that he or any person connected with him had ever manifested the slightest tendency to insanity. In a word, I declare to you *in the most solemn manner* that all I ever knew or ever heard of Mr. Lamb was merely his name. Had I been aware of one of the circumstances which you mention, I would have lost my right arm sooner than have written what I have. The plain truth is, that I was shocked at seeing him compare the sufferings and death of a person who just continues to dance after the death of her lover is announced, (for this is all her merit) to the pangs of Mount Calvary; and not choosing to attribute it to *folly*, because I reserved that charge for Weber, I unhappily in the present case ascribed it to madness, for which I pray God to forgive me, since the blow has fallen heavily where I really thought it would not be felt. I considered Lamb as a thoughtless scribbler, who, in circumstances of ease, amused himself by writing upon any subject. Why I thought so I cannot tell, but it was the opinion I formed to myself, for I now regret to say I never made any inquiry upon the subject; nor by any accident in the whole course of my life did I hear him mentioned beyond the name. . . . . .

I remain, my dear Sir,
Yours most sincerely,
W. GIFFORD."

[1] See Final Memorials of C. Lamb, vol. i. p. 215.

explained or qualified it to his entire satisfaction; this of course it was impossible for me to do after his letter; but I would never make sport for the Philistines by entering into a controversy with him. The rest was an expression of unchanged affection, and a proposal to call upon him." And in another letter he says, — "On my part there was not even a momentary feeling of anger; I was very much surprised and grieved, because I knew how much he would condemn himself. And yet no resentful letter was ever written less offensively; his gentle nature may be seen in it throughout."

Lamb's answer to my father's letter, fully confirming this expectation, may fitly be placed here.

C. Lamb, Esq., to R. Southey, Esq.

"E. I. H., Nov. 21. 1823.

"Dear Southey,

"The kindness of your note has melted away the mist that was upon me. I have been fighting against a shadow. That accursed Quarterly Review had vexed me by a gratuitous speaking of its own knowledge *, that the Confessions of a Drunkard was a genuine description of the state of the writer. Little things that are not ill meant may produce much ill. That might have injured me alive and dead. I am in a public office and my life is insured. I was prepared for anger, and I thought I saw, in a few obnoxious words, a hard case of repetition directed against me.

* This was one of the passages before referred to, as wrongfully ascribed to my father.

I wish both magazine and review were at the bottom of the sea. I shall be ashamed to see you, and my sister (though innocent) will be still more so, for this folly was done without her knowledge, and has made her uneasy ever since. My guardian angel was absent at that time.

"I will make up courage to see you, however, any day next week (Wednesday excepted). We shall hope that you will bring Edith with you. That will be a second mortification; she will hate to see us; but come and heap embers; we deserve it, I for what I have done, and she for being my sister.

"Do come early in the day, by sunlight, that you may see my Milton. I am at Colebrook Cottage, Colebrook Row, Islington. A detached whitish house, close to the New River, end of Colebrook Terrace, left hand from Sadler's Wells.

"Will you let us know the day before?

Your penitent,

C. Lamb."

In a letter to Bernard Barton of the same day, he thus alludes to the expected meeting, — "I have a very kind letter from the Laureate, with a self invitation to come and shake hands with me. This is truly handsome and noble. 'Tis worthy my old ideas of Southey. Shall I not, think you, be covered with a red suffusion?"

The proposed visit was paid, and "the affectionate intimacy, which had lasted for almost twenty years, was renewed only to be interrupted by death."

To Mrs. Southey.

"London, Dec. 30. 1823.

"My dear Edith,

"We have been this morning to hear Rowland Hill. Mrs. Hughes called at his house last week to know when he would preach, and was answered by a demure-looking woman, that (the Lord willing) her master would preach on Sunday morning at half-past ten, and in the evening at six. So this morning I set off with E. May, Mrs. and Anne Rickman. We were in good time and got into the free seats, where there were a few poor people, one of whom told us to go round to another door and we should be admitted. Another door we found, with orders that the doorkeepers should take no money for admittance, and a request that no person would enter in pattens. Doorkeeper there was none, and we therefore ventured in and took our seats upon a bench beside some decent old women. One of these, with the help of another and busier old piece of feminity, desired us to remove to a bench behind us, close to the wall; the seats we had taken, they said, belonged to particular persons, but if we would sit where she directed till the service was over, we should then be invited into the pews if there was room. I did not immediately understand this, nor what we were to do in the pews when the service was at an end, till I recollected that in most schism shops the sermon is looked upon as the main thing for which the congregation assemble. This was so much the case

here, that people were continually coming in during all the previous part of the service, to which very little attention was paid; the people sitting or standing as they pleased, and coughing almost incessantly.

"I suppose what is properly called the morning service had been performed at an early hour, for we had only the communion service. Rowland Hill's pulpit is raised very high, and before it at about half the height is the reader's desk on his right, and the clerk's on his left, the clerk being a very grand personage with a sonorous voice. The singing was so general and so good that I joined in it, and, doubtless, made it better by the addition of my voice. During the singing, after Rowland had made his prayer before the sermon, we, as respectable strangers, were beckoned from our humble places by a gentleman in one of the pews. Mrs. R—— and her daughter were stationed in one pew between two gentlemen of Rowland's flock, and E. May and I in another, between a lady and a person corresponding very much in countenance to the character of a tight boy in the old Methodistical magazines. He was very civil, and by finding out the hymns for me, and presenting me with the book, enabled me to sing, which I did to admiration.

"Rowland, a fine tall old man, with strong features, very like his portrait, began by reading three verses for his text, stooping to the book in a very peculiar manner. Having done this, he stood up erect and said, 'Why the text is a sermon, and a very weighty one too.' I could not always follow his delivery, the loss of his teeth rendering his words

sometimes indistinct, and the more so because his pronunciation is peculiar, generally giving *e* the sound of *ai*, like the French. His manner was animated and striking, sometimes impressive and dignified, always remarkable; and so powerful a voice I have rarely or never heard. Sometimes he took off his spectacles, frequently stooped down to read a text, and on these occasions he seemed to double his body, so high did he stand. He told one or two familiar stories, and used some odd expressions, such as 'A murrain on those who preach that when we are sanctified we do not grow in grace!' and again, 'I had almost said I had rather see the Devil in the pulpit than an Antinomian!' The purport of his sermon was good; nothing fanatical, nothing enthusiastic; and the Calvinism which it expressed was so qualified as to be harmless. The manner that of a performer, as great in his line as Kean or Kemble, and the manner it is which has attracted so large a congregation about him, all of the better order of persons in business. E. May was very much amused, and I am very glad I have heard him at last. It is very well that there should be such preachers for those who have no appetite for better drest food. But when the whole service of such a place is compared with the genuine devotion and sober dignity of the Church service, properly performed, I almost wonder at the taste which prevails for garbage.

"One remark I must not omit. I never before understood the unfitness of our language for music. Whenever there was an *s* in the word, the sound

produced by so many voices made as loud a hissing as could have been produced by a drove of geese in concert, or by some hundred snakes in full chorus.

. . . . . .

"Lane is making a picture which promises to be as good as Phillips's print is bad, base, vile, vulgar, odious, hateful, detestable, abominable, execrable, and infamous. The rascally mezzotinto scraper has made my face fat, fleshy, silly, and sensual, and given the eyes an expression which I conceive to be more like two oysters in love than anything else. But Lane goes on to the satisfaction of every body, and will neither make me look like an assassin, a Methodist preacher, a sensualist, nor a prig.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Edith May Southey.

"London, Tuesday, Dec. 30. 1823.

"My dear Daughter,

"I have sent you a Bible for a New Year's gift, in the hope that with the New Year you will begin the custom of reading, morning and night, the Psalms and Lessons for the day. It is far from my wish that this should be imposed as a necessary and burthensome observance, or that you should feel dissatisfied and uneasy at omitting it, when late hours or other accidental circumstances render it inconvenient. Only let it be your ordinary custom. You will one day understand feelingly how beneficially the time has been employed.

"The way which I recommend is, I verily believe, the surest way of profiting by the Scriptures. In the course of this easy and regular perusal, the system of religion appears more and more clear and coherent, its truths are felt more intimately, and its precepts and doctrines reach the heart as slow showers penetrate the ground. In passages which have repeatedly been heard and read, some new force, some peculiar meaning, some home application which had before been overlooked, will frequently come out, and you will find, in thus recurring daily to the Bible, as you have done among the lakes and mountains which you love so well, in the Word of God, as in his works, beauties and effects, and influences as fresh as they are inexhaustible. I say this from experience. May God bless the book to the purpose for which it is intended! and take you with it, my dear dear child, the blessing of

Your affectionate father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

After pursuing his intended course into the West of England, and visiting his aged aunt at Taunton, and his friend Mr. Lightfoot at Crediton, my father reached home early in the next year; for the incidents and correspondence of which we must open a new chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PLAN FOR UNITING THE WESLEYAN METHODISTS WITH THE CHURCH. — AMUSING DOMESTIC SCENE. — OPINIONS OF THE BOOK OF THE CHURCH. — RODERICK TRANSLATED INTO DUTCH VERSE. — EFFECTS OF THE NITROUS OXIDE. — ENMITY MORE ACTIVE THAN FRIENDSHIP. — ODD BOOKS IN READING. — LORD BYRON'S DEATH. — CAUSE OF THE DELAY IN THE PUBLICATION OF THE PENINSULAR WAR. — ESTIMATE OF HUMAN NATURE. — THE BOOK OF THE STATE. — WISHES TO PROCURE THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE RECORD COMMITTEE. — REASONS FOR DECLINING TO BE NAMED ONE OF THE ROYAL LITERARY ASSOCIATES. — PREVALENCE OF ATHEISM. — HISTORY OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS. — THE DOCTOR, ETC. — LOVE OF PLANNING NEW WORKS. — HABIT OF READING WHILE WALKING. — WESLEYAN METHODISTS. — LONG LIFE NOT DESIRABLE. — MR. TELFORD. — LORD BYRON. — THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. — PLAN OF OLIVER NEWMAN. — STATE OF IRELAND. — HE IS ATTACKED IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE. — BIBLE AND MISSIONARY SOCIETIES. — EVILS OF SEVERE REVIEWALS. — SMEDLEY'S POEMS. — MR. BUTLER'S REPLY TO THE BOOK OF THE CHURCH. — REASONS FOR NOT VISITING IRELAND. — LITERARY OBLIGATIONS. — VINDICIÆ ECC. ANGLICANÆ IN PROGRESS. — WISHES TO MAKE A TOUR IN HOLLAND. — WANT OF READINESS IN SPEECH. — HAYLEY. — 1824—1825.

At the conclusion of the "Life of Wesley," after a brief summary of his character, my father expresses a hope that the Society of Methodists might cast off the extravagancies which accompanied its growth, and that it would gradually purify itself from whatever was objectionable in its institution; and he adds

that "it is not beyond the bounds of reasonable hope that, conforming itself to the original intention of its founders, it may again draw towards the Establishment from which it has receded, and deserve to be recognised as an auxiliary institution, its ministers being analogous to the regulars, and its members to the tertiaries and various confraternities of the Romish church."

These remarks, it appears, and the work in general, had met with the approbation of some of the Wesleyans, notwithstanding the dislike* with which, as a body, they regarded this Life of their Founder; and, as might have been expected, certain internal commotions and divisions began to arise among them which at one time seemed likely to lead to the results he here desiderates.

The first intimation he received of this was in the following curious communication from Mark Robinson, of Beverley, which awaited his return home, which may not unfitly be inserted here, as giving an interesting view of the feelings, wishes, and movements of a considerable portion of the Methodists at that time.

* "The *mystery of the faith* kept in *a pure conscience* is indeed a mystery to Mr. Southey. . . . . The day will come when the friend and pupil of Hume, and the bold historian of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' and the compiler of the 'Life of Wesley' may be considered as having been engaged in the same work as '*kicking against the pricks.*'" — *Preface to the Rev. Henry Moore's Life of Wesley.*

From Mark Robinson to Robert Southey, Esq.

"Beverley, Jan. 13. 1824.

"Sir,

"I am encouraged by the representations I have received of your affability and willingness to afford information to those who apply to you, to lay before you a matter which has given me no little concern; and in the hope that you will favour me with your views upon the subject, I will proceed without further introduction.

"It has for several years appeared to me, and several respectable friends of mine, who, as well as myself, are all members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, in which we have for many years filled official situations, that the rapid dissent which we believe the travelling preachers have been chiefly instrumental in effecting in the society from the Established Church, is much to be lamented, and that in the same proportion in which the society have departed from the original plan of Methodism, in the same proportion they have missed their way. We think that a secession from the Church has engendered a sectarian spirit, and given to the preachers a kind of influence over the people which, we fear, in many of its consequences, will be injurious both to their piety and liberty, leading them to exchange the former for party zeal, and the latter for a too ready acquiescence in all the measures of the preachers. We lately opened a correspondence with the Church Methodists in Ireland, from which we learn

— what you, Sir, are probably already acquainted with — that, in 1817, the Methodist Conference in Ireland, after exciting the societies throughout the country to petition them for the sacraments, determined upon giving them to all who should desire it. In consequence, 7000 amongst them, amongst whom were many of the most respectable members in Dublin and other principal places, withdrew from the Conference connection and established a separate itinerancy, and that they have now about 14,000 in close connection with them. We learn also that the Bishop of Waterford called together the clergy of his diocese, and sent for one of the itinerant preachers of the connection, who so fully satisfied his lordship and the clergy, that they all, without one dissenting voice, promised to give the Church Methodists countenance and support. What particularly satisfied this meeting was the declaration of the preachers that the Society had settled their chapels on trustees *conditionally*, that if they should ever leave the Church, these chapels should go to the crown. They hold no meetings in canonical hours, and receive the sacrament at the hands of the clergy. The bishop and many of his clergy have contributed to the erection of the Waterford chapel, and not only numbers of the Church people attend the chapel on the Sunday evenings, but also the clergy themselves.

"This correspondence we have named to several, both of the evangelical and orthodox clergy, none of whom raise any objection to it, and most of whom are its warm advocates. I lately received an invitation from the evangelical clergy in Hull to meet

them in this business; and, in company with M. T. Sadler, Esq., of Leeds, who is one of our most able coadjutors, I attended the meeting. The clergy were unanimously of opinion that Church Methodism would meet with general support throughout the country, and that the pious clergy would give it their support. It has also been named in a private way to many of our magistrates and other respectable gentlemen, who profess to think well of it. We feel confident that there is an intention in the minds of some of the leading conference preachers to get up, not so much a plan of regular dissent as a *rival Church*. This we think strongly indicated by the introduction of baptism, of the Lord's supper, burial of the dead, the reading the church service, vergers with their uniform and wands, and especially the preachers having in the two last conferences attempted to introduce *episcopal ordination:* the leading preachers to be bishops, and the remainder regular clergymen. We are also of opinion that the preachers holding a regular conference or convocation, from which they exclude *all* the people, may in the end, not only endanger the liberties of their own people but of the country at large. Pray, Sir, is there any good precedent for such a meeting? Did not the proctors make part of the conference or convocation of the English clergy, and are not all the ecclesiastical laws subject to the control of his Majesty in Chancery, and of the Civil Courts? We have it in contemplation to petition the next conference to admit a fair representation of the people, and to beg that they will deliberate measures

for the gradual return of the societies to Church Methodism.

"Mr. Sadler is perhaps known to you as the author of an excellent pamphlet addressed to Walter Fawkes, Esq., late member for the county of York, in which he has refuted that gentleman's arguments in favour of a reform in Parliament. I had forgotten to say that if the conference will not listen to our request at all, we purpose applying to our Irish friends to send over some efficient preachers, which we believe they will do.

"I may add, that your excellent conclusion of the Life of Wesley has also contributed to induce me to take the liberty of troubling you on this subject, conceiving that our plan is not very dissimilar to what you refer to. . . . . We shall highly value your opinion and advice, and shall feel much obliged by as early a reply as you can conveniently favour us with.

I am, for myself and friends, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
MARK ROBINSON."

My father immediately transmitted a copy of this letter to Dr. Howley, at that time Bishop of London, who in his reply gives a valuable testimony to the importance and utility of the "Book of the Church."

The Bishop of London to R. Southey, Esq.

"London, Feb. 25. 1824.

"My dear Sir,

"At the time of receiving your communication of Feb. 20., it had been my intention for some days to trouble you with a line to express the high satisfaction which I have derived from your Book of the Church.

"It contains a most interesting sketch of a subject which, to the generality of readers, is almost unknown; and as it cannot fail to be popular from the beauty of its execution, will, I trust, have the effect of turning the attention of many persons, who have hitherto been indifferent to such matters, through ignorance, to the nature of the dangers which this country has escaped, and the blessings of various kinds which have been secured to it, through the National Church Establishment. I could have wished for references to the original writers, more especially as Lingard has made such a display of his authorities. But, perhaps, you had reasons for withholding them at present. A wish has been expressed by many judicious persons, that the work might be published in a reduced form for the benefit of the lower classes, whose minds would be elevated by the zeal and virtue of the first Reformers.

"Your communication is very interesting and important; great difficulties, I fear, lie in the way of an open and formal reunion with the body of the Church, and I am apprehensive the movement, if it has any effect, will terminate in swelling the numbers, and

perhaps the reputation of a party, which count among its members many exemplary clergymen; not sufficiently alive either to the benefits of order, or to the prejudice resulting to religion, from the aspersions thrown on the character of their brethren who differ with them in opinion on particular points. I am, however, not without hopes that in certain situations, more especially in parts of the colonies, a union of purpose and action at least may silently take place, which under discreet management would be productive of much advantage to the one great cause; but this must be effected by prudent use of opportunities, and not, I think, by formal treaty.

"With repeated thanks for your valuable communication, and with sincere respect, I remain,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

W. LONDON."

Here, for the present, the matter rested. Mark Robinson continued, however, to correspond at intervals with my father, who took considerable interest in the subject, and brought it forward in his "Colloquies with Sir T. More," expressing a strong opinion as to the practicability and desirableness of "embodying as Church Methodists those who would otherwise be drawn in to join one or other of the numerous squadrons of dissent." This gave, again, some little impetus to the exertions of Robinson and his friends; but no results of any consequence followed. The subject will be found again alluded to at a later period.

I have placed these two letters together, as leading the one to the other. We next find my father communicating the news of his return to Mr. Bedford, and amusing him with a promised account of a scene which the two friends in some "Butlerish" mood had planned beforehand.

The horn here referred to was a long straight tin instrument, such as, in the olden times, mail-coach guards were wont to rouse slumbering turnpike keepers and drowsy ostlers with, before the march of music introduced them to Key Bugles and Cornopeans, and long before railroads went steeple-chasing it across the country, and shrill steam whistles superseded these more dulcet sounds. It had been procured chiefly for the sake of the amusement the unpacking it would afford (though there might also be some latent intention of awakening the mountain echoes with it). Mrs. Coleridge professed an exaggerated horror of all uncouth noises, and "half in earnest, half in jest," played, not unwillingly, her good-humoured part in these pantomimic scenes, which my father enjoyed with true boyish delight.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Feb. 23. 1824.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"Here then I am, nothing the worse for having been wheeled over fifteen hundred miles in the course of fifteen weeks. I no longer feel the effect of motion in my head, nor of jolting in my tail. I have

taken again to my old coat and old shoes; dine at the reasonable hour of four, enjoy as I used to do the wholesome indulgence of a nap after dinner, drink tea at six, sup at half-past nine, spend an hour over a sober folio and a glass of black currant rum with warm water and sugar, and then to bed. Days seemed like weeks while I was away, so many and so various were my engagements; and now that I am settling to my wonted round of occupations, the week passes like a day. If my life is not like that of the *prisca gens mortalium*, it is quite as happy; and when you hear *Qui fit Mecœnas* quoted, you may reply that you know one man at least who is perfectly contented with his lot.

"I was charged by Edith particularly to describe to her how Mrs. Coleridge looked when the fatal horn should first be exhibited to her astonished eyes. The task which my daughter imposed upon me, my powers of language are not sufficient to discharge. The horn, I must tell you, was made useful as a case for Westall's lithographic print of Warwick Castle. The Doctor packed it carefully up with my umbrella in brown paper, so that no person could possibly discover what the mysterious package contained; and great curiosity was excited when it was first observed at home. Mrs. C. stood by (I sent for her) while the unpacking was deliberately performed. The string was untied, not cut; I unbound it round after round; and then methodically took off the paper. The first emotion was an expression of contemptuous disappointment at sight of the um-

brella, which I was careful should be first discovered. But when the horn appeared, the fatal horn, then, oh, then ——

"Grosvenor, it was an expression of dolorous dismay which Richter or Wilkie could hardly represent unless they had witnessed it,—it was at once so piteous and so comical. Up went the brows, down went the chin, and yet the face appeared to widen as much as it was elongated, by an indefinable drawing of the lips which seemed to flatten all the features. I know not whether sorrow or resentment predominated in the eyes; sorrow as in the Dutch manner, she pitied herself; or anger when she thought of me, and of your brother from whom I received the precious gift; and whose benevolence I loudly lauded. She wished him at Mo-ko (where that is, I know not), and me she wished to a worse place, if any worse there be. In the midst of her emotion I called upon Sarah to observe her well, saying that I was strictly charged by my daughter to make a faithful and full report. The comical wrath which this excited added in no slight degree to the rich effect. Here I blew a blast, which, though not worthy of King Ramiro, was, nevertheless, a good blast. Out she ran: and yet finally, which I hold to be the greatest triumph of my art, I reconciled her to the horn; yes, reconciled her to it, by reminding her that rats might be driven away by it, according as it is written in the story of Jeffry.*

"God bless you, Grosvenor! I should probably

* See Life of Wesley, vol. i. p. 445.

have prattled through the remainder of the sheet, but a parcel from the Row has arrived, and that always occasions an evening of dissipation.

Yours affectionately,

R. S."

To John May, Esq.

"Keswick, March 7. 1824.

"My dear Friend,

"What success this proposal* of my brother's may meet with remains to be seen. If he can obtain 200 subscribers, Longman will take the risk of printing 750 copies. The book will be respectable and useful; comprising a regular view of all that has occurred in those islands from their discovery to the present time. Take it for all in all, it is perhaps as disgraceful a portion of history as the whole course of time can afford; for I know not that there is anything generous, anything ennobling, anything honourable or consolatory to human nature, to relieve it, except what may relate to the missionaries. Still it is a useful task to show what those islands have been, and what they are; and the book will do this much more fully, clearly, and satisfactorily than has ever yet been done.

"Three weeks have now nearly elapsed since my return, and they seem like so many days, so swiftly and imperceptibly the days pass by when they are

* For the publication of a Chronological History of the West Indies, by Capt. T. Southey.

passed in regular employment and uniform contentment. My old course of life has become as habitual as if it had never been interrupted. The clock is not more punctual than I am in the division of the day. Little by little I get on with many things. The Peninsular War is my employment in the forenoon. The Tale of Paraguay after tea. Before breakfast, and at chance times, as inclination leads, I turn to other subjects; and so make progress in all. The only thing at present wanting to my enjoyment is to have something in the press, that I might have proof sheets to look for, — and I shall not be long without this.

"*Sunday 7th.* — To-day I have received a letter from Locker, who delivers me a message from the Bishop of Durham, thanking me for what I have done in the Book of the Church. The Bishop of London wrote to express his 'high satisfaction.' Both regret that I have not referred to my authorities *, — an omission which appears to be generally thought injudicious. The truth is, that when I began the book it was with an expectation that it would not exceed a single duodecimo volume; and that even when enlarged it is still a mere epitome for the most part, to which I should feel that a display of authorities was out of place. After the proofs of research and accuracy which I have given, I have a right to expect credit; and in fact, the more my credit is examined, the higher it will stand. Whoever may examine my collections for this and for my

* This omission was supplied in a later edition.

other historical works (and doubtless they will one day be inspected), will find that I have always prepared many more materials than I have used. .

. . . . .

Believe me, my dear Friend,
Yours most affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"March 27. 1824.

"My dear Grosvenor,

. . . . . .

"To-day I received the first volume of Roderick in Dutch verse, translated by the wife of Bilderdijk, who is one of the most distinguished men of letters in that country. The translation appears to be very well done, as far as I am able to judge; that is, I can see in the trying passages she has fully understood the original; and her command of her own language is warranted by her husband's approbation, who is a severe critic as well as a skilful poet himself. He must be near eighty years of age, for he tells me he has been now three score years known as an author. His letter to me is in Latin. The book comes in a red morocco livery; it is dedicated to me in an ode, and a very beautiful one, describing the delight she had taken in the poem, and the consolation she had derived from it, when parts of it came home to her own feelings in a time of severe affliction.

"She calls me the *Crown Poet.* I mean to send her a set of the Illustrations as soon as I know how to transmit them. The packet came to me through a merchant at Amsterdam, who inclosed it in a Dutch-English letter of his own, and an essay upon the character of my Cid; which he had read in some literary society, and printed afterwards. They give me praise enough in Holland: I would gladly commute some of it for herrings and Rhenish wine.

. . . . . .

"Do let me hear from you.

God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, April 27. 1824.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"Your letter was as welcome as this day's rain, when the thirsty ground was gaping for it. Indeed, I should have been uneasy at your silence, and apprehended that some untoward cause must have occasioned it, if I had not heard from Edith that you had supplied her exchequer.

"I should, indeed, have enjoyed the sight of Duppa in the condition which you describe, and the subsequent process of transformation.* How well I can call to

* Mr. Bedford's humorously exaggerated description may amuse the reader: — "A circumstance occurred here a little while ago, which I wish you could have witnessed. Henry had set off to dine at Mrs. Wall's at the next door. Miss Page and I had finished our meal, when there sounded a hard knock; when the door opened, a

mind his appearance on his return from the theatre, one-and-twenty years ago! Little did I think that day that the next time I was to enter that theatre would be in a red gown to be bedoctored, and called every thing that ends in *issimus*. And yet of the two days, the former was one of the most cheerful in my life, and the latter, if not the most melancholy, I think the very loneliest.

"Murray writes to me that he has put the Book of the Church to press for a second edition. I make no alterations, except to correct two slips of the pen and the press: where the Emperor Charles V.

figure presented itself in the dim after dinner light of the season, whose features were not easily discernible, when 'Look at me! what shall I do?' broke out in accents of despair, and betrayed poor Duppa. On one of the dirtiest days of this dirty and yet unexhausted winter, he had left Lincoln's Inn on foot to meet the gay party at Mrs. Walls'. A villain of a coachman had driven by him through a lake of mud in the Strand, and Duppa was overwhelmed with alluvial soil. A finer fossil specimen of an oddfish was never seen He looked like one of the statues of Prometheus in process towards animation — one half life, the other clay. I sent immediately for Henry to a consultation in a case of such emergency. The hour then seven, the invitation for half-past six; the guests growing cross and silent; the fish spoiling before the fire; the hostess fidgetty! What could be done? Shirts and cravats it was easy to find; and soap and water few regular families in a decent station of life are without. But where were waistcoats of longitude enough? or coats of the latitude of his shoulders? But, impranso nihil difficile est: we stuffed him into a special selection from our joint wardrobes. Henry rolled round his neck a cravat, in size and stiffness like a Holland sheet starched, and raised a wall of collar about his ears that projected like the blinkers of a coach horse, and kept his vision in an angle of nothing at all with his nose; would he look to the right or the left, he must have turned upon the perpetual pivot of his own derriere. . . . . Thus rigged we launched him, and fairly he sped, keeping his arms prudently crossed over the hiatus between waistcoat and breeches, and continually avoiding too erect a posture, lest he should increase the interstitial space; he was a fair parallel to what he was upon another awful occasion, when we both saw him revolving himself into a dew after the crowd of the Oxford Theatre." — *G. C. R. to R. S., April* 16. 1824.

is called Queen Catherine's brother instead of her nephew, and Henry IV. printed for III., and to omit an anecdote about Gardiner's death, which Wynn tells me has been disproved by Lingard. I do not know what number Murray printed. But if there should appear a probability of its obtaining a regular sale, in that case I shall be disposed to think seriously of composing a similar view of our civil history, and calling it the Book of the State; with the view of showing how the course of political events has influenced the condition of society, and tracing the growth and effect of our institutions; the gradual disappearance of some evils, and the rise of others. Meantime, however, I have enough upon my hands, and still more in my head.

"Hudson Gurney said to me he wished the King would lay his commands on me to write the history of his father's reign. I wish he would; provided he would make my pension a clear 500*l.* a-year, to support me while I was writing it; and then I think I could treat the subject with some credit to myself.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, May 6. 1824.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"In the evil habit of answering familiar letters, without having them before me, I forgot to notice

your question* respecting the nitrous oxide; which however I should not have done had the thing been as hopeful as you supposed it to be. What I said was simply this, that the excitement produced by the inhalation was not followed by any consequent debility or exhaustion; on the contrary, that it appeared to quicken all the senses during the remainder of the day. One case occurred in which the gas seemed to produce a good effect upon a palsied patient. A fellow who had lost the use of his hands (a tailor by trade) was so far cured, that he was turned out of the house for picking pockets.

"The difficulty in finding two hundred subscribers† arises from this, my dear Grosvenor, that our friends are never so ready to bestir themselves in our affairs as our enemies. There are half a score persons in the world who would take some pains to serve me; and there are half a hundred who would take a great deal more to injure me. The former would gladly do any thing for me which lay *in* their way; the latter would go *out* of theirs to do anything against me. I do not say this complainingly, for no man was ever less disposed to be querulous: and, perhaps, no one ever had more friends upon whose friendship he might justly pride himself. But it is the way of the world; and the simple reason is, that enmity is a stronger feeling than good will.

. . . . . .

* Mr. Bedford was a sufferer from almost complete deafness, and he had imagined that my father, in some former letter, had spoken of the nitrous oxide as efficacious in that infirmity.

† To his brother Thomas's History of the West Indies.

"I am reviewing Hayley's Life for the desire of lucre; a motive which, according to a writer in the Lady's Magazine, induced me to compile the Book of the Church; and is, indeed, according to this well-informed person, the leading principle of my literary life. How thoroughly should I be revenged upon such miserable wretches as this, if it were possible for them to know with what infinite contempt I regard them!

"Shall I tell you what books I have in reading at this time; that you may see how many ingredients are required for garnishing a calf's head? A batch of volumes from Murray relating to the events of the last ten years in Spain; Bishop Parker, De Rebus sui Temporis; Cardinal D'Ossat's Letters; the Memoir of the Third Duke de Bourbon; Whitaker's Pierce Ploughman; the Mirror for Magistrates; the Collection of State Poems; Tiraboschi, and the Nibelungen in its original old German, and its modern German version, the one helping me to understand the other. Some of them I read after supper, some while taking my daily walk; the rest in odds and ends of time; laying down the pen when it does not flow freely, and taking up a book for five or ten minutes by way of breathing myself.

. . . . . .

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, May 26. 1824.

"My dear Sir,

"I thank you for your note. Its information is of a kind to make one thoughtful; but the sorrow which I felt was not such as you were disposed to give me credit for.*

"I am sorry Lord Byron is dead, because some harm will arise from his death, and none was to be apprehended while he was living; for all the mischief which he was capable of doing he had done. Had he lived some years longer, he would either have continued in the same course, pandering to the basest passions and proclaiming the most flagitious principles, or he would have seen his errors and sung his palinodia,—perhaps have passed from the extreme of profligacy to some extreme of superstition. In the one case he would have been smothered in his own evil deeds. In the other he might have made some atonement for his offences.

"We shall now hear his praises from all quarters. I dare say he will be held up as a martyr to the cause of liberty, as having sacrificed his life by his exertions in behalf of the Greeks. Upon this score the liberals will beatify him; and even the better part of the public will for some time think it becoming in them to write those evil deeds of his in

* "You will, I do not doubt, consider his death as useful to the world; but do you not feel personal commiseration?"—*H. T. to R. S., May* 14. 1824.

water, which he himself has written in something more durable than brass. I am sorry for his death therefore, because it comes in aid of a pernicious reputation which was stinking in the snuff.

"With regard to the thought that he has been cut off in his sins, mine is a charitable creed, and the more charitable it is the likelier it is to be true. God is merciful. Where there are the seeds of repentance in the heart, I doubt not but that they quicken in time for the individual, though it be too late for the world to perceive their growth. And if they be not there, length of days can produce no reformation.

"In return for your news I have nothing to communicate except what relates to the operations of the desk. I am going to press with the second volume of the Peninsular War, after waiting till now in hope of obtaining some Spanish accounts of the war in Catalonia, which it is now pretty well ascertained are not to be found in Spain, though how they should have disappeared is altogether inexplicable, unless the whole account of the books and their author, Francesco di Olivares, given by a certain John Mitford, some four or five years ago, in Colburn's Magazine, is fictitious. I am reviewing Hayley's Memoirs. Hayley has been worried as schoolboys worry a cat. I am treating him as a man deserves to be treated who was in his time, by popular election, king of the English poets, who was, moreover, a gentleman and a scholar, and a most kind-hearted and generous man, in whose life there is something to blame, more to admire, and most of all

to commiserate. My first introduction to Spanish literature I owe to his notes; I owe him therefore some gratitude. I have written some verses too, and am going on with the Tale of Paraguay, resolutely to its conclusion.

"Farewell, my dear Sir; and believe me,
Yours with sincere regard,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, June 1. 1824.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"You deserve to be rated for saying that nothing is so cold as friendship, in saying which you belie yourself, and in inferring it as my opinion from what I said*, you belie me. A friend will not take half the trouble to do you a trifling service, or afford you a slight gratification, that an enemy would to do you a petty mischief, annoy your comfort, or injure your reputation. But this same enemy would not endanger himself for the pleasure of doing you a serious injury, whereas the friend would go through fire and water to render you an essential benefit; and if need were, risk his own life to save yours. Now and then, indeed, there appears a devil-incarnate who seems to find his only gratification in the exercise of

* "I could not but smile at the mode in which you speak of the difficulties of getting 200 subscribers to your brother's book. Had I said anything half as censoriously true, how you would have rated me! But true it is there is nothing so cold as friendship, nothing so animated as enmity." — *G. C. B. to R. S., May* 13. 1824.

malignity; but these are monsters, and are noted as such. If I formed an estimate of human nature from what I observed at school, I should conclude that there was a great deal more evil in it than good; if from what I have observed in after life, I should draw the contrary inference. Follies disappear, weaknesses are outgrown, and the discipline of society corrects more evils than it breeds. You and I, and Wynn, and Elmsley, and Strachey are very much at this time what each must always have expected the others to be. But who would have expected so much abilities from the two A.'s (mischievously as those abilities are directed)? Who would have thought that B——, boorish and hoggish as he was, would have become a man of the kindest manners and gentlest disposition; and that C—— would have figured as a hero at Waterloo? It is true that opposite examples might be called to mind; but the balance would be found on the right side.

"I am much gratified by what you tell me from Mr. Roberts.* Such opinions tend greatly to strengthen my inclination for setting about a Book of the State; which, though not capable of so deep and passionate an interest, might be made not less useful in its direct tendency. The want of books would be an obstacle, for I am poorly provided with English history, and have very little help within

* "Mr. Roberts is delighted with the Book of the Church, and desires me to say that he never read anything that afforded him so much at once of entertainment, and information, and general instruction upon any subject."—*G. C. B. to R. S., May* 13. 1824.

reach. I should want (and do want for other objects also) the publications of the Record Committee. They were originally to be purchased; but they were beyond my means. The sale of them is given up I think (at least there was a report recommending that it should be discontinued, as producing little), and the remaining copies must be lying in lumber; and yet, though there is a pleasant opinion abroad that I can have any thing from Government which I please to ask for, I might as well whistle for a South wind against this blast from the East, as ask for a set of these books, well assured as I am that there is no man living to whom they would be of more use, or who would make more use of them. My end is not answered by borrowing books of this description, and I will explain to you why; when a book is my own, I read or look through it, and mark it as I proceed, and then by very brief references am enabled to refer to and compose from it at any future time. But if it is a borrowed book, the time which it costs to provide myself with extracts for future use may be worth more than the cost of the work; a lesson which I have learnt of late years at no little price. God bless you!

R. S."

To the Rev. Nicholas Lightfoot.

"Keswick, June 16. 1824.

"My dear Lightfoot,

"I told you my reasons for declining the proposal of being named one of the Royal Literary Associates.

Had it been a mere honour, I should have accepted it as a matter of course and of courtesy In my situation any individual who pleases may throw dirt at me, and any associated body which pleases may stick a feather in my cap: the dirt does not stick, the feathers are no incumbrance if they are of no use, and I regard the one as little as the other. But in this case the feather was clogged with a condition that I was to receive a 100*l.* a-year, for which it was to be my duty every year to write an essay, to be printed if the committee approved it in their transactions. What should I gain by doing that once a year for this committee which I may do once a quarter for the Quarterly Review? and which I could not do without leaving a paper in that Review undone. With this difference, that what I write in the Review is read everywhere, is received with deference, and carries with it weight: whereas, their transactions cannot by possibility have a fiftieth part of the circulation, and will either excite ridicule, or drop stillborn from the press. I would have accepted a mere honour in mere courtesy; and I would thankfully have accepted profit: but when they contrived so to mix up both as to leave neither the one nor the other, all I had to do was civilly to decline the offer.

"God bless you, my dear Lightfoot!

Yours affectionately,

R. S."

To ———, Esq.

"Keswick, Aug. 7. 1824.

"My dear Sir,

"Your letter is not of a kind to remain unacknowledged, and my time is often less worthily employed than it will be in making a few remarks upon some parts of it.

"You tell me of the prevalence of Atheism and Deism * among those persons with whose opinions you are acquainted. Are those persons, think you, fair representatives of the higher orders, whom you suppose to be inflicted with such opinions in the same proportion? Or are they not mostly young men, smatterers in literature, or literati by profession?

"Where the principles of reasonable religion have not been well inculcated in childhood, and enforced by example at home, I believe that infidelity is generally and perhaps necessarily one step in the progress of an active mind. Very many undoubtedly stop there; but they whose hearts escape the corruption which, most certainly, irreligion has a direct tendency to produce, are led into the right path, sooner or later, by reflection, inquiry, and the instinct of an immortal spirit, which can find no other resting place in its weal, no other consolations in its afflictions. This has been the case in the circle of my

* "In numbering those with whose opinions I am acquainted, I find one-half of them to be Atheists and two-thirds of the remainder Deists: I should not be surprised if this were found to be about the general proportion in the higher orders of society, and infidelity has been brought among the lower orders by political disaffection." — ——— *to R. S., Aug.* 1. 1824.

experience, which has not been a contracted one. I have mixed with men of all descriptions — Atheists, Roman Catholics, and Dissenters of every kind, from the Unitarians, whose faith stands below zero, to the disciples of Richard Brothers and Joanna Southcote, whose trash would raise the thermometer to the point of fever heat. I have seen them pass from one extreme to another; and had occasion to observe how nearly those extremes meet. And now when I call to mind those persons who were unbelievers some thirty years ago, I find that of the survivors the greater and all the better part are settled in conformity with the belief of the national church, and this conformity in those with whom I am in habits of peculiar and unreserved friendship I know to be sincere. A very few remain sceptical and are unhappy; and these, with the best feelings and kindest intentions, have fallen into degrading and fatal habits, which gather strength as they grow older and older, and find themselves more and more unable to endure the prospect of a blank futurity. Some others, who were profligates at the beginning, continue to be so.

"According to my estimate of public opinion, there is much more infidelity in the lower ranks than there ever was before, and less in the higher classes than at any time since the Restoration. The indifferentists — those who used to conform without a thought or feeling upon the subject — are the persons who have diminished in numbers. Considering the connection of infidelity with disaffection in all its grades, and the alliance for political purposes between Catholics, Dissenters, and Unbelievers, I think with you that a

tremendous convulsion is very likely to be brought about; but I am not without hope that it may be averted; and even should it take place, I have no fear for the result, fatal as it must needs be to the generations who should witness the shock.

"The progress of my own religious opinions has been slow, but steady. You may probably live to read it; and what is of more consequence — may, without reading it, follow unconsciously the same course, and by God's blessing rest at last in the same full and entire belief.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Oct. 4. 1824.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"Murray states that having conversed with Heber and some other literary friends upon my proposed History of the Monastic Orders, 'he now comprehends its probable interest and popularity,' and shall be happy to come to 'closer quarters upon the subject.' He says something of future papers for the Quarterly Review, asking me to undertake the Pepys' Memoirs and Sir Thomas Brown's Works, and writes requesting a brief sketch of my monastic plan. I have told him little more than that it may be included in six octavo volumes, and comprises matter hardly less varied and extensive than Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. If he

offers me 500*l.* per volume, I will, ere long, make it my chief employment, but he shall not have it for less, and I am in no haste to proceed with the negotiation, being at present sufficiently employed, and to my heart's content.

"The '*medical practitioner*' would not have puzzled you if Fortune had permitted us to have been somewhat more together during the last ten years. Yet you have heard from me the name of Doctor Daniel Dove, and something, I think, of the Tristramish, Butlerish plan of his history, which, if the secret be but kept, must, I think, inevitably excite curiosity as well as notice. I have lately taken a pleasant spell at it, and have something more than a volume ready; that is to say, something more than half of what I propose to publish, following it or not with as much more according to its sale and my own inclination. One reason why I wished for you here at this time was to have shown it to you, and to have had your help, for you could have excellently helped me, and I think would have been moved in spirit so to do. If I finish it during the winter, of which there is good hope, I will devise some pretext for going to town, where I must be while it is printed, to avoid the transmission of proofs, by which it would be easy, from calculation of time, to ascertain how far they had travelled, and so of course to discover the author, to whom the printers are to have no clue.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Keswick, Oct. 10. 1824.

"My dear Rickman,

"My literary employments have never, in the slightest degree, injured my health. For, in truth, I neither am, nor ever have been, a close student. If I do not take sufficient exercise, it is not from any love of the desk, but for the want of a companion or an object to draw me out when the season is uninviting; and yet I overcome the dislike of solitary walking, and every day, unless it be a settled rain, walk long enough, and far, and fast enough, to require the wholesome process of rubbing down on my return. At no time of my life have I applied half so closely to my employment as you always do to yours. They impose upon me no restrictions. There is nothing irksome in them; no anxiety connected with them; they leave me master of my time and of myself; nor do I doubt but they would prove conducive to longevity if my constitution were disposed for it.

"With regard to the prudence of working up ready materials rather than laying in more, upon whatever I employ myself, I must of necessity be doing both. The work which I am most desirous of completing is the History of Portugal, as being that for which most preparation has been made, and most time bestowed on it, and when the Peninsular War shall be completed, by God's blessing, a week shall not elapse before it goes to the press; for it has

been long in much greater forwardness than any work which I ever before began to print.

"I am, however, conscious now of a disposition the reverse of Montaigne's, who loved, he said, rather to forge his mind than to furnish it. Avarice, you know, is the passion of declining years, and avaricious I confess myself to be of the only treasure I have ever coveted or ever shall possess. My temper or turn of mind inclines also to form new projects. But it is one thing to perceive what might be done, and another to dream of doing it. No doubt wherever Mr. Telford is travelling, he cannot help seeing where a line of road ought to be carried, a harbour improved, or a pier carried out. In like manner I see possibilities and capabilities and desirabilities, and I think no more of them. God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Oct. 12. 1824.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"With regard to my labours in English history, the plan which I not long ago communicated to you, of sketching it in a Book of the State down to the accession of the reigning family, and following that by the Age of George the Third, is all that I *dream* of accomplishing. The works on which I ought to employ myself, Grosvenor, are those for which I have laid in stores, on which a large portion of my previous studies may be brought to bear, and for which

no other person is at present, or is likely to be hereafter, so well qualified. Such a work was the History of Brazil, and such will be, if I live to accomplish it, that of the Monastic Orders.

"I cannot but smile at your grave admonitions* concerning the Doctor, and would give something to have the satisfaction of reading to you the chapters which were written last week. Such a variety of ingredients I think never before entered into any book which had a thread of continuity running through it. I promise you there is as much sense as nonsense there. It is very much like a trifle, where you have whipt cream at the top, sweetmeats below, and a good solid foundation of cake well steeped in ratafia. You will find a liberal expenditure of long hoarded stores, such as the reading of few men could supply; satire and speculation; truths, some of which might beseem the bench or the pulpit, and others that require the sanction of the cap and bells for their introduction. And withal a narrative interspersed with interludes of every kind; yet still continuous upon a plan of its own, varying from grave to gay; and taking as wild and yet as natural a course as one of our mountain streams.

"I am reading Scaliger's Epistles at this time,

* Mr. Bedford seemed to be under the apprehension that the "Cap and Bells" would be in too great requisition during the composition of the Doctor. "I am too ignorant," he says, "of Dr. D. D.'s concerns to be able to speak about him, but there is one thing which ought not to be lost sight of, that a joke may be very well received across a table which would be considered the dullest thing in the world in print. The success of Tristram Shandy affords no argument in favour of a second attempt to induce the public to join in making fools of themselves." — *Oct.* 7. 1824.

treading in my uncle's steps, who gave me the book when I was in town. Not long ago I finished Isaac Casaubon's. Oh what men were these! and thank God men will never be wanting, like them in one respect at least,—that they will pursue the acquisition of knowledge with as much zeal as others follow the pursuit of wealth, and derive a thousand-fold more pleasure in the acquirement.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Oct. 30. 1824.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"Your ill news had reached me some days ago.*

"There are many things worse than death. Indeed I should think any reasonable person would prefer it to old age, if he did not feel that the prolongation of his life was desirable for the sake of others, whatever it might be for himself. If the event be dreaded, the sooner it is over the better; if it be desired, the sooner it comes; and desired or dreaded it must be. If there were a balloon-diligence to the other world, I think it would always be filled with passengers. You will not suppose from this that I am weary of life, blest with enjoyments as I am, and full of employment. But if it were possible for me (which it is not) to regard myself alone, I would

* Of the dangerous illness of their mutual friend, the Rev. Peter Elmsley.

rather begin my travels in eternity than abide longer in a world in which I have much to do and little to hope.

"Something upon this topic you will see in my Colloquies. They will go to press as soon as I hear from Westall in what forwardness the engravings are. Murray has announced the second volume of the War for November; it would require the aid of some other devils than those of the printing office to finish it before the spring; and this he knows very well, both the MS. and the proof-sheets passing through his hands. Just one quarter is printed, and I am about a hundred pages ahead of the printers. Of late I have made good progress in forwarding various works, in the hope of clearing my hands and bettering my finances. I cannot get on fast with the Tale of Paraguay because of the stanza, but on with it I am getting, and am half through the third canto,—a fourth brings it to its close. A good deal has been done to the Colloquies; which will gain me much abuse now, and some credit hereafter; and a good deal to the Doctor, which I should very much like to show you. You shall see me insult the public, Mr. Bedford, and you will see that the public wonders who it is that insults them, for I think that I shall not be suspected.

. . . . . .

"God bless you!

R. S."

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Keswick, Nov. 9. 1824.

"My dear R.,

"I see by the papers that Mr. Telford recommends paving roads where there is much heavy carriage. In some of the Italian cities the streets are paved in stripes. The wheels run upon two lines of smooth pavement, as over a bowling green, with little sound and no jolting, and the space between, on which the horses go, is common pitching. This is the case at Milan and Como, and, probably, in most other places. Macadamising the streets of London is likely, I think, to prove Quackadamising. But the failure will lead to something better.

"Lord Byron is gibbeted by his friends and admirers. Dr. Stoddart sent me those papers in which he had commented upon these precious conversations. The extracts there and in the Morning Herald are all that I have seen, and they are quite enough. I see, too, that Murray has been obliged to come forward. . . . . I am vindictive enough to wish that he had known how completely he failed of annoying me by any of his attacks. —— should be called Lord B.'s blunderbuss. There is something viler in regrating slander, as he has done, than in originally uttering it.

"If this finds you in town, and you can lay your hand on the Report on the Salmon Fishery, I should like to have it, as a subject of some local interest. I am working away steadily, and with good will,

making good progress with my second volume, and with the Colloquies. We are all well, and Cuthbert in the very honeymoon of puerile happiness, being just breeched. God bless you!

R. S."

To George Ticknor, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 30. 1824.

"My dear Sir,

"I have delayed thus long to acknowledge and thank you for your last consignment of books in the hope of telling you, what I am now at last enabled to do, that Gifford has finally given up the Quarterly Review, and that, after the forthcoming number, it will be under John Coleridge's management. This is a matter which I have had very much at heart, that there might be an end of that mischievous language concerning your country. I opposed it always with all my might, and forced in that paper upon Dwight's Travels; yet in the very next number the old system was renewed. You may be assured that they have occasioned almost as much disgust here as in America. So far is it from being the language or the wish of the Government, that one of the Cabinet ministers complained of it to me as most mischievous, and most opposite to the course which they were desirous of pursuing. There is an end of it now, and henceforth that journal will do all in its power towards establishing that feeling which ought to exist between the two nations. Let

me be peace-maker; and use what influence you have that the right hand of good will may be accepted as frankly as it is offered.

"I know not what the forthcoming number may contain; but I can answer for the Review afterwards. A friend of mine (Hughes, who wrote a pleasant book about the South of France) is preparing a paper upon your literature; and Buckminster's sermons are reprinting at my suggestion.

"Now, then, let me thank you for Philip's War, so long desired; for G. Fox, digged out of his burrows, and their companions. These Quaker books are very curious; it is out of such rubbish that I have to pick out the whole materials for my intended edifice, and good materials they are when they are found. Before this reaches you I shall have finished the Tale of Paraguay, which has hung like a millstone about my neck, owing to the difficulty which the stanza occasioned. As soon as I am rid of it I shall take up the New England poem as a regular employment, and work on with it steadily to the end. A third part is done; I am not making a hero of Philip, as it now seems the fashion to represent him. In my story the question between the settlers and the natives is very fairly represented, without any disposition either to favour the cause of savage life against civilisation, or to dissemble the injuries which trading colonists (as well as military ones) have always committed upon people in an inferior grade of society to themselves. Better characters than the history affords me, or, to speak more accurately, characters more capable of serving

the purposes of poetry, I need not desire. The facts are not quite so manageable. I may say, as a friend of mine *heard* Bertrand de Moleville say when, after relating a story, he was told that the facts were not as he had stated them, *Ah, monsieur! tant pis pour les faits.* So I must deal with them in fiction, as a Frenchman deals with facts in history; that is, take as little truth, and mingle it with as much invention as suits my object. To what an extent the French do this I should hardly have thought credible, if I had not daily evidence in their memoirs upon the Peninsular War, comparing them with the undeniable documents in my hands.

"My niece desires me to thank you for the sweet story of Undine, which is surely the most graceful fiction of modern times. Some other pieces of the same author have been translated here, all bearing marks of the same originality and genius.

"I had made a half promise of going to Ireland, to visit one of the best and ablest persons there, the Bishop of Limerick. But it is not likely that the intention can be fulfilled. An Irishman, well informed of the state of things there, writes to me in these words, 'Pray don't think of going to Ireland. I would not insure any man's life for three months in that unhappy country. The populace are ready for a rebellion; and if their leaders should for their own purpose choose to have one, they may have to-morrow a second edition of the Irish massacre.'

"Wordsworth was with me lately, in good health, and talked of you. His brother, the Master of Trinity, has just published a volume concerning the

Εικων Βασιλικη, a question of no trifling importance both to our political and literary history. As far as minute and accumulative evidence can amount to proof, he has proved it to be genuine. For myself, I have never, since I read the book, thought that any unprejudiced person could entertain a doubt concerning it. I am the more gratified that this full and satisfactory investigation has been made, because it grew out of a conversation between the two Wordsworths and myself at Rydal, a year or two ago.

"Remember me to all my Boston friends; it is a pleasure to think I have so many there. The only American whom I have seen this year is Bishop Hobart of New York. God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

A most atrocious attack having appeared about this time upon my father in the Morning Chronicle, he took counsel with some legal friends as to the expediency of prosecuting that paper for a libel. "You will see Turner," he writes at the time to Mr. John Coleridge, "though he recommends a course which I shall not follow,—that of proceeding by information, and involving myself in expense and trouble, for the purpose of giving a solemn denial to charges which most certainly are not believed by the miscreant himself who made them. He wishes to avoid any appearance of an attack on my part upon the press and the Morning Chronicle; whereas it appears to me, that if I have an opportunity of punish-

ing that newspaper for its abuse of the press, I ought just as much to do it in this case, as I would bring a fellow to justice for assaulting me on the highway. Allowing them as large a latitude as they desire for political abuse, I would rest solely upon the charge of 'impious and blasphemous obscenities.' * . . .

"Should it appear as clear in law as it is in equity that it is a foul and infamous libel, which any judge and any jury must pronounce such, then certainly I would bring an action for damages against the Morning Chronicle, without caring who the author may be, that paper having not only inserted it, but called attention to it in its leading paragraph. The rest may be thrown overboard. Let them revile me as an author and a politician till their hearts ache. Their obloquy serves only to show that my opinions have an influence in society which they know and feel. And if it gives me any feeling, it is that of satisfaction at seeing to what base and unmanly practices they are obliged to descend. But this goes beyond all bounds of political and even personal animosity; there can be no villany of which a man would not be capable, who is capable of bringing forward such charges upon such grounds. True it is that my character needs no vindication, and I would not lift a finger to vindicate it, but if I have a villain by the throat, I would deliver him over to justice. Nevertheless, if you and Turner agree in opinion that I had better let the matter alone, I shall with-

* He conceived this to have been founded "*literally* upon an extract from a Roman Catholic Book of Devotions to the Virgin Mary, in the first volume of the Omniana."

out hesitation follow the advice. And it is well to bear in mind that there has more than once been manifested a most reprehensible disposition on the part of the judges to favour the wrong side, lest they should be suspected of leaning towards the right."

The advice of these friends being that he should not adopt legal proceedings, he patiently acquiesced. A private remonstrance was, however, carried to the Editor by Allan Cunningham, who was well acquainted with him, and who showed him an anonymous letter my father had received from the writer of the published attack, which was couched in terms of the most horrible and disgusting kind. The editor affected to recognise "the hand of a young nobleman;" to which Allan Cunningham replied, "that he would sooner have cut his hand off than have written such a letter;" and to the excuse that Mr. Southey had "insulted the Scotch and the Dissenters," he rejoined, "that had this been the case, he, who was a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, would never have been his friend." The attack was also promptly replied to by his friend Mr. Henry Taylor, whom he thanks in the following letter for his friendly interposition.

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Jan. 10. 1825.

"My dear Sir,

"I thank you for both your letters, — the one in writing, and the one in print. As laws, judges, and

juries in these days always favour the wrong party, partly from principle, partly from fashion, and a little in the middle, if not the latter case, from fear, I am advised not to prosecute the Morning Chronicle, and as I have no desire ever to put myself in the way of anxiety, the advice is deferred to, without hesitation or reluctance. A more atrocious libel was never admitted into a newspaper, bad as the newspapers have long been. You suspect something more than the malignity of party-spirit in it; so did I; and that suspicion has been verified by an anonymous letter from the author, which reached me this day. The letter is as blackguard as words can make it, and comes from a red-hot Irish Roman Catholic, who shows himself in every sentence to be ripe for rebellion and massacre. It is well they have no Prince Hohenlohe among them, who can kill at a distance as well as cure; for if they had, I should certainly be murdered by miracle.

"But I thank you heartily for what you have done. The letter is what it should be,—manly, scornful, and sincere. I am very glad to have such a friend, and not sorry to have such enemies. They can only stab at my character, which they may do till they are tired without inflicting a scratch. The only mournful thing is to think that the newspapers should be in the hands of men who not only admit such infamous slanders, but lend their active aid to support them.

"The last review not having reached me, I have not seen your father's paper upon Banks. In that upon Landor, I liked every thing that had no reference to him, and nothing that had. The general

tenour I should, no doubt, have liked better, if Gifford had not struck out the better parts; but nothing could have reconciled me to anything like an assumption of superiority towards such a man. Porson and I should not have conversed as he has exhibited us; but we could neither of us have conversed better.

"My letter to the Courier* was in all its parts fully justified by the occasion which called it forth. I am never in the habit of diluting my ink. The sort of outcry against it is in the spirit of these *liberal times*. The gentlemen of the press assert and exercise the most unlimited licence in their attacks, and allow no liberty of defence.

"I shall publish a vindication of the Book of the Church, in reply to Mr. Butler, with proofs and illustrations. In this I shall treat him with the respect and courtesy which he so well deserves, but I will open a battery upon the walls of Babylon. Think of the Acta Sanctorum,—more than fifty ten-pounders brought to bear in breach.

"God bless you!

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To John Taylor Coleridge, Esq.

"Keswick, Jan. 30. 1825.

"My dear Sir,

"There is certainly a most pernicious set of opinions mixed up both with the Bible and Missionary

* Concerning Lord Byron.

Societies, — so there is with the Abolitionists, — and yet we cannot have the good without the evil, and it is no little advantage when the men who hold these opinions direct some of their restless zeal into a useful channel. In that point of view the Missionary Societies are so many safety valves. Even the best men whom they send abroad would be very likely to be mischievous at home.

"Bishop Law (the present bishop's father) advances an opinion that the true nature of revealed religion is gradually disclosed as men become capable of receiving it, generations as they advance in knowledge and civilisation outgrowing the errors of their forefathers; so that in fulness of time there will remain neither doubt nor difficulties. He was a great speculator; whether, like one of his sons, he speculated too far, I do not know, but in this opinion I think he is borne out by history. Providence condescends to the slowness of Christian understandings, as it did to the hardness of Jewish hearts. All these societies proceed upon a full belief in the damnation of the heathen: what their future state may be is known as little as we do concerning our own, but this we know in both cases, that it must be consistent with the goodness of our Father who is in heaven. . . . Yet you could get no missionaries to go abroad unless they held this tenet. The Socinians, you see, send none, neither do the Quakers.

"The Quarterly Review has been overlaid with statistics, as it was once with Greek criticism. It is the disease of the age — the way in which verbose

dulness spends itself. The journal wants more of the *literæ humaniores*, and in a humaner tone than it has been wont to observe. I think a great deal of good may be done by conciliating young writers who are going wrong, by leading them with a friendly hand into the right path, giving them all the praise they deserve, and advising or insinuating, rather than reprehending. Keats might have been won in that manner, and perhaps have been saved. So I have been assured. Severity will have ten times more effect when it is employed only where it is well deserved.

"Do not over-work yourself, nor sit up too late, and *never continue at any one mental employment after you are tired of it.* Take this advice from one who has attained to great self-management in this respect.

"God bless you!

R. SOUTHEY.

"Smedley's poems are very clever; but he seems quite insensible to the good which is connected with and resulting from this mixture of weakness, enthusiasm, and sectarian zeal. It does nothing but good abroad, and that good would not be done without it. The Bible Society has quadrupled the subscribers to the Bartletts Buildings' one, and given it a new impulse. I hate cant and hypocrisy, and am apt to suspect them wherever there is much profession of godliness; but, on the other hand, I do not like men to be callous to the best interests of their fellow-creatures."

To John May, Esq.

"Keswick, March 16. 1825.

"My dear Friend,

"It is a very old remark that one sin draws on another; and as an illustration of it, I believe one reason why you have not had a letter from me for so long a time is that my Autobiography has been standing still. This is the first symptom of amendment, and in pursuance of it when this letter is despatched I propose to begin the 17th of the Series.

"Thus much has been left undone, and now for what I have been doing. You may have learnt from John Coleridge that I sat to work for him as soon as he was installed into his new office *, and sent him a paper upon the Church Missionary Society, and a few pages upon Mrs. Baillie's Letters from Lisbon.

"You must have heard of Mr. Butler's attack upon the Book of the Church. My uncle says of it — his contradicting you and saying that you had misstated facts may have the same answer as Warburton gave to one of his antagonists: 'it may be so for all he knows of the matter.' The Bishop of London wrote to ask if I intended to answer it, for if I did not they must look about for some person who would, 'as it had imposed upon some persons who ought to have known better, and he hoped I should demolish what he called his flimsy structure of misstatements and sophistry.' Upon my replying that

* As successor to Gifford in the editorship of the Quarterly Review.

it was my intention so to do, he communicated to me an offer of any books that might be useful from Lambeth. But it does not do to have bulky volumes sent 300 miles, when the object is to consult them, perhaps only for half an hour. However, I shall avail myself of this permission when next I may be at Streatham. My reply will bear this title, 'Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ'—the Book of the Church Vindicated and Amplified. The first portion of the manuscript would reach London this morning on its way to the press.

"Last week I spent at Rydal with Wordsworth, going thither partly in the hope that change of air might rid me of a cough, which, though apparently slight, has continued upon me long enough to show that it is deep seated. It was left behind some two months ago by an endemic cold that attacked the throat in a peculiar manner. I am better for the change. But it will be necessary for me to take a journey as soon as the summer begins, in the hope of escaping that annual attack which now regularly settles in the chest. I meant to have visited Ireland, but this I must give up on Edith's account, for I was strongly advised not to go by a man in power, who knew the country well, and said he would not insure any man's life there for three months; and this, with a sort of cut-throat anonymous letter from an Irishman (the same that made that infamous attack upon me in the Chronicle) abusing me as an Orange Boy in the foulest and most ferocious terms, has made her believe that I should be in danger there: and of course I should not think it right to

leave her with that impression upon her mind. My intention therefore is to make a hasty visit to Streatham, and run down again to the west, unless I should meet with a suitable companion who would go over with me to Holland for three or four weeks.

"God bless you, my dear Friend!

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To the Rev. William Lisle Bowles.

"Keswick, March 19. 1825.

"My dear Sir,

"I am induced to write to you by a letter which I have this day received from G. Peachey. In answer to the request which he communicates, though I am little behind you in the vale of years, and likely, perhaps, to reach the end of our mortal journey by a shorter road, yet, should I prove the survivor, any wish which you may please to signify, I will faithfully, and to the best of my power, discharge. There are three contemporaries, the influence of whose poetry on my own I can distinctly trace. Sayers, yourself, and Walter Landor. I owe you something, therefore, on the score of gratitude.

"But to a pleasanter subject. Peachey tells me that you had begun to print some observations upon Mr. Butler's book, but that you have suppressed them upon hearing that I was engaged in answering it. I am sorry for this, because the more answers

that are called forth the better. False and shallow as the book is (the Bishop of London calls it, very justly, 'a flimsy structure of mis-statements and sophistry'), it imposes upon shallow readers, and is gladly appealed to as an authority by the Liberals, who are at this time leagued against the Church. Every answer that may appear would have a certain circle, within which no other can act with equal effect. And I am so persuaded of this, that I desired Murray not to announce my intended work, lest it should have the effect of preventing others from coming forward in the same good cause. I hope, therefore, that you will resume the pen. The Church ought not to be without defenders at this time. If the Catholic writers had been put down whenever they appeared during the last five-and-twenty years, as they might and ought to have been, by an exposure of their gross and impudent misrepresentations, that party would not have been so daring as it now is.

"Dr. Phillpotts * is answering the theological part of Butler's book.† My business, of course, must be,

* Now Bishop of Exeter.

† Dr. Philpott's had thus courteously communicated his intention to my father: —

"Stanhope, Durham, Feb. 28. 1825.

"My dear Sir,

"I know not whether it may interest you to be informed that (feeling as I do the absolute necessity of some detailed confutation of Mr. Butler's statement of the doctrines of his Church, contained in the Letter X. of his book, especially when so many various misstatements of those doctrines are continually made by other writers and speakers,) I have resolved speedily to undertake that work; indeed, I am at present as busy with it as infirm health will permit. Mr. Butler's book did not fall in my way until these three or four weeks.

to attack him along the whole of his line, which I am doing most effectually. For the sake of relieving the tone of controversy, I take the opportunity of introducing biographical and historical matter, and call my work therefore, Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, — The Book of the Church Vindicated and Amplified. My temper is not controversial. I had much rather be industriously and thankfully reading old books, than detecting the defects and vices of new ones. But when I am provoked to it, I can wield a sledge-hammer to as good purpose as my old friend Wat Tyler himself. God bless you, my dear Sir!

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, March 28. 1825.

"My dear Sir,

"Now then for my summer movements. Do not think me actuated by mere fickleness, if I propose crossing the Channel instead of the Severn, and drinking Rhenish wine instead of Welsh ale. I want to see Holland, which is a place of man's making,

"You will do me the justice of believing that I do not presume to interfere in any way with your work. That you are preparing a proper punishment for his offence against you, I cannot doubt, nor would I weaken the effect of that punishment from the most powerful of modern writers by any interference of mine. I strictly confine myself to the mere theological matters.

"Allow me to offer you my heartiest thanks for your very *admirable book.*

Yours, my dear sir,
Most sincerely,
H. PHILLPOTTS."

country as well as towns. I want monastic books, which it is hopeless to look for in England, and which there is every probability of finding at Brussels, Antwerp, or Leyden. In the course of three or four weeks, going sometimes by trekschuits and sometimes upon wheels, we might see the principal places in the Dutch Netherlands, visit the spot where Sir Philip Sidney fell, talk of the Dousas and Scaliger at Leyden, and obtain such a general notion of the land as would enable us better to understand the history of the Low Country wars. Neville White would perhaps join us; and always in travelling three persons are better than two, especially as neither you nor I (I suspect) are such good men of business as not to be glad if a better could be found to officiate as paymaster. Tell me if you like this scheme. If you do I will write to Neville without delay, and be ready to start from London by the 1st of June.

"I had heard of . . . as an American by birth, a man of great talents and unhappy opinions, which, from him, had spread widely among his contemporaries at Cambridge. Jeremy Bentham is now to such young men what Godwin was two or three-and thirty years ago; for those who pride themselves most upon thinking for themselves, are just as prone as others *jurare in verba magistri*, only it must be a *magister* of their own choosing.

"I never made a speech since I was a schoolboy, and am very certain that I never had any talent for speaking. Had I gone to the bar, my intent was to

have spoken always as briefly and perspicuously as possible, and have endeavoured to win a jury rather by appealing to their good sense, than by mistifying their understanding. Burke's speeches, which will always be read, were never listened to; many members used to walk out of the House when he stood up. I believe that I derived great advantage from the practice sometimes of translating, sometimes of abridging, the historical books which are read in certain forms at Westminster. And, in like manner, I am inclined to think a habit of speaking upon business might be acquired by giving orally the substance of what one has just read. I have none of that readiness which is required for public life, or even which is looked for among *diners out*. When I am reading I have it; few things then escape me in any of their bearings. My mind is never so prompt as it is then. In writing it is sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow.

"So you do not like Hayley. I was born during his reign, and owe him something for having first made me acquainted by name with those Spanish writers of whom I afterwards knew much more than he did. Compare him with ordinary country gentlemen, and see what he gains by his love of literary pursuits. Compare him with the general run of literary men, and see to what advantage his unenvious and liberal spirit appears.

"My Vindication is in the press. It contains a fuller account of Bede than can be found elsewhere; and I shall introduce in it lives of St. Francis and of good John Fox, whom the Papists hate worse than

they do the Devil, and belie as virulently and as impudently as they do your friend,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, May 2. 1825.

" My dear H. T.,

" You do not expect enough from Holland. It is a marvellous country in itself, in its history, and in the men and works which it has produced. The very existence of the country is at once a natural and a moral phenomenon. Mountaineer as I am, I expect to *feel* more in Holland than in Switzerland. Instead of climbing mountains, we shall have to ascend church towers. The panorama from that at Harlaem is said to be one of the most impressive in the world. Evening is the time for seeing it to most advantage.

" I have not yet forgotten the interest which Watson's Histories of Philip II. and III. excited in me when a school-boy. They are books which I have never looked into since; but I have read largely concerning the Dutch war against the Spaniards, on both sides, and there is no part of Europe which could be so interesting to me as historical ground. Perhaps my pursuits may have made me more alive than most men to associations of this kind; but I would go far to see the scene of any event which has made my heart throb with a generous emotion, or the grave of

any one whom I desire to meet in another state of existence.

" My translatress, Katharina Wilhelmina Bilderdijk, is old enough to be your mother. She dedicates her translation to me in a very affecting poem, touching upon the death of her son, whom she lost at sea, and in what manner, before she knew his death, she had applied certain passages in Roderick to herself. . . . . .

" God bless you !

R. S."

CHAPTER XXIX.

TOUR IN HOLLAND.—HE IS LAID UP AT LEYDEN AT MR. BILDERDIJK'S. — REV. R. PHILLIPS. — MR. BUTLER. — MR. CANNING. — MOTIVES FOR CHOOSING FRIENDS. — VISITORS TO KESWICK. — TENDENCY OF HIS ECCLESIASTICAL WRITINGS. — SISTERS OF CHARITY. — THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. — METAPHYSICS. — RULES FOR COMPOSITION. — KNOWLEDGE OF HISTORY THE FIRST REQUISITE FOR A STATESMAN. — THE BULLION QUESTION. — JACOB CATS. — WISHES TO WRITE A CONTINUATION TO WARTON'S HISTORY OF POETRY. — MR. BILDERDIJK. — DANGERS OF THE MANUFACTURING SYSTEM. — EFFECTS OF TIME UPON THE MIND. — HIS OWN RELIGIOUS FEELINGS. — SHORT TOUR IN HOLLAND. — DEATH OF HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER. — WISHES AS TO POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATIONS. — LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTERS ON THE DEATH OF THEIR SISTER. — 1825—1826.

THE reader has seen that my father had been for some time contemplating a tour in Holland; and his arrangements being now completed, he left home the end of May, and after passing a week in London, and joining there the other members of the party, consisting of Mr. H. Taylor, Mr. Neville White, and Mr. Arthur Malet, a young officer, they crossed the channel from Dover to Boulogne, and made their way from thence first of all to Brussels.

The revisiting this place and the field of Waterloo recalled, naturally, many sad thoughts to my father's mind. He says in his Journal, "I hope I shall never see this place again. On my first and second

visit Henry Koster and Nash were with me; and I pleased myself with bringing away little memorials for Herbert. Nash was with me again two years later — 'where are they gone, the old familiar faces!'"

A visit to Verbeyst, however, the great bookseller of Brussels, from whom, in 1817, he had purchased the Acta Sanctorum (fifty-two vols. folio), and many other valuable works, brought back pleasanter remembrances. "Right glad," he says, "I was to find him in a larger house, flourishing to his heart's content, and provided with books to mine. He has more than 300,000 volumes, among which I passed the whole morning, till it was time to go to the bankers' before the hours of business had elapsed. On our return (for Neville was with me) Verbeyst had provided claret, burgundy, and a loaf of bread, on which I regaled; and with the help of his wife, the handsome, good-natured woman whom I saw eight years ago, we made out some cheerful conversation. Verbeyst tells me he is building a house on the Boulevards; the *salle* is as large as the whole house which he now occupies, the whole edifice big as the dwelling of an English lord, and the garden as large as the Grand Place. I am glad that the world goes so well with them."

This journey, however, was doomed to be an unfortunate one, from an apparently trifling cause. Before leaving England, my father had received a slight injury on the foot, owing to a tight shoe, and travelling in hot weather had much inflamed it; then at Bouchain the diseased spot was chosen by one of those

little gentry, whose name and presence are alike disagreeable, for his attacks, and the wound soon assumed a somewhat alarming appearance. At Antwerp, he says, "here I am a prisoner, with my foot poulticed, heartily wishing myself at home." After a few days, however, the surgeon permitted him to proceed on his journey, which he did in great pain, suffering more from this trifling cause in one week, than he ever remembered to have endured in his whole life; and when the party reached Leyden, he was again obliged to put himself under a surgeon's hands.

Here, however, he quickly and most fortunately met with kind friends, and a temporary home. He has before mentioned (see letter to Mr. Bedford, March 27. 1824) receiving a copy of Roderick translated into Dutch by Mrs. Bilderdijk, and a letter from her husband, a man who was highly distinguished in the literature of his country; it was in a great measure for the purpose of seeing them that he had come to Leyden, and no sooner were they aware of his situation then they insisted upon his being removed to their residence; to which he at first reluctantly consented.* This of course broke up the party. Mr. Neville White and Mr. A. Malet pur-

* This reluctance quickly vanished before the kind friendliness of the Bilderdijks. "I shall not easily forget," Mr. H. Taylor writes to him after their return, "the easy confidence of good will and true welcome with which you threw yourself upon the sofa the first time you entered the house, and the satisfaction to yourself with which you rejoiced your host and hostess for three weeks, by listening to all that the mind of the 'Heer' could unfold in his singular intertexture of tongues, and by accepting, and eating, and drinking all that the heart of the 'Vrauw,' in her profusion of Dutch delicacies, could invent. Such confidence as yours was certainly never better bestowed." — *H. T. to R. S., Oct.* 20. 1825.

sued their own course, while Mr. Taylor "stayed by the wreck." There my father remained more than three weeks, most hospitably treated, and most kindly nursed. "My time," he says, "has passed most profitably and happily; and I have formed a friendship in this family which time will not weaken nor death divide."

His letters from thence will supply all other needful particulars.

To Mrs. Southey.

"Leyden, Thursday, June 30. 1825.

"My dear Edith,

"My foot is going on as well as possible, and will, according to all appearances, be completely healed in the course of three or four days. Having begun with this statement, *pour votre tranquillité* as the aubergists at Besançon said at every word, I have next to tell you that I am quartered at Mr. Bilderdijk's, where every imaginable care is taken of me, and every possible kindness shown, and where I have all the comforts which Leyden can afford.

"How I came here you are now to learn. Upon applying to Mr. B. to procure a lodging for Henry Taylor and myself, he told me there was a difficulty in doing it, gave a bad account of Leyden lodgings, and proposed that we should both go to his house. Such an offer was not lightly to be accepted. Henry Taylor made inquiries himself, and looked at lodgings which would have contented us; but when he was

asked for how long they might be wanted, and said a week or perhaps ten days, the people said that for so short a time he might be lodged at an hotel. The matter ended in my yielding to solicitations which were so earnest that I could not doubt their sincerity, and in his remaining at the hotel. So on Tuesday morning Neville and Arthur Malet departed for the Hague; they may fall in with us at Ghent or they may not, as it may happen. And in the evening I and my lame leg, and my trunk and bag were deposited at Mr. Bilderdijk's.

"You may imagine how curious I was to see the lady of the house *, and yet I did not see her when we first met, owing to the shade of the trees and the imperfectness of my sight. She was kind and cordial, speaking English remarkably well, with very little hesitation and without any foreign accent. The first night was not well managed; a supper had been prepared, which came so late, and lasted so long by the slowness which seems to characterise all operations in this country, that I did not get to bed till one o'clock. My bedroom is on the ground floor, adjoining the sitting-room in which we eat, and which is given up to me. Every thing was perfectly comfortable and nice. I asked for my milk at breakfast †, and when Mr. Droesa, the surgeon, came in the morning, I had the satisfaction of hearing that he should

* She was not less curious to see him, and, on Mr. Bilderdijk's return from the hotel, eagerly inquired "how he looked;" to which the reply was given that "he looked as Mr. Southey *ought* to look: a description which delighted my father exceedingly.

† A bason of hot milk was for many years my father's substitute for tea or coffee at breakfast.

not dress the wound again in the evening, but leave it four-and-twenty hours, because there was now a disposition to heal. Mr. Bilderdijk brought me some curious manuscripts of the eldest Dutch poets, the morning passed pleasantly. Henry Taylor dined with us at half-past two; dinner lasted, I hardly know how, till six or seven o'clock. I petitioned for such a supper as I am accustomed to at home, got some cold meat accordingly, and was in bed before eleven. I slept well, and the foot is proceeding regularly towards recovery. Mr. Droesa just left me before I begun to write. By Sunday I hope to be able to walk about the house, and then my imprisonment will soon be over. I am in no pain, and suffer no other inconvenience than that of keeping the leg always on a chair or settee.

"You will now expect to hear something of the establishment into which I have been thus, unluckily shall I say, or luckily, introduced. The house is a good one, in a cheerful street, with a row of trees and a canal in front; large, and with every thing good and comfortable about it. The only child, Lodowijk Willem, is at home, Mr. Bilderdijk being as little fond of schools as I am. The boy has a peculiar and to me an interesting countenance. He is evidently of a weak constitution; his dress neat but formal, and his behaviour towards me amusing from his extreme politeness, and the evident pleasure with which he receives any attempt on my part to address him, or any notice that I take of him at table. A young vrouw waits at table. I wish you could see her, for she is a much odder figure than

Maria Rosa * appeared on her first introduction, only not so cheerful a one. Her dress is black and white, perfectly neat, and not more graceful than a Beguine's. The cap, which is very little, and has a small front not projecting farther than the green shade which I wear sometimes for my eyes, comes down to the roots of the hair, which is all combed back on the forehead; and she is as white and wan in complexion as her cap; slender and not ill-made; and were it not for this utter paleness she would be rather handsome. Another vrouw, who appears more rarely, is not in such plain dress, but quite as odd in her way. Nothing can be more amusing than Mr. Bilderdijk's conversation. Dr. Bell is not more full of life, spirits, and enthusiasm; I am reminded of him every minute, though the English is much more uncouth than Dr. Bell's.† He seems delighted to have a guest who can understand, and will listen to him; and is not a little pleased at discerning how many points of resemblance there are between us. For he is as laborious as I have been; has written upon as many subjects; is just as much abused by the Liberals in his country as I am in mine, and does 'contempt' them as heartily and as merrily as I do. I am growing intimate with Mrs. Bilderdijk, about whom her husband, in the overflowing of his spirits, tells me every thing. He is very fond of her and very proud of her, as well he may; and on her part she is as proud of him. Her life seems almost a miracle after what she has gone through.

* A Portuguese servant.

† Dr. Bell spoke with a strong Scotch accent.

. . . . . .

"*Friday morning.*—My foot continues to mend, and proceeds as well as possible towards recovery. I can now, with the help of a stick, walk from room to room. My time passes very pleasantly. A more remarkable or interesting a person, indeed, than my host it was never my fortune to meet with; and Mrs. Bilderdijk is not less so. I shall have a great deal to talk about on my return. Early next week I hope to be at liberty; and I may travel the better because we move here by trekschuits, so that the leg may be kept up. Now do not you vex yourself for an evil which is passed, and which has led to very pleasant consequences. Once more God bless you!

R. S."

I well remember my pleasure at receiving the following letter, being at that time seven years of age. It is, I think, so good a specimen of a letter to a child, that the reader will not regret its insertion.

To C. C. Southey.

"Leyden, July 2. 1825.

"My dear Cuthbert,

"I have a present for you from Lodowijk Willem Bilderdijk, a very nice good boy, who is of the age of your sister Isabel. It is a book of Dutch verses, which you and I will read together when I come home. When he was a little boy and was learning to write, his father, who is very much such a father as I am, made little verses for him to write in his

copy-book; and these verses pleased some good people so much, that leave was asked to print them. They were printed from Lodowijk's writing, and have been thought so fit for the purpose, that a great many of them have been sold. Lodowijk will write his name and yours in the book. He is a very gentle good boy; and I hope that one of these days somewhere or other he and you may meet.

"I must tell you about his stork. You should know that there are a great many storks in this country, and that it is thought a very wicked thing to hurt them. They make their nests, which are as large as a great clothes basket, upon the houses and churches, and frequently when a house or church is built, a wooden frame is made on the top for the storks to build in. Out of one of these nests a young stork had fallen, and somebody wishing to keep him in a garden, cut one of his wings. The stork tried to fly but fell in Mr. Bilderdijk's garden, and was found there one morning almost dead; his legs and his bill had lost their colour, and were grown pale, and he would soon have died if Mrs. Bilderdijk, who is kind to everybody and everything, had not taken care of him, as we do of the dumbeldores when they have been in the house all night. She gave him food and he recovered. The first night they put him into a sort of summer-house in the garden, which I cannot describe to you because I have not yet been there; the second night he walked to the door himself that it might be opened for him. He was very fond of Lodowijk and Lodowijk was as fond of his *oyevaar*, which is the name for stork in

Dutch, though I am not sure that I have spelt it rightly, and they used to play together in such a manner, that his father says it was a pleasure to see them. For a stork is a large bird, tall and upright, almost as tall as you are, or quite. The oyevaar was a bad gardener; he ate snails, but with his great broad foot he did a great deal of mischief and destroyed all the strawberries and many of the smaller vegetables. But Mr. and Mrs. Bilderdijk did not mind this, because the oyevaar loved Lodowijk, and therefore they loved the oyevaar, and sometimes they used to send a mile out of town to buy eels for him, when none could be had in Leyden.

"The very day I came to their house the stork flew away. His wings were grown, and most likely he thought it time to get a wife and settle in life. Lodowijk saw him rise up in the air and fly away. Lodowijk was very sorry, not only because he loved the oyevaar, but because he was afraid the oyevaar would not be able to get his own living, and therefore would be starved. On the second evening, however, the stork came again and pitched upon a wall near. It was in the twilight, and storks cannot see at all when it is dusk, but whenever Lodowijk called *Oye! oye!* (which was the way he used to call him) the oyevaar turned his head toward the sound. He did not come into the garden. Some fish was placed there for him, but in the morning he was gone, and had not eaten it; so we suppose that he is married and living very happily with his mate, and that now and then he will come and visit the old friends who were so good to him.

"It is very happy for me that I am in so comfortable a house, and with such excellently kind and good people . . . . where I learn more of the literature, present and past state, and domestic manners of the country, than it would have been possible for me to do in any other manner.

"Yesterday Mr. Bilderdijk received a letter from Algernon Thelwall, who is at Amsterdam, saying he had heard that I was here, and expressing a great desire to see me. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bilderdijk speak very highly of him. This news is for your mamma. I shall have a great deal to tell her on my return.

"I hope you have been a good boy and done every thing that you ought to do, while I am away. When I come home you shall begin to read Jacob Cats with me. My love to your sisters and to every body else. I hope Rumpelstilzchen has recovered his health, and that Miss Cat is well, and I should like to know whether Miss Fitzrumpel has been given away, and if there is another kitten. The Dutch cats do not speak exactly the same language as the English ones. I will tell you how they talk when I come home.

"God bless you, my dear Cuthbert!

Your dutiful Father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Mrs. Southey.

"Leyden, Thursday, July 7. 1825.

"My dear Edith,

"\. . . . . This is our manner of life. At eight in the morning Lodowijk knocks at my door. My movements in dressing are as regular as clockwork, and when I enter the adjoining room breakfast is ready on a sofa-table, which is placed for my convenience close to the sofa. There I take my place, seated on one cushion, and with my leg raised on another. The sofa is covered with black plush. The family take coffee, but I have a jug of boiled milk. Two sorts of cheese are on the table, one of which is very strong, and highly flavoured with cummin and cloves; this is called Leyden cheese, and is eaten at breakfast laid in thin slices on bread and butter. The bread is soft, in rolls, which have rather skin than crust; the butter very rich, but so soft that it is brought in a pot to table, like potted meat. Before we begin Mr. B. takes off a little gray cap, and a silent grace is said, not longer than it ought to be; when it is over he generally takes his wife's hand. They sit side by side opposite me; Lodowijk at the end of the table. About ten o'clock Mr. Droesa comes and dresses my foot, which is swathed in one of my silk handkerchiefs. I bind a second round the bottom of the pantaloon, and if the weather be cold I put on a third: so that the leg has not merely a decent, but rather a splendid appearance. After breakfast and tea Mrs. B. washes up the china herself at the table. Part of the morning Mr. B. sits with me. During the rest I read Dutch, or, as at

present, retire into my bed-room and write. Henry Taylor calls in the morning, and is always pressed to dine, which he does twice or thrice in the week. We dine at half-past two or three, and the dinners, to my great pleasure, are altogether Dutch. You know I am a valiant eater, and having retained my appetite as well as my spirits during this confinement, I eat every thing which is put before me. Mutton and pork never appear, being considered unfit for any person who has a wound, and pepper for the same reason is but sparingly allowed. Spice enters largely into their cookery; the sauce for fish resembles custard rather than melted butter, and is spiced. Perch, when small (in which state they are considered best), are brought up swimming in a tureen. They look well, and are really very good. With the roast meat (which is in small pieces) dripping is presented in a butter-boat. The variety of vegetables is great. Peas, peas of that kind in which the pod also is eaten, purslain, cauliflowers, *abominations**, kidney beans, carrots, turnips, potatoes. But besides these, many very odd things are eaten with meat. I had stewed apples, exceedingly sweet and highly spiced, with roast fowl yesterday; and another day, having been helped to some stewed quinces, to my utter surprise some ragout of beef was to be eaten with them. I never know when I begin a dish whether it is sugared, or will require salt; yet every thing is very good, and the puddings excellent. The dinner lasts very long. Strawberries and cherries always follow. Twice we had cream with

* Broad beans, which he always so denominated.

the strawberries, very thick, and just in the first stage of sourness. We have had melons also, and currants; the first which have been produced. After coffee they leave me to an hour's nap. Tea follows. Supper at half-past nine, when Mr. B. takes milk, and I a little cold meat with pickles, or the gravy of the meat preserved in a form like jelly; olives are used as pickles, and at half-past ten I go to bed. Mr. B. sits up till three or four, living almost without sleep.

"Twice we had a Frisian here, whom we may probably see at Keswick, as he talks of going to England on literary business. Halbertsma* is his

* "Mr. Halbertsma is a very good and learned man, who has particularly directed his attention to the early languages of these countries, and is now planning a journey to England for the purpose of transcribing some MSS of Junius', which are at Oxford. He speaks English, and made his first essay at conversing with an Englishman with me. His pronunciation was surprisingly good, considering that till that moment he had never heard English spoken by an Englishman. But the Frisians have nothing in their own language which it is necessary for them to forget: he read me some verses in their tongue that I might hear the pronunciation. To my ear they were much less harsh than the Dutch, being wholly free from gutturals. The language, however, is regarded as a barbarous dialect." I subjoin a few other extracts from his Journal: —

"Very few of the Mennonites retain the orthodox faith of their fathers. In this generation they have generally lapsed into Socianism, which, with other kindred *isms*, prevails extensively in Holland. Pantheism being the stage to which the speculative Atheists in this country proceed. Another people, like the unbelievers in England, all act in favour of Romanism and in league with it. Their principle is, that superstition is necessary for the vulgar; so they would have a papal establishment, with infidel priests and an indifferent government. The Romanists are palpably favoured, and visibly increase in numbers. At the Fête de Dieu, the king committed the gross offence to his own religion of having his palace decorated in honour of the procession. This could not gratify his Romish subjects so much as it has disgusted all those who know how to appreciate the blessings of the Reformation. For the great body of the Dutch people are attached to that religion, the enjoyment of which their ancestors purchased so dearly.

name, and he is a Mennonite * pastor at Deventer. Twice we have had the young Count Hoogmandorp, a fine young man, one of the eight who for six weeks watched day and night by Mr. B. in his illness; and once a Dr. Burgman, a young man of singular appearance and much learning, drank tea here. My host's conversation is amusing beyond anything I ever heard. I cannot hope to describe it so as to

" The government has followed that base policy which all restored kings seem to follow, as if to show, if persons alone were to be considered, how little they have deserved their restoration. The old enemies of the House of Orange are favoured and preferred; the old friends, true servants and sufferers in their cause, are left with their sufferings for their reward. The system of Liberalism prevails; the Press is made an engine of mischief here as in England; and everything that presumptuous ignorance and philosophism can do, is doing to undermine the religion and morals of the people.

" During the triumph of the anti-stadtholder faction, popular feeling manifested itself in some odd ways. The body of the people have always been gratefully attached to the House of Orange, as it became them to be. To prevent all manifestation of that feeling, the ruling faction forbade the market women to expose carrots for sale. They were enjoined, on pain of fine, to keep them covered under other greens. Carrotty cats were hunted down to be extirpated, and marigolds rooted up by men sent for the purpose. Of course such measures provoked the spirit which they were desired to suppress. The fishwomen cried orange-salmon through the streets, marigold seeds were scattered everywhere, and particularly in the gardens of the factious, and pigeons were dyed orange colour and let fly. The two latter tricks excited some superstitious feeling.

" The University here has sadly declined. There are not thirty professors, and not more than 300 students. The want of able men and the appointment of unfit ones, has occasioned the decline. Freshmen are called *greens*, and a ceremony was (and perhaps is) used in ungreening them, and admitting them to their full academical privileges. Bread, according to its degree of fineness, was called in military and academic towns, from the rank of those who might be supposed to eat it, cadet's, captain's, or colonel's bread; and here, from greens' up to professor's bread; the sort above which was called prophet's. If a fisherman offered for sale a remarkably fine and large fish, a haddock, for example, he will say it is a professor among haddocks." — *From his Journal.*

* The Mennonites were Dutch Baptists.

make you conceive it. The matter is always so interesting, that it would alone suffice to keep one's attention on the alert; his manner is beyond expression animated, and his language the most extraordinary that can be imagined. Even my French cannot be half so odd. It is English pronounced like Dutch, and with such a mixture of other language, that it is an even chance whether the next word that comes be French, Latin, or Dutch, or one of either tongues shaped into an English form. Sometimes the oddest imaginable expressions occur. When he would say 'I was pleased,' he says 'I was very pleasant;' and instead of saying that a poor woman was wounded, with whom he was overturned in a stage-coach in England, he said she was severely *blessed*. Withal, whatever he says is so full of information, vivacity, and character, and there is such a thorough good nature, kindness, and frankness about him, that I never felt myself more interested in any man's company. Every moment he reminds me more and more of Dr. Bell.

"I gather by one word which dropt from him that Mrs. B. is his second wife. They are proud of each other, as well they may. She has written a great many poems, some of which are published jointly with some of his, and others by themselves. Many of them are devotional, and many relate to her own feelings under the various trials and sufferings which she has undergone. In some of them I have been reminded sometimes of some of my own verses, in others of Miss Bowles's. One would think it almost impossible that a person so meek, so quiet,

so retiring, so altogether without display, should be a successful authoress, or hold the first place in her country as a poetess. The profits of literature here are miserably small. In that respect I am in relation to them what Sir Walter Scott is in relation to me. Lodowijk (thus the name is spelt) is a nice good boy, the only survivor of seven children. He is full of sensibility, and I look at him with some apprehension, for he is not strong, and I fear this climate, which suits his father better than any other, is injurious to him. Tell Cuthbert that the oyevaar has paid him another visit, and that Lodowijk's other playmate is a magnificent tabby cat, as old as himself, who, however, is known by no other name than puss, which is good Dutch as well as English.

"English books are so scarce here, that they have never seen any work of mine except Roderick. Of course I have ordered over a complete set of my poems and the History of Brazil, and as E. May is in London I have desired her to add, as a present from herself to Mrs. B., a copy of Kirke White's Remains. I can never sufficiently show my sense of the kindness which I am experiencing here. Think what a difference it is to be confined in an hotel, with all the discomforts, or to be in such a family as this, who show by every word and every action that they are truly pleased in having me under their roof.

"I manage worst about my bed. I know not how many pillows there are, but there is one little one which I used for my head till I found that it was intended for the small of my back. Every thing

else I can find instruction for, but here is nobody to teach one how to get into a Dutch bed, or how to lie in one. A little bottle of brandy is placed on the dressing-table, to be used in cleansing the teeth. Saffron is used in some of the soups and sauces. The first dish yesterday was marrow in a tureen, which was eaten upon toast. I eat every thing, but live in daily fear of something like suety pudding or tripe. About an hour before dinner a handsome mahogany case containing spirits is produced; a glass waiter is taken out of it, and little tumblers with gilt edges, and we have then a glass of liqueur with a slice of cake. Deventer cake it is called; and an odd history belongs to it. The composition is usually intrusted only to the burgomaster of that city, and when the baker has made all the other ingredients ready the chief magistrate is called upon, as part of his duty, to add that portion of the materials which constitute the excellence and peculiarity of the Deventer cake. I shall have much to tell you, for I know not where I have heard so much to amuse, so much to affect, so much to interest and inform me as since I have been a prisoner here. . . .

"Love to the children. God bless you, my dear Edith!

Your affectionate Husband,

R. S."

To Miss Katherine Southey.

"Amsterdam, Saturday, July 16. 1825.

"My dear Kate,

" . . . Tuesday we had a pleasant day on the water, and saw at the sluices of the Rhine enough to undeceive us concerning the common statements about this country. That the sea is higher than the towers of Leyden is altogether false: the truth is, that the general level of Holland is above the low-water mark, and a little below that of high-water; and though the lands are much below the rivers and canals, it is because the beds of the rivers have been raised by what they bring down, or because the lands were formerly large meres, or deep morasses, which have been drained. Wednesday I went with Henry Taylor to the Hague, saw the museum of pictures, called on one of my Dutch curmudgeons, Mr. De Clerc, who is an improvisatore poet, and returned in the evening. Thursday I settled my business as to booksellers. — Oh, joy when that chest of glorious folios shall arrive at Keswick! the pleasure of unpacking, of arranging them on the new shelves that must be provided, and the whole year's repast after supper which they will afford! After dinner we took what Mr. Bilderdijk calls a walk in a carriage, and drank tea in a village, where we had a very entertaining scene with the hostess — a woman shaped very much like a jumping Joan, supposing the said Joan to be tall, and lean in the upper half. Her birth-day had occurred a few days before, and on that

occasion a poem had been addressed to her by the surgeon's man: this poem she brought to Mr. Bilderdijk to read, and he read it just as Mr. Wordsworth would have read a piece of doggrel, if under like circumstances it had been brought to him in some such public house as John Stanley's. The woman stood by in silent delight at hearing her own praises entoned by his powerful voice, and set off by his gestures and emphatic manner: Mrs. Bilderdijk kept her countenance to admiration. I sat by, not knowing whether the verses were good or bad, but infinitely amused by the scene, and the girl of the public house coming out at the unusual sound, stood among the shrubs of the garden listening — like Eve in the Paradise Lost.

"Yesterday our kind friends accompanied us a little way in the trekschuit on our departure, and we parted with much regret on both sides. If Mr. Bilderdijk can muster spirits for the undertaking, they will come and pass a summer with me, — which of all things in the world would give me most pleasure, for never did I meet with more true kindness than they have shown me, or with two persons who have in so many essential respects so entirely pleased me. Lodowijk, too, is a very engaging boy, and attached himself greatly to me; he is the only survivor of eight children whom Mr. Bilderdijk has had by his present wife, and of seven by the first! I can truly say, that unpleasant as the circumstance was which brought me under their roof, no part of my life ever seemed to pass away more rapidly or

more pleasantly. We got to Harlaem by dinner-time, and to Amsterdam afterwards.

"God bless you, my dear child!

Your affectionate father,

R. S."

To the Rev. Robert Philip.

"Keswick, Aug. 15. 1825.

"My dear Sir,

"On returning home after an absence of several weeks, I found, and was pleased to find, your friendly letter and the books which accompanied it. For the one relating to South America, I must beg you to express my thanks where they are due. Having inquired so diligently into the history and condition of that wide country during many years, I am glad to possess any documents which may enable me to correct or otherwise improve the result of my researches. But it will not be my fortune to revise the work. Excepting Mrs. Baillie's little book concerning Lisbon, I have not reviewed a book of travels for many years.

"I thank you for your own volume. You have undertaken a labour of love where it was greatly needed, and you will have your reward. I cannot doubt but that some of the seed which you have sown will take root and bring forth fruit.

"No person can look with more eagerness than I do for your Life and Times of Whitefield, nor will any one who peruses it be better disposed to be

pleased with the perusal. The points on which I may expect you to differ from me are not unimportant ones, but they are less important than those on which I am sure that we agree. And my temper will always lead me to consider a fair and generous opponent almost as a friend.

"I am busied at present in demolishing the flimsy sophistries of Mr. Butler, treating him, however, with the courtesy which is due to a kind-hearted man and an old acquaintance. Milner will receive a different treatment. What think you of his saying Whitefield *believed* that the Angel Gabriel attended on his congregation, and quoted a story which I have told to prove it? He says also that I have avowed the Moravian doctrine of instantaneous conversion, and refers to a passage (vol. i. p. 159.) which exposes the fallacy of the reasoning by which Wesley was led to believe it. And of such direct and impudent falsehoods his strictures are full. I have, however, rather to enlarge my statements than to vindicate them, and the greater part of my book will be historical and biographical.

"Mrs. Southey joins with me in remembrance to Mrs. Philips, and desires me to say she has not forgotten the few but pleasant hours in which we enjoyed your conversation seven summers ago.

Yours with sincere esteem and regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Oct. 22. 1825.

"My dear H. T.,

"\. . . . . .

Canning came here from Lowther, and sat about half an hour with me. My acquaintance with him is of some five years' standing, and of course slight, as it is very rarely that circumstances bring me in his way. Had we been thrown together in early life,—that is, if I had been three years older, and had been sent to Eton instead of Westminster, — we might probably have become friends. 'Very ordinary intelligence' has never sufficed for me in the choice of my associates, unless there was extraordinary kindness of disposition, or strength of moral character to compensate for what was wanting. When these are found, I can do very well without great talents; but without them the greatest talents have no attractions for me. If Canning were my neighbour, we might easily become familiar, for we should find topics enough of common interest, and familiarity grows naturally out of an easy intercourse where that is the case. But I am very sure that his good opinion of me would not be increased by anything that he would see of me in general society.

"With regard to my writings, I am well aware that some of them are addressed to a comparatively small part of the public, out of which they will not be read. Probably not half-a-dozen even of those persons who are most attached to me, ever read all that I have published. But if immediate reputation were

my object, I know not how it could more surely be attained than by writing to such different classes as those among whom my different books find readers for the sake of the subject matter. The truth, however, is, that this never enters into my consideration. I take up a subject because it interests me. I treat it in the manner which seemeth best in my own eyes, and when it has been sent forth to take its chance, the only care which I have concerning it is to correct and improve it in case it should be reprinted.

"The Bishop of Chester has been here, and Mackintosh breakfasted with me and spent an evening also. He has been in Holland, but knows Bilderdijk only by name and by reputation.

"My books arrived about a month ago, and I have been in a high state of enjoyment ever since. But I have had another pleasure since their arrival, which is to learn that the second edition of Wadding's Annales Minorum, for want of which I was fain to purchase the first of Verbeyst, has been bought for me at Rome by Senhouse, this being seventeen volumes, the first only eight. To me who desire always the fullest materials for whatever I undertake, this is a great acquisition. My after-supper book at present is Erasmus's Letters, from which I know not whether I derive most pleasure or profit.

"The tendency of my ecclesiastical writings, whether controversial or historical, is not to disturb established delusions, but to defend established truths. It is not to any difference of religion that the better character of the lower orders in France must be

ascribed — the persons who are under forty years of age and above twenty, having grown up without any — but to the difference of national manners, amusements, &c., the way in which our manufactures are carried on, and the effect which, within the last thirty years, the poor laws have produced. So far, however, as religion comes into the account, it is in favour of the French for these reasons, that the lowest class have a religion there, which here very generally they have not (I speak of large towns and manufacturing districts where the neglected population have outgrown the churches); that a bad religion is better than none; and that the effects of the Roman Catholic system (as of Methodism), become more and more injurious as you trace them up from the lowest to the higher ranks. This I shall this minute note as a subject to be pursued in my Colloquies. . . . . .

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Dr. Gooch.

"Keswick, Dec. 18. 1825.

"My dear Gooch,

"I cannot refer you to any other account of the Sisters of Charity than is to be found in Helyot's Histoire des Ordres Monastiques, a very meagre but useful book; — compared to what a history ought to be, it is somewhat like what a skeleton is to the body. When I was first in the Low Countries I endeavoured

to collect what information I could concerning the Beguines, and got into their principal establishment at Ghent. Their history is curiously uncertain, which I found not only from themselves but from pursuing the subject in books; and as I have those books at hand, I can at any time tell you what is not known about them, for to that the information which they contain amounts. The Beguines are as much esteemed in the Low Countries as the Sœurs de la Charité in France, but I have incidentally learnt from books that scandal used to be busy with them. A profession of religion naturally affords cover for hypocrisy, and it is therefore to be expected that scandal should sometimes arise, and more frequently be imputed; but the general utility of the institution is unquestionable; and I do not know that there is anything to be set against it, for they are bound by no vows, nor to any of those observances which are at once absurd and onerous. I will have the notes which I made concerning them at Ghent transcribed for you. As your adventures were in Flanders, not in France, have you not mistaken the Beguines for the Sisters of Charity?

"It is not surprising that your letters in Blackwood should have produced so much impression. The subject comes home to everybody, and that Yarmouth story is one of the most touching incidents I ever remember to have heard. As an example to prove how much a principle of humanity is wanting, look by all means for an account of the Foundling Hospital at Dublin, where the most damnable inhumanity of its kind upon record was practised by the

nurses for a course of years. The mortality was monstrous. I think it appeared that these wretches who dealt in infant suffering used sometimes to murder the children by sitting upon them in the carts wherein they conveyed them from the hospital to the country.

"The change of ministry in the Quarterly Review is the only change of such a kind which could have affected me for evil and for good.

"As for my importance to the Review, it is very little. Just at this juncture I might do harm by withdrawing from it; but at any other time I should be as little missed as I shall be, except in my own family and in some half-a-dozen hearts besides, whenever death shakes hands with me. The world closes over one as easily as the waters. Not, however, that I shall sink to be forgotten.

"But as for present effect, the reputation of the Review is made, and papers of less pith and moment than mine would serve the bookseller's purpose quite as well, and amuse the great body of readers, who read only for amusement or for fashion, more.

"God bless you!

Yours affectionately,
R. SOUTHEY."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 31. 1825.

"My dear H. T.,

"I have pursued so little method in my own studies at any time of my life that I am in truth

very little qualified to direct others. Having been from youth, and even childhood, an omnivorous reader, I found myself when I commenced man with a larger stock of general information than young men usually possess, and the desultory reading in which I have always indulged (making it indeed my whole and sole recreation), has proved of the greatest use when I have been pursuing a particular subject through all its ramifications.

"With regard to metaphysics I know nothing, and therefore can say nothing. Coleridge I am sure knows all that can be known concerning them; and if your friend can get at the kernel of his 'Friend' and his 'Aids to Reflection,' he may crack peach-stones without any fear of breaking his teeth. For logic — that may be considered indispensable, but how far that natural logic which belongs to good sense is assisted or impeded by the technicalities of the schools, others are better able to determine than I am, for I learnt very little, and nothing which I ever learnt stuck by me unless I liked it.

"The rules for composition appear to me very simple; inasmuch as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault, and the proof of this is the easiness with which it is imitated, or, in other words, caught. You forgive it in the original for its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power. Sallust and Tacitus are examples among the Latins, Sir T. Brown, Gibbon, and Johnson among our own authors; but look at the imitations of Gibbon and Johnson! My advice to a young writer is, that he should weigh well what he says, and not be anxious

concerning *how* he says it: that his first object should be to express his meaning as perspicuously, his second as briefly as he can, and in this everything is included.

"One of our exercises at Westminster was to abridge the book which we were reading. I believe that this was singularly useful to me. The difficulties in narration are to select and to arrange. The first must depend upon your judgment. For the second, my way is, when the matter does not dispose itself to my liking, and I cannot readily see how to connect one part with another naturally, or make an easy transition, to lay it aside. What I should bungle at now may be hit off to-morrow; so when I come to a stop in one work I lay it down and take up another.

"For a statesman the first thing requisite is to be well-read in history. Our politicians are continually striking upon rocks and shallows, which are all laid down in the chart. As this is the most important and most interesting branch of knowledge, so also is it one to which there is no end. The more you read the more you desire to read, and the more you find there is to be read. And yet I would say this to encourage the student, not to dismay him, for there is no pleasure like this perpetual acquisition and perpetual pursuit. For an Englishman there is no single historical work with which it can be so necessary for him to be well and thoroughly acquainted as with Clarendon. I feel at this time perfectly assured that if that book had been put into my hands in youth it would have preserved me from all the political errors which I have outgrown. It may be

taken for granted that —— knows this book well. The more he reads concerning the history of those times the more highly he will appreciate the wisdom and the integrity of Clarendon. For general histories of England, Hume's is not ranked higher than it deserves for its manner, and the perpetual presence of a clear intellect. Henry may be classed with Rapin as laborious and heavy. I have never had an opportunity of reading Carte, in whom I believe there is much good matter. For matter and research Turner's is very much the best, as far as it goes. But were your friend, as an exercise in composition, to undertake the history of a single reign, it would surprise him to find into how wide a field of reading he would be led, and how much he would discover that has been overlooked.

"The advice I would give any one who is disposed really to read for the sake of knowledge, is, that he should have two or three books in course of reading at the same time. He will read a great deal more in that time and with much greater profit. All travels are worth reading, as subsidiary to reading, and in fact essential parts of it: old or new, it matters not — something is to be learnt from all. And the custom of making brief notes of reference to everything of interest or importance would be exceeding useful.

"Enough of this. Do you know who wrote that paper in Blackwood which you sent me? for I should like to know. Whoever the author be, I very much agree with him. But when you say that conciliation and comprehension should be the policy of the Church, I agree only as to the latter. Compre-

hension is the principle upon which the Articles were framed, but for conciliating enemies, Heaven bless those who attempt it! There are two things which may endanger the Church. The Catholic Question is one, scandalous promotions are the other. Its safety just now consists in public opinion acting upon the Government in both cases, and in some degree controlling it. The bigotry which is in the Church is hurtful enough, but not so hurtful as the promotion of unworthy men who take the bigoted party just as they would take the strongest side in case of danger.

. . . . . .

"A humorous French criticism upon the Tale of Paraguay has found its way into the Westmoreland Gazette, that I have shown off my professional knowledge too much in dwelling upon vaccination and the cow-pox. This I get by my doctorship.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Feb. 18. 1826.

"My dear Grosvenor,

. . . . . .

"You cannot hold the Bullion Question in greater abhorrence than I do. It is the worst plague that ever came out of Pandora's Scotch mull. I cannot but think that Government is altogether wrong in abolishing small notes; they should allow of none

which have not the stamp of national credit, but without small bills there will be a want of sufficient currency. And as for forgery, Heaven help the wits of those who do not perceive that for one who can forge there will be twenty who can coin. Peel has never recovered the credit with me which he lost by becoming a bullionist; and Ricardo's opinion I hold in so little respect, that I am glad he has not an English name.

"Do you remember my buying a Dutch grammar in the 'cool May' of 1799, and how we were amused at Brixton with the Dutch grammarian who pitied himself, and loved his good and rich brother? That grammar is in use now; and Cuthbert and I have begun upon Jacob Cats; who in spite of his name, and of the ill-looking and not-much-better-sounding language in which he wrote, I verily believe to have been the most useful poet that any country ever produced. In Bilderdijk's youth, Jacob Cats was to be found in every respectable house throughout Holland, lying beside the hall Bible. One of his longer poems, which describes the course of female life, and female duties, from childhood to the grave, was in such estimation, that an ornamented edition of it was printed solely for bridal presents. He is, in the best sense of the word, a domestic poet; intelligible to the humblest of his readers, while the dexterity and felicity of his diction make him the admiration of those who are best able to appreciate the merits of his style. And for useful practical morals, maxims for every-day life, lessons that find their way through the understanding to the heart, and fix themselves

there, I know of no poet who can be compared to him. Mi *Cats* inter omnes. Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii!

"I believe you know (which is not yet to be made known) that I have engaged to continue Warton's History of English Poetry, and bring it down to the close of the last century; that is, I mean to conclude with Hayley, Cowper, and Darwin, and stop just where my own time begins. It is to be in three or four octavo volumes, as the subject may require, for which I am to have 500*l.* each, paid as each is finished. What leads me to speak of this is, that you may understand how I am led from history and polemics to the humaner study of Jacob Cats. My plan, like Warton's, includes and requires excursive views of the literature of other countries. How far these commercial storms may extend, there is no foreseeing; but as I am not to begin printing before the beginning of next year, it is likely that things will go on smoothly again by that time.

. . . . . .

"God bless you!

R. S."

To the Lord Bishop of Limerick (Dr. Jebb).

"Keswick, April 17. 1826.

"My Lord,

"I will be at your door at ten o'clock on Saturday the 20th of May, unless any mishap should prevent me.

"It was not without some degree of shame that I received your kind letter; the shame which arises from a consciousness of having omitted what ought to have been done. For I have often thought of writing to you, and intended to write; and as often some avocation has made me postpone it till that more convenient season, which never arrives for one who is always employed, and but too frequently interrupted.

"My last year's journey proved an eventful one, both for evil and good. I travelled in the hope of cutting short an annual catarrh, which is of such a nature that, unless the habit of its recurrence can be overcome, its work must, in a very few visits more, be completed. The experiment succeeded perfectly, and so far all was well. I sent home, also, a goodly consignment of folios, and of smaller fry, from Brussels, and from Leyden; heavy artillery, to be mounted in my batteries against Babylon. But my ill fortune began at Douay, whither I went on my outward journey, partly for the sake of taking a line which I had not travelled before; chiefly because I had an ancestor buried there, the first Sir Herbert Croft, who turned Romanist in the reign of James I., and died there among the Benedictines. Happily for me, his son returned to the faith in which he had been born: I wished to see his grave; but when I came to the Benedictine church, I was in the same case as Yorick, when he looked for the tombs of Amandus and Amanda. The church had been gutted, the monuments destroyed, in the Revolution; and the crypt, wherein he was buried, was filled with

rubbish. However, I saw the shell of the building; and I saw also the outside of that college where so many treasons had been plotted, and so much mischief for these kingdoms hatched. But at Douay, or at Bouchain, I was bitten on the foot by the vilest of all insects; an accidental hurt, which was but just healed, had disposed the part for inflammation. The weather was intensely hot; by the time I reached Antwerp, I was unable to put that foot to the ground; and having proceeded to Leyden, whither, happily, I had a strong motive for proceeding, I was told that had the inflammation continued to proceed for another day, the limb would have been in danger. So there I lay nearly three weeks, under a surgeon's hands. Such, however, was my good fortune, that I never passed three weeks more happily. Bilderdijk, whose wife translated Roderick into Dutch verse, and who is himself, take him for all in all, the most extraordinary and admirable person whom I have ever known, took me into his house. Here I was nursed, as if I had been their brother; and thither, as they cannot come and visit me, I am going to see them once more; were Leyden ten times as distant as it is, I would take the journey, for the pleasure which I shall give and receive. I knew him only by letter, till I was cast upon their compassion. But Bilderdijk is one of those men whose openness of heart you perceive at first sight; and when I came to know them both, if I had sought the world over, it would not have been possible for me to have found two persons with whom I should have felt myself more entirely in unison;

except, indeed, that my host stands up, like a true Hollander of the old stamp, for the Synod of Dort.

"He is above seventy years of age, and considering what he has gone through in mind and body, it is marvellous that he is alive. From infancy he has been an invalid; and in childhood was saved, after his case was pronounced hopeless, by a desperate experiment of his own father's, — to change the whole mass of his blood by frequent bleeding. But in consequence, his system acquired such a habit of making blood, that periodical bleeding has been necessary from that time; and now, in his old age, after every endeavour to prolong the intervals, he is bled every six weeks. His pulse is always that of a feverish man. He has never slept more than four hours in the four-and-twenty, and wakes always unrefreshed, and in a state of discomfort, as if sleep exhausted him more than the perpetual intellectual labour in which he is engaged. None of his countrymen have written so much, or so variously, or so well; this is admitted by his enemies; and he has for his enemies the whole body of Liberals and time-servers. His fortune was completely wrecked in the Revolution; and having been the most confidential and truest friend of the Stadtholder, he has received the usual reward of fidelity after a Restoration. The House of Orange, like other restored families, has thought it politic to show favour to their enemies, and neglect their friends. A small pension of about 140*l.* is all that he has; and a professorship, which the King had promised, is withheld, lest the Liberals should be offended.

"His life has been attempted in popular commotions; he has almost wanted bread for his family in exile, having had eight children by a first wife, seven by the present! one boy of twelve years old is the only one left, whose disposition is everything that can be desired, but his constitution so feeble, that it is impossible to look at him without fear. The mother is four-and-twenty years younger than her husband, and in every respect worthy of him; I have never seen a woman who was more to be admired and esteemed for everything womanly; no strangers would suppose that so unassuming a person was in high repute as a poetess. Bilderdijk's intellectual rank is at once indicated by his countenance; but he is equally high-minded and humble, in the best sense of those epithets; and both are so suited to each other, so resigned to their fortunes, so deeply and quietly religious, and therefore so contented, so thankful, and so happy, that it must be my own fault if I am not the better for having known them.

"This theme has made me loquacious. You see that if I suffered for visiting Holland instead of Ireland, the evil was amply overpaid. For your renewed invitation I cannot thank you as I ought, nor say more at present than that in all likelihood I shall be most happy to accept it. We shall see what twelve months will bring forth.

"Farewell, my Lord, till May 20. I beg my kind regards to Mr. Forster, and remain,

With sincere respect and esteem,

Your Lordship's obliged and faithful servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Keswick, April 26. 1826.

"My dear R.,

". . . . . I can have no opinion about the Corn Laws, having no concern in them, which might make me overcome an habitual or natural inaptitude for such complicated questions. But with regard to the general question of Free Trade, I incline to think that the old principle, upon which companies of the various trades were formed for the purpose of not allowing more craftsmen or traders of one calling in one place than the business would support, was founded in good common sense. And as a corollary, that if some more effectual step is not put to the erection of new cotton mills, &c., than individual prudence is ever likely to afford, at some time or other the steam-engine will blow up this whole fabric of society. Three years ago I was assured that at the rate of increase then going on in Manchester, that place would, in ten years, double its manufacturing population. When we hear of the prosperity of those districts, it means that they are manufacturing more goods than the world can afford a market for, and the ebb is then as certain as the flow; and in some neap tide, Radicalism, Rebellion, and Ruin will rush in through the breach which hunger has made.

"You have had more than your share of this world's business. I doubt whether any other man who has worked so hardly has worked so continuously and so long. Our occupations withdraw us all

too much from nearer and more lasting concerns. Time and nature, especially when aided by any sorrows, prepare us for better influences; and when we feel what is wanting, we seek and find it. The clouds then disperse, and the evening is calm and clear, even till night closes.

"Long and intimate conversance with Romish and sectarian history, with all the varieties of hypocritical villany and religious madness, has given me the fullest conviction of the certainty and importance of these truths, from the perversion and distortion of which these evils and abuses have grown. There is not a spark of fanaticism left in my composition: whatever there was of it in youth, spent itself harmlessly in political romance. I am more in danger, therefore, of having too little of theopathy than too much,—of having my religious faith more in the understanding than in the heart. In the understanding I am sure it is; I hope it is in both. This good in myself my ecclesiastical pursuits have certainly effected. And if I live to finish the whole of my plans, I shall do better service to the Church of England than I could ever have done as one of its ministers, had I kept to the course which it was intended that I should pursue. There is some satisfaction in thinking thus. God bless you!

R. S."

In the following month of June, my father, in company with Mr. H. Taylor and Mr. Rickman, made a short tour in Holland, and again visited the Bilderdijks in Leyden. This was a rapid journey,

and his letters during the course of it do not possess sufficient novelty to interest the reader. His return home was a mournful one: he found his youngest daughter, Isabel, laid on a bed of sickness, from which she never rose.

Well do I, though but a child, remember that return, as we hastened to meet him, and changed, by our sorrowful tidings, his cheerful smile and glad welcome to tears and sadness. It was the first time I had seen sorrow enter that happy home; and those days of alternate hope and fear, and how he paced the garden in uncontrollable anguish, and gathered us around him to prayer when all was over, are vividly impressed on my mind.

This, too, was the "beginning of troubles;" and from this shock my mother's spirits, weakened by former trials, and always harassed by the necessary anxieties of an uncertain income, never wholly recovered.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Sunday night, July 16. 1826.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"I have lost my sweet Isabel. There was hope of her recovery till yesterday evening, when my misgivings were dreadfully confirmed by symptoms which I knew too well. This evening she departed in a swoon, without a struggle, as if falling asleep.

"Under this heavy affliction we have the support of religion, — the sure and only source of comfort.

I am perfectly tranquil and master of myself, suffering most for what my wife suffers, who yet exerts herself with Christian fortitude. But the body cannot be controlled like the mind, and I fear I shall long feel the effects of an anxiety which has shaken every fibre. Were it not for the sake of my family, how gladly would I also depart, and be at rest.

" God bless you, my dear Grosvenor!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"July 19. 1826.

" My dear Grosvenor,

" Τετελεσται. I have seen the mortal remains of my sweet Isabel committed earth to earth. And what I must now do is, to find occupation in the business of this world, and comfort in the thought of the next. The loss which I suffered ten years ago was greater; the privation, perhaps, not so great; and there were not so many to partake and augment the sorrow.

" It would be acting a friend's part, Grosvenor, if you would come to me a few weeks hence. My mind will soon regain its wonted composure, and keep to itself all thoughts which would awaken the grief of others. But I should be truly glad to have you here, and the house would be the better for the presence of an old friend. My poor wife would recover the sooner if some such turn were given to her thoughts, and we might enjoy each other's com-

pany; for I should enjoy it at leisure, which it is impossible that we should ever do in London. Indeed, I know not when I shall have heart enough to leave home again for a long absence.

"I wish to show you some things, and to talk with you about others; one business in particular, which is the disposal of my papers whenever I shall be gathered to my fathers and to my children. That good office would naturally be yours, should you be the survivor, if the business of the Exchequer did not press upon you, like the world upon poor Atlas's shoulders. I know not now upon whom to turn my eyes for it, unless it be Henry Taylor. Two long journies with me have made him well acquainted with my temper and every-day state of mind. He has shown himself very much attached to me, and would neither want will nor ability for what will not be a difficult task, inasmuch as that which is of most importance, and would require most care, will (if my life be spared but for a year or two) be executed by my own hand. You do not know, I believe, that I have made some progress in writing my own life and recollections upon a large scale. This will be of such certain value as a post obit, that I shall make it a part of my regular business (being, indeed, a main duty) to complete it. What is written is one of the things which I am desirous of showing you. If you ever look over my letters, I wish you would mark such passages as might not be improper for publication at the time which I am looking forward to. You, and you alone, have a regular series which has never been intermitted. From occasional cor-

respondents plenty of others, which, being less confidential, are less careless, will turn up. I will leave a list of those persons from whom such letters may be obtained, as may probably be of avail.

"I am not weary of the world, nor is the world weary of me; but it is fitting that I should prepare, in temporal matters, for the separation which must take place between us, in the course of years, at no very distant time, and which may occur at any hour.

"Our love to Miss Page. She will feel for us the more, because she knows what we have lost.

"God bless you, my dear Grosvenor!

R. S."

I cannot better conclude this chapter than with the following beautiful letter: —

To Edith May, Bertha, and Katherine Southey.

"July 19. 1826.

"My dear Daughters,

"I write rather than speak to you on this occasion, because I can better bear to do it, and because what is written will remain, and may serve hereafter for consolation and admonishment, of which the happiest and best of us stand but too often in need.

"If anything could at this time increase my sorrow, for the death of one who was the pride of my eyes and the joy of my heart, it would be that there are so many who have their full share in it. When

your dear mother and I were last visited with a like affliction, you were too young to comprehend its nature. You feel and understand it now; but you are also capable of profiting by it; and laying to your hearts the parental exhortations which I address to you, while they are wounded and open.

"This is but the first trial of many such which are in store for you. Who may be summoned next is known only to the All-wise Disposer of all things. Some of you must have to mourn for others; some one for all the rest. It may be the will of God that I should follow more of my children to the grave; or in the ordinary course of nature and happiest issue, they may see their parents depart. Did we consider these things wisely, we should perceive how little it imports who may go first, who last; of how little consequence sooner or later is, in what must be. We must all depart when our time comes,—all to be re-united in a better state of existence, where we shall part no more.

"Our business here is to fit ourselves for that state,—not by depreciating or renouncing those pleasures which may innocently and properly be enjoyed, but by correcting the faults to which we are prone, cultivating our better dispositions, doing the will of God by doing all we can for the good of others, and fixing our dearest hopes on Heaven, which is our resting-place, and our everlasting home.

"My children, you have all brought into the world good dispositions: I bless God for it, more than for all the other blessings which he has vouchsafed me. But the best dispositions require self-

watchfulness, as there is no garden but what produces weeds. Blessed be God, I have never seen in either of you any one symptom of an evil nature. Against great sins there is no occasion to warn you; but it is by guarding against little ones that we acquire a holy habit of mind, which is the sure foundation of happiness here and hereafter.

"You know how I loved your dear sister, my sweet Isabel, who is now gathered to that part of my family and household (a large one now!) which is in Heaven. I can truly say that my desire has ever been to make your childhood happy, as I would fain make your youth, and pray that God would make the remainder of your days. And for the dear child who is departed, God knows that I never heard her name mentioned, nor spoke, nor thought of her, without affection and delight. Yet this day, when I am about to see her mortal remains committed earth to earth, it is a grief for me to think that I should ever, by a harsh or hasty word, have given her even a momentary sorrow which might have been spared.

"Check in yourselves then, I beseech you, the first impulses of impatience, peevishness, ill-humour, anger, and resentment. I do not charge you with being prone to these sins,—far from it,—but there is proneness enough to them in human nature. They are easily subdued in their beginnings; if they are yielded to they gather strength and virulence, and lead to certain unhappiness in all the relations of life. A meek, submissive, obliging disposition is worth all other qualities. I beseech you, therefore, to bear and forbear, carefully to guard against giving

offence, and more carefully (for this is the more needful admonition) to guard against taking it. A soft answer turneth away wrath. There is no shield against wrongs so effectual as an unresisting temper. You will soon find the reward of any conquest which you shall thus obtain over yourselves: the satisfaction is immediate; and the habit of equanimity which is thus easily acquired, will heighten all your enjoyments here, as well as enable you the better to support those afflictions which are inseparable from humanity.

"Your sister is departed in her innocence: 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' For you, if your lives are prolonged, there will be duties and trials in store, for which you must prepare by self-government, and for which God will prepare you if you steadfastly trust in his promises, and pray for that grace which is never withheld from humble and assiduous prayer.

"My children, God alone knows how long I may be spared to you. I am more solicitous to provide for your peace of mind, and for your everlasting interest, than for your worldly fortunes. As I have acted for myself in that respect, so do I feel for you. The longer I may live, the more in all likelihood will be the provision which may be made for you; large it can never be, though whenever the hour comes, there will be enough, with prudence and good conduct, for respectability and comfort. But were it less, my heart would be at rest concerning you while I felt and believed that you were imbued with those principles, and had carefully cultivated in yourselves

those dispositions which will make you heritors of eternal life.

"I copy this letter for each of you with my own hand. It will be read with grief now. But there will come a time when you may think of it with a solemn rather than melancholy pleasure, and feel grateful for this proof of love. Take it, then, with the blessing of

Your afflicted and affectionate Father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

CHAPTER XXX

HE IS RETURNED TO PARLIAMENT FOR THE BOROUGH OF DOWNTON. — DECLINES TO TAKE HIS SEAT. — GROWTH OF HIS OPINIONS. — HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY. — EMIGRATION. — THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER A USEFUL OCCUPATION TO HIM. — SHARON TURNER'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. — AMBITION. — FRUITLESS EFFORTS TO INDUCE HIM TO SIT IN PARLIAMENT. — REASONS FOR DECLINING TO DO SO. — FORTUNATE COURSE OF LIFE. — DIFFERENT MODES OF PREACHING NECESSARY TO DIFFERENT CONGREGATIONS. — HE IS WISHED TO UNDERTAKE THE EDITORSHIP OF THE GARRICK PAPERS. — ILLNESS OF MR. BILDERDIJK. — DEATH OF BARD WILLIAMS. — A QUAKER ALBUM. — DOMESTIC AFFLICTIONS. — STATE OF HOLLAND. — DEATH OF LORD LIVERPOOL. — DISLIKE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. — FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW. — STATE OF THE SCOTCH KIRK. — POLITICS, HOME AND FOREIGN. — RELATIVE HAPPINESS OF NATIONS. — DECREASING SALE OF HIS WORKS. — NATIONAL EDUCATION. — 1826—1827.

DURING my father's absence in Holland, one of the most curious of the many odd circumstances of his life occurred to him, and one which proved that notwithstanding the amount of obloquy, misrepresentation, and enmity his writings had stirred up against him, there were not wanting striking instances of their producing the effect he so earnestly desired.

While passing through Brussels, to his great astonishment, a report reached him that he was elected a Member of Parliament, no intimation of

the likelihood of such an honour being thrust upon him having previously reached him.

On his arriving in London, he found the following letter awaiting his return: —

"July 10. 1826.

"A zealous admirer of the British Constitution in Church and State, being generally pleased with Mr. Southey's 'Book of the Church,' and professing himself quite delighted with the summary * on the last page of that work, and entertaining no doubt that the writer of that page really felt what he wrote, and, consequently, would be ready, if he had an opportunity, to support the sentiments there set forth, has therefore been anxious that Mr. Southey should have a seat in the ensuing Parliament; and having a little interest, has so managed that he is at this moment in possession of that seat under this single injunction: —

"Ut sustineat firmiter, strenue et continuo, quæ ipse bene docuit esse sustinenda."

* The following is the concluding passage in the Book of the Church here referred to: — "From the time of the Revolution the Church of England has partaken of the stability and security of the State. Here, therefore, I terminate this compendious, but faithful, view of its rise, progress, and political struggles. It has rescued us, first, from heathenism, then from papal idolatry and superstition; it has saved us from temporal as well as spiritual despotism. We owe to it our moral and intellectual character as a nation; much of our private happiness, much of our public strength. Whatever should weaken it, would, in the same degree, injure the common weal; whatever should overthrow it, would, in sure and immediate consequence, bring down the goodly fabric of that constitution, whereof it is a constituent and necessary part. If the friends of the constitution understand this as clearly as its enemies, and act upon it as consistently and as actively, then will the Church and State be safe, and with them the liberty and prosperity of our country."

This was without signature, but the handwriting was recognised as that of Lord Radnor, to whom my father was personally an entire stranger.

His answer, addressed to a mutual friend, was in the following terms: —

To Richard White, Esq.

"1. Harley Street, July 1. 1826.

"My dear Sir,

"I heard accidentally at Brussels that I had been returned for the borough of Downton, and on my arrival here, on Wednesday last, I found a letter, announcing, in the most gratifying and honourable manner, that this distinction had been conferred upon me, through the influence of the writer, whose name had not been affixed; had that however been doubtful, the writing was recognised by my old and intimate friend Mr. John May.

"Our first impulses in matters which involve any question of moral importance, are, I believe, usually right. Three days allowed for mature consideration, have confirmed me in mine. A seat in Parliament is neither consistent with my circumstances, inclinations, habits, or pursuits in life. The return is null, because I hold a pension of 200*l.* a-year during pleasure. And if there were not this obstacle, there would be the want of a qualification. That pension is my only certain income; and the words of the oath (which I have looked at) are too unequivocal

for me to take them upon such grounds as are sometimes supplied for such occasions.

"For these reasons, which are and must be conclusive, the course is plain. When Parliament meets a new writ must be moved for, the election as relating to myself being null. I must otherwise have applied for the Chiltern Hundreds.

"It is, however, no inconsiderable honour to have been so distinguished. This I shall always feel; and if I do not express immediately to your friend my sense of the obligation he has conferred upon me, it is not from any want of thankfulness, but from a doubt how far it might be proper to reply to an unsigned communication. May I therefore request that you will express this thankfulness for me, and say at the same time, that I trust, in my own station, and in the quiet pursuance of my own scheme of life, by God's blessing, to render better service to those institutions, the welfare of which I have at my heart, than it would be possible for me to do in a public assembly.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours with sincere regard,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Dr. Southey.

"Keswick, July 20. 1826.

"My dear Harry,

"I am now endeavouring to turn to my employment, as the rest of my sad household must do. The girls as well as their mother are sorely shaken, and sometimes I think ominously of the old proverb, which says, welcome evil if thou comest alone!

"With regard to the mode of getting out of Parliament, I am very willing that others should decide for me, in the total indifference with which I regard the question. Being aware of the nullity of the return, I abstain from franking *, and this is all that it concerns me to do. As for the impediment arising from the pension, nothing could have been easier than to have removed it, by having the pension made for life instead of during pleasure, or transferred to my wife. Herries could have done this, or you could have had it done, for it was in fact asking nothing but the alteration of a few words; with regard to the qualification, no one could have censured me if I had gone into Parliament, and as so many others do, with one prepared for the nonce. I am so sure that my life will be seen in its proper light, when it is at an end, that misrepresentations, however malicious, serve only to make me smile; and I am amused at thinking that many persons will be as

* This resolution he steadily persevered in, notwithstanding the entreaties of his family for "one frank" in memory of his temporary M.P.-ship, and the persecution of autograph collectors.

much surprised at discovering what manner of man Southey really was, as all the world was when Madame d'Eon was found to be of the masculine gender.

"This odd affair, however, will be of some use; it keeps my name fresh before the public, and in a way too which raises it in vulgar estimation. Had I arrived here in a chaise instead of coming in the mail, the people would have drawn me home in triumph; and there was a consultation about chairing me, which ended in the true conclusion that, perhaps, I should not like it. The General* had these honours (except the chairing) yesterday afternoon. They drew him from the turnpike to his own landing-place, and he made a speech from the boat. How he must have enjoyed this, and how we should have enjoyed it, if that very hour had not been one of the bitterest of our lives. God bless you!

Your affectionate brother,

R. SOUTHEY."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Aug. 31. 1826.

"My dear Henry Taylor,

"I have read your long letter with much interest. The question of political economy may stand over till I find a proper place for touching upon it. Concerning the Irish question you quote the Edinburgh

* General Peachey, then newly elected M.P. for Taunton.

Register; the question is pursued in the fourth volume of that work. There is just now a much more urgent question relating to Ireland. I know not how man and beast are to be saved from perishing there by famine without parliamentary assistance, promptly and efficiently administered. The pasturage is wholly destroyed by drought, the potatoes nearly so. As late as last week they had had no rain.

"Political questions will never excite any difference of feeling between us in the slightest degree. I have lived all my life in the nearest and dearest intimacy with persons who were most opposed to me in such things: whether you or I be right is of no consequence to our happiness, present or future, and of very little as to our usefulness in society. The other point whereon you touch is of more importance.

"The growth and progress of my own opinions I can distinctly trace, for I have been watchfully a self-observer. What was hastily taken up in youth was gradually and slowly modified, and I have a clear remembrance of the how, and why, and when of any material change. This you will find (I trust) in the Autobiography which I shall leave, and in which some considerable progress is made, though it has not reached this point. It will be left, whether complete or not (for there is the chance of mortality for this) in a state for the press, so that you will have no trouble with it. There will be some in collecting my stray letters, and selecting such, in whole or in part, as may not unfitly be published, less for the sake of gratifying public curiosity, than of bringing money to my family.

"One thing more will remain, which is to edit my poems from the corrected copies which are in my possession. Some pieces there will be to add, and some fragments, if I do not finish what is begun. The rise and growth of all my long poems may be shown (if it be thought worth while) from the memoranda made during their progress. To those who take an interest in such things, these will be curious, as showing how the stories developed themselves, what incidents were conceived and rejected, and how the plans were altered as the composition advanced. But for this how much, or how little, or if any, will be matter of discretion, to be decided as time and circumstances may serve.

"I spoke to Lockhart about the Georgics, and he was very glad to hear of your father for the subject, and of the subject for your father. God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

R. S."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Oct. 11. 182€.

"My dear H. T.,

"Thank you for the New Zealander's portrait. It may lead one to speculate whether a well tattooed face remains capable of any other individual expression than what the eye gives. In a portrait it appears that eyes, nose, and mouth go for nothing.

"You seem right in thinking that Upper Canada is the country to which Government should direct

such emigrants as may be at its disposal. But when the full necessity of widely colonising shall be generally perceived and felt, I hope something like a spirit of enterprise may be excited in adventurers of the middle and higher ranks, and that men may be found who will be ambitious of founding a settlement and a family in a new world. New Holland is the country for them. I doubt whether all history can supply such another instance of stupid misgovernment as has been exhibited in stocking that country with *male* convicts, without any reference to the proportion of the sexes. You ought with all speed to ship off 'in good condition' as many female volunteers as the Magdalen, the hospitals, and the streets can supply.

"But I want to hear of colonists of a better stamp than those who are sent abroad by law or driven thither by necessity; and such I think may be found. It is a matter of necessity to provide an outlet for our overgrown population, who will otherwise soon become the wild beasts of society; but it is a matter of prospective policy, not less important in its consequences, to provide also for the overflow of the educated classes.

"I was at Lowther for three days last week, and met Lord Beresford there. The priests in Ireland, he says, are loaded and primed, and have their fingers upon the trigger. God bless you!

R. S."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Nov. 13. 1826.

"My dear H. T.,

"You are right in supposing that I should have made a bad statesman*, and you may add to it that for no one line of life should I have been well qualified, except for the clerical profession. But had I been placed in political life I might very probably have erred more from want of decision than from deciding too rapidly.

"The Benedictine Order was established long before the twelfth century,—early in the sixth,—and swallows up all other rules in the Western world. It was in the twelfth that the two great Mendicant orders (the Franciscan and Dominican) were established. By help of those orders, and of that said Wadding whereon you pun, I shall make a *ramp*

* "I have thought, as I read the Edinburgh Annual Register, how apt you were to state a strong reason as a conclusive one. To every extensive measure weighty objections exist, whatever reasons there may be to overrule them. Had you been a statesman instead of an author, the habits of your mind would have been more scrutinising as to the merits, more inquisitive as to the defects of what, upon the whole, you should see cause to approve. If not, you would have been very far from what is called, in official phrase, 'a safe man.'" — *H. T. to R. S., Nov.* 10. 1826.

I may quote here, as applicable to these remarks, a passage from a letter of my father's written some years later:—"What —— —— complains of in Sadler's speeches and in his book, is exactly what you have complained of in certain of my compositions; that confidence which a man feels whose opinions are established upon his religious belief, and who looks to the moral consequences in everything, and will no more admit of any measures which oppose that belief, or lead to consequences injurious to it, than a mathematician will listen to anything that contradicts an axiom, or a logician to a train of reasoning which starts from a false postulate." — *R. S. to H. T., April* 8. 1829.

among the Roman Catholics. Do but imagine how Butler and Bishop Bramston (who is an old acquaintance of mine) will look when I set Sister Providence upon her head before them!

"The Register was perhaps the most successful occupation for myself in which I was ever engaged. It led me to look into the grounds of my own opinions — to modify some, to change others, and to confirm other some. If you remember it, when you are reading the Peninsular War, you will perceive that imperfect information had led me sometimes wrong, and that sometimes I had erred in forming my own opinion. But on the whole it is very satisfactory to find how much more frequently I was right in combining facts and forming conclusions. Do you know that the Whigs held a Council of War, and resolved to have me brought as a culprit before the House of Commons for certain remarks in that Register upon some of their worshipful body; but their decision was reversed upon an appeal, I suppose, from Whig drunk to Whig sober. It was a great pity, for I should have had good advisers and good friends, have made my own cause good, and have punished them to my heart's content.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Sharon Turner, Esq.

"Keswick, Nov. 12. 1826.

"My dear Turner,

"Thank you for your new History, which I have read with great attention, great pleasure, and great advantage. It places Wolsey in a worse light than that in which Cavendish had led me to view him; but Cavendish saw only the better parts of his character, and was necessarily ignorant of the crooked policy which you have exposed. I am pleased to see how nearly your estimate of Harry's character accords with mine; and not less pleased to think that my inquiries should have in some degree stimulated you to undertake and accomplish so great an undertaking as this volume. I could wish that the style had in some places been less ambitious.

"On Wednesday next I shall write to the Speaker, and lay down my M.P.-ship. No temptation that could have been offered would have induced me to sacrifice the leisure and tranquillity of a studious and private life. Free from ambition I cannot pretend to be, but what ambition I have is not of an ordinary kind: rank, and power, and office I would decline without a moment's hesitation, were they proffered for my acceptance; and for riches, if I ever perceive the shadow of a wish for them, it is not for their own sake, but as they would facilitate my pursuits, and render locomotion less inconvenient. The world, thank God, has little hold on me. I would fain persuade myself that even the desire of posthumous

fame is now only the hope of instilling sound opinions into others, and scattering the seeds of good. All else I have outlived. I have suffered severely since we parted. Little, indeed, when I breakfasted with you last did I apprehend the affliction which was impending over me, and which had even then begun its course. But the will of God be done! My bodily health has not recovered the shock, nor will it speedily, I fear. I am, however, now in full activity of mind, and feel the perfect leisure which winter brings with it in this place as a relief and comfort.

. . . . . .

"I hope and trust you will find courage and health to go on till the end of Elizabeth's reign, — a reign in which I am sure you will make great discoveries. Remember me most kindly to your family, and believe me always,

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

The two following letters contain the sequel of my father's strange adventure respecting the representation of the borough of Downton: the second was apparently not written till some time after the circumstances to which it relates, but it will most appropriately be inserted here.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Friday, Dec. 8. 1826.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"Hear the second part of the history of my parliamentary affairs: —

"On Wednesday, I received a note from Harry, saying that a plan had been formed for purchasing a qualification for me; that Sir Robert Inglis had just communicated this to him, and was then gone to Lord R. to ask him to keep the borough open: that he (Harry) doubted whether a sufficient subscription could be raised, but supposed that under these circumstances I should not refuse the seat; and desired my answer by return of post, that he might be authorised to say I would sit in Parliament if they gave me an estate of 300*l.* a-year!

"I rubbed my eyes to ascertain that I was awake, and that this was no dream. I heard Cuthbert his Greek lesson, and read his Dutch one with him. I corrected a proof sheet. And then, the matter having had time to digest, I wrote in reply, as follows: —

"My dear H.,

"An estate of 300*l.* a-year would be a very agreeable thing for me, Robert Lackland, and I would willingly change that name for it: the convenience, however, of having an estate is not the question which I am called upon to determine. It is (supposing the arrangement possible, — which I greatly

doubt), whether I will enter into public life at an age when a wise man would begin to think of retiring from it: whether I will place myself in a situation for which neither my habits, nor talents, nor disposition are suited; and in which I feel and know it to be impossible that I should fulfil the expectations of those who would raise the subscription. Others ought to believe me, and you will, when I declare that in any public assembly I should have no confidence in myself, no promptitude, none of that presence of mind, without which no man can produce any effect there. This ought to be believed, because I have them all when acting in my proper station, and in my own way, and therefore cannot be supposed to speak from timidity, nor with any affectation of humility. Sir Robert Inglis and his friends have the Protestant cause at heart, and imagine that I could serve it in Parliament. I have it at heart also; deeply at heart; and will serve it to the utmost of my power, 'so help me God!' But it is not by speaking in public that I can serve it. It is by bringing forth the knowledge which so large a part of my life has been passed in acquiring; by exposing the real character and history of the Romish Church, systematically and irrefragably (which I can and will do) in books which will be read now and hereafter; which must make a part, hereafter, of every historical library; and which will live and act when I am gone. If I felt that I could make an impression in Parliament, even then I would not give up future utility for present effect. I have too little ambition of one kind, and too much of another to

make the sacrifice. But I could make no impression there. I should only disappoint those who had contributed to place me there; and in this point of view it is a matter of prudence, as well as in all others, of duty, to hold my first resolution, and remain contentedly in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call me. If a seat in Parliament were made compatible with my circumstances, it would not be so with my inclinations, habits, and pursuits; and therefore I must remain Robert Lackland.

"You will not suppose that I despise 300*l.* a-year, or should lightly refuse it. But I think you will feel, upon reflection, that I have decided properly in refusing to sit in Parliament under any circumstances.

R. S.

"To-day (Friday) Harry has received this letter from me; and I have received the following one from him: —

"'My dear Robert,

"'Lord R.'s answer to Sir Robert Inglis is nearly in the following words: — "Mr. —— was returned upon public grounds solely, without previous communication, or even acquaintance. It has since been seen under his handwriting that the situation was not to his taste, and did not accord with his habits of life."

"'I believe these are the very words of Lord

R.'s answer to an excellent letter from Inglis. Thus ends your very singular adventure. If you could have got an estate by it, the story would have told better. As it is, the estimation in which you are held by many great and good men, has been proved in the most satisfactory manner. Sir Robert did not tell me the names of those who had expressed their willingness to subscribe, nor with whom the scheme had originated (not with himself), but he seemed sanguine of success.

H. H. S.'

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

(Without date.)

"My dear Sir Robert,

"For some time I have been intending to thank you for your very kind intentions and exertions in my behalf, and to explain, more clearly than could be done in a hasty reply to my brother's letter, the motives upon which my decision in that matter was formed. The event has proved that it was fortunate, but I wish you to be satisfied that it was *rightly made*, — I might say *deliberately* also, for though little expecting to be invited in such a manner, I have often said, and always felt, that no prospects of ambition or advantage should induce me to enter into public life.

"In replying to my brother, I spoke only of unfitness for Parliament, and disinclination for it, which were in themselves sufficient reasons. I did not speak of the separation from my family for four or five months in the year, which would have been necessary, nor of the probable effect upon my health, nor of the interruption of pursuits which, from other causes, have been and are already too much interrupted.

"If I had taken a seat in Parliament when it was at my option, the express condition was that of doing my duty there; and of this a pretty regular attendance must have been an indispensable part. But early and regular hours are necessary for my constitution, which is not strong, has always been accustomed to this, and has been shaken. And though I have neither the habits nor the feelings of a valetudinarian, some management is required to keep me as well as I am, and the loss of sleep is what I could not bear. Separate from my family I must have been during the session: this would have interfered with the education of my little boy, would have been some loss to my daughters, and would have still more depressed the spirits of my wife, which are constitutionally low, and have received shocks from which I fear there is little hope of their recovering. The motives, therefore, must be very strong which could overpower these considerations: in these times I know of no public duties which could be strong enough; nor is there anything on the score of private advantage, which should lead me to change the whole system of my life. It is very

possible that, being in Parliament, I might have made my way into some minor office, which would have given me a good income: this is even likely, because I have friends who would have helped me when they saw me in a situation where I could help myself, and because my capability and fitness for such business might have been acknowledged. But in that case no leisure would have been left for my own pursuits, and all hope must have been given up of completing those projects, upon which and in preparing for which the greater part of my life has been employed. Thus I should have done worse than buried my talent; I should have thrown it away.

"That my way of life has been directed by a merciful Providence, I feel and verily believe. I have been saved from all ill consequences of error and temerity, and by a perilous course have been led into paths of pleasantness and peace; a sufficient indication that I ought to remain in them. Throughout this whole business I have never felt any temptation to depart from this conviction. I may be wrong in many things, but not in the quiet confidence with which I know that I am in my proper place. *Inveni portum; spes et fortuna valete;* the only change to which I look forward is a possible migration to the south when my lease expires, if I should live so long. But there are so many obstacles in the way of this, that I may probably be spared from what to me would be a very painful and unwilling removal.

"This is an egotistic letter. I felt, however, that some such exposition was due to you; lest I should

seem either to have acted unreasonably, or to feel unthankfully. But be assured in this whole odd episode of my life, there is nothing which I shall remember with more pleasure than the very kind and friendly part which you have taken in it.

Believe me, dear Sir Robert,

Yours very truly,

R. S.

"I must not forget that I have a favour to ask. An old friend, for whom I have a very high and well founded regard, is to be balloted for at the Athenæum on the 9th of February. Kenyon is his name. Upon the list of members I see the names of Mr. Dealtry and Mr. H. S. Thornton. Will you say to them that I should be greatly obliged by their votes on this occasion, and that they could not be bestowed upon a man better qualified in all respects for the admission which he is seeking?"

To the Rev. James White.

"Keswick, Dec. 14. 1826.

"My dear James,

"You need not be assured that I am very glad accident should have enabled me to put you in the way of being usefully, though arduously, employed*, and in a station where I hope you may make your

* Mr. James White had been appointed to the incumbency of St. George's, Manchester, through my father's recommendation.

own way to something better. To be sure nothing can be less agreeable than the description which you give both of your fold and your flock; the only set-off against this is the reflection, that the worse the people are, the more good you may do them. When once it is known that you perform the service impressively, like a man whose heart is in his work, you will not preach to empty benches.

"If I preached to a wealthy congregation, my general aim would be to awaken them from that state of religious torpor which prosperity induces. I should, therefore, dwell upon the responsibility which is attached to the good things of this world; upon sins of omission, and the straitness of the gate. But to a congregation like yours my general strain would be consolatory; forgiveness and mercy would be my favourite theme. In the former case it is necessary to rouse, if not to alarm; in the latter to encourage and invite. In the former to dwell upon the difficulty of attaining to salvation; in the latter upon its easy terms, and the relief which it offers to those who are heavy laden.

"Concerning schools, no person can be more unfitted for advising you on that business (or, indeed, on any other) than I am. But of this I am sure, that in such a parish as yours an *infant*-school is the most useful and necessary establishment that could be formed. The people of this country are not yet aware of the consequence of youthful depravity; how widely it extends, and how early it begins. In any attempts of this kind you will have the mothers with you. And, indeed, at all attempts at moral

reformation the women are so immediately interested, that their good will is sure to attend upon any endeavours at bettering the condition of their children, or preserving their sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers from vice. Do not, however, aim at too much, and thereby exhaust yourself, even if you do not otherwise defeat your own purpose. Fill your church, and establish, as soon as you can, an infant-school; and as you feel what more is wanted, you will discover by what means to bring it about.

"In your case, I would never touch upon controversial subjects, especially those which relate to Popery. The character of being a charitable, earnest, and pious preacher will make its way among some of the Irish Romanists, and lead them farther than they are aware of towards a perception of the difference between the religion of the Gospel, and the superstitions by which they are enthralled. But were you to touch upon the points of difference, it would serve only to put their priests upon the alert, and make them watch over their flock more strictly. I would pursue a different course at Dublin, because the two parties are in hostile array there, and the weapons of controversy must be used.

"But your task seems to me, in this respect, a pleasanter one. If I judge rightly of the circumstances in which you are placed, your call is to proclaim good tidings, and preach the promises of the Gospel. Those who are in misery—I had almost said, in the vices to which misery too often leads—have little need of its threats.

"But enough of this. I have no acquaintance in

Manchester to whom I can introduce you; but going there in what may be called a public character, you will soon find acquaintance, and I have no doubt friends. There is this advantage in large cities (and a great one it is), that you are sure of finding some persons there with whom it is both pleasant and profitable to associate.

Believe me, my dear James,
Always yours, with sincere regard,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 24. 1826.

" My dear Grosvenor,

" I will undertake the arrangement of the Garrick Papers, very willingly, for the lucre of gain, and not for the love of the subject; for the sake of being well paid, and not for the sake of being well talked of. But I will do it for lucre, for goodly remuneration, and ' most sweet guerdon,' which you know is better.

" It will take me more time to do this than it would any other person, for this simple reason — that I should take more pains about it; not in the composition, but in making myself thoroughly acquainted with all the literary points on which it would be necessary to touch. On the other hand, my general acquaintance with English literature is such, that there is no point upon which I have not some stock of knowledge at command. Less than a

thousand guineas the booksellers ought not to think of offering, nor I of taking; and if there be a chance of getting more, let it be intimated that I rate my name and services as they ought to be rated. There's a magnanimous sentence! And with that sentence I leave the subject to work in the proper quarter, and to sleep with me till I hear of it again. Observe that I suppose the Life to be included in the two volumes, not to form one by itself.

. . . . . .

"Tuesday, 26.

"If Colburne could see my table at this time he would think my studies were not the most appropriate for the task which he wishes me to undertake. Here is a volume of Jackson's Works (folio) — in my judgment the most valuable of all our English divines; there is a Portuguese poem, in twenty books, upon the Virgin Mary. Here is the English translation of Father Paul's History of the Council of Trent. Here is a Latin folio upon the Divi Tutelares of Popish Christendom, by the Jesuit Macedo, who had so much to do with Queen Christina's conversion. Here is a volume of Venema's Hist. Eccl. Institutiones. Here is the Report upon Emigration, and there is a thick, dumpy, and almost cubical small quarto containing some 1400 closely-printed pages in Latin — De Miraculis Mortuorum, by an old German Physician, who was moriturus himself when he composed the work. Miracula here are to be understood in the sense of phenomena. The book is exceedingly curious, and would furnish the Master of the Rolls

with much matter both of amusement and cogitation, if it should ever fall in his way. I will therefore add that the author's name is Garmannus, and the date of the book 1709. Here is a volume of the Acta Sanctorum on another table, and one of Baronius on the floor.

"From this apparatus you will conclude that I have a second volume of Vindiciæ in hand.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Jan. 24. 1827.

"My dear H. T.,

". . . You do not tell me that you are better, which is what I most wish to hear. If a wish could bring you and your father here, you should see these mountains as they are now, in the full glory of snow, and clouds, and sunshine.

"I have a melancholy letter from Leyden. Mrs. Bilderdijk has been for fifteen weeks confined to her chamber, and mostly to her bed, and it is not intimated that she is recovering. B., himself, speaks of his own health and faculties as sensibly impairing day by day. The only hopeful sign is the warmth and animation with which he writes. I wish I could go to see him this year; but that is not possible, and therefore I can hardly hope to meet him again in this world. I am now reading his fragment of the Deluge, and shall go through the rest of his

works, in full intention of making them known, sooner or later, and, with your help, to the English readers.

"My old acquaintance (those, I mean, who were elders when I was a young man) are dropping on all sides. One very remarkable one is just gone to his rest after a pilgrimage of fourscore years. Edward Williams, the Welsh bard, whom, under his Welsh name of Iolo *, some lines in Madoc were intended to describe and gratify. He was the most eccentric man I ever knew, in whose eccentricity there was no affectation, and in whose conduct there was nothing morally wrong. Poor fellow! with a wild head and a warm heart, he had the simplicity of a child and the tenderness of a woman, and more knowledge of the traditions and antiquities of his own country than it is to be feared will ever be possessed by any one after him. I could tell you some odd anecdotes of him which ought not to be lost.

"God bless you!

R. S."

* —— "there went with me
Iolo, old Iolo, he who knows
The virtues of all herbs of mount or vale,
Or greenwood shade, or quiet brooklet's bed;
Whatever lore of science or of song
Sages and bards of old have handed down."
Madoc in Wales, VIII.

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Jan. 31. 1827.

"My dear H. T.,

"I enclose to you a letter of thanks, which you will have the goodness to let your man leave at the United Service Club. Captain Mangles was thrown in my way here by mere chance last summer as the stage-coach companion of ——, a Quaker of a new description from Philadelphia, who brought letters to me. The Quaker was ambitious of being what Shakspeare tells us the Prince of Darkness is: so he wore black and drank healths, and was superfine in his manners, and had with him the greatest curiosity of its kind that I have ever seen,—a Quaker album, in which the spirit had moved all his Quaker acquaintance to bestow the highest eulogiums upon the happy owner, and to pray for his spiritual welfare. But the gem of the book was a composition by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

"The Quaker did not know the name of his travelling companion, but from his account I knew who he must be, and accordingly made the Quaker introduce him here. And the end of this is, that Captain Mangles has sent me a copy of his travels, which were printed for private distribution, and of which he could not lay his hands on a copy till now. . . . . .

"I am now going to the Emigration paper, and I have taken up Oliver Newman, where I shall be *in*

medias res; a little way farther, and then it will become an object to complete it.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

"Keswick, Feb. 21. 1827

"I know not how I have lost sight of you so long, nor whether this may find you at Florence, nor what may have befallen you in the interval since we have communicated. No such affliction, I hope, as has befallen me, in the loss of my youngest daughter. Seven months have elapsed since we suffered this bereavement. She was the flower of my family, — and a lovelier flower this earth never produced. It was long before I could recover heart for anything, and sometimes I fear that my spirits will never again be what they have been. My wife's, I have but too much cause to apprehend, have received a shock from which they will not recover. Yet we have much left for which to be thankful; and, above all, I am thankful for that settled and quiet faith which makes me look on to the end of my journey as a point of hope.

"My friend Kenyon talks of going to Italy this year, and if he goes, I shall get him to carry my last book.

"Last summer, like the one preceding, I travelled for my health. On the first occasion I came back with erysipelas (the effect of an accident), which

undid the good that had been done; and the shock which awaited my return the second time in like manner counteracted the benefit I had found.

"Holland is to me a very interesting country. Except Amsterdam, which outstinks Lisbon, I like everything in it. There is a greater appearance of domestic comfort and decent wealth, and less appearance of vice, poverty, and wretchedness, than in any other part of Europe that I have seen, and I verily believe than in any other part of the world. In prospect there is enough to sadden one, for the bright days of Holland are gone by, and there seems no likelihood, scarcely indeed a possibility, that they ever should return. Decay is felt there, but it is not apparent, and you must inquire and look for it before you perceive that it is going on. But the Dutch merchants are not like the English, who so generally live up to the full measure of their prosperity. In their best times they have been frugal; and they are very generally at this time living upon the interest of old capital, great part of which is vested in the English funds.

"You will not wonder when you call to mind in how many things the two nations resemble each other, that Dutch poetry should in its character of thought and feeling resemble English, much more than the English resembles that of any other nation, ancient or modern. Their poets have been as numerous, in proportion to the country, as their painters, and not a few of them as skilful in their art. One has two things to get over in the language, its ugli-

ness and its difficulty: I wish I could overcome the latter as well as I have got over the first.

"While I am writing the post has brought news that Lord Liverpool has had an apoplectic stroke, which is likely to be fatal, but which certainly incapacitates him from ever taking any farther part in public affairs. How often do I wish that you were in England. The curious state of things in this country can hardly be understood, even by an Englishman, at a distance; the strange complexity and contrariety of interests, the strange coalitions, the ferment of opinions, and the causes which are at work to bring about greater changes in the constitution of society, than even the last half century has produced. No guess can as yet be formed as to the effect that this accident will produce upon the administration. Canning's health is broken, and in my judgment it would be fortunate for his reputation if this cause should prevent him from taking possession of the premiership. Every one had confidence in Lord Liverpool; there are none who will have confidence in him; with all his brilliancy of talent, with all his personal good qualities, (and they are such that he is liked wherever he is known,) he must ever be distrusted as a statesman. New scenes are opening upon us, new men will come forward, and some of the old ones be seen in new characters; but for statesmen, such as they are and long have been in England, there will always be an abundant supply. What can be expected as long as St. Pitt and St. Fox have their red letter days in the political calendar?

"I would give a great deal to enjoy three such days as those which I passed at Como now ten years ago.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, April 12. 1827

"My dear H. T.,

"If the Utilitarians would reason and write like you, they would no longer deserve to be called Futilitarians. But the metapoliticians have dealt with their branch of policy as the metaphysicians have with their branch of philosophy, — they have muddied and mystified it.

"It is not the habit of my mind to despise nor to undervalue the sort of knowledge which I do not possess, but I know enough of political economy to have perceived in the father of the British school (Adam Smith), that the wealth of nations is every thing in that school, — and the morality and happiness of nations nothing; and in the other writers which have fallen in my way, I have found their knowledge so little, and their presumption so great, as to excite in me a greater degree of contempt than I usually feel for anything in the shape of a book.

"To all that you say in its general import I agree; but when you tell me that a tax of 1000*l.* per week laid upon capitalists would have the sure effect of throwing 1000 weekly labourers out of

employ, it appears to me that you suppose a connection between cause and effect, as certain as those in chemical and mechanical combinations, and overlook the infinite number of modifying and disturbing circumstances which often in chemical, and more often in political experiments, occasion some wholly unexpected result.

"I shall very soon methodise some of my views, tending to this proposition, that the prime object of our policy should be to provide for the well-being and employment of the people. Whatever lessens wages and throws men out of employ is so far an evil. There may be evil that leads to good, and good that leads to evil, and both may be instanced in the effects of machinery. If you like to see my speculations as they go through the press, let Murray direct the proofs of my Colloquies to you, and I will perpend any comments that you make upon their contents. . . . . .

"I have been asked to write for the Foreign Quarterly, and replied, as willingly as for John Murray, *at the same price.* An attempt was then made to wheedle me into giving them an article for their first number at ten guineas a sheet. Or, if that failed, then they would screw up their price to 50*l.* for the article. I answered not in the style of Jupiter Tonans but *more meo*, that I wrote such things for lucre, and for nothing else, and that if they had screwed their price to the sticking point, I certainly should not lower mine to meet it. . . . This brought an apology for tradesmanlike dealing, and a hope that I would be pleased to accept the 100*l.* To which I con-

descended, saying that the manner of dealing belonging to the race, was to be looked upon in the individuals as a sort of original sin.

"The Royal Society of Literature have voted me a gold medal, and asked me to come and receive it. I thank them for the medal, but decline the journey. . . . . .

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, April 23. 1827.

"My dear H. T.,

". . . . . .

No inference concerning Ireland can be drawn from the state of Canada, where we have continued the system which we found there, and where I am inclined to think there is a better condition of society than is likely to be found in the Upper Province. Look at the evidence concerning Maynooth College, and you will see that it has produced and could produce nothing but evil.

"In Scotland the *general* condition of the clergy is above the standard in England. In villages and remote places, indeed, the manse is generally the best house, perhaps the only good one, and appears like a mansion in comparison with the dwellings about it. Still the Kirk has been injured by spoliation, and the manner in which Episcopacy was betrayed there at the Revolution is one of the stains upon that portion

of our history. It would have been better for the Scotch if a proportion of their clergy had been drawn from the higher ranks. There would have been less bigotry in the Kirk and more learning, of which there has been a lack. I doubt whether the Kirk has produced half a dozen works worthy of preservation. Sure I am that I could name a score of English divines, any one of whose writings would weigh down in sterling worth, all that has ever come from the Kirk of Scotland since Episcopacy was abolished, for Leighton was of their Episcopal Church.

"The prizes of our Church draw into it unfit men; yet it is a small part of the prizes which falls to their share; and I think that in proportion more unworthy clergy will be found in the middle and lower than in the higher ranks of the Church. The evil (an evil certainly there is) is corrigible by public opinion. You will see that I have touched upon it.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Keswick, April 23. 1827.

"My dear R.,

"Among all the ups and downs which you have witnessed in this country, in the course of five and twenty years, you have never, I think, seen things more in what lawyers call hotch-potch than they are at present. Who is right and who wrong I have

little means of knowing, and as little curiosity to know. But I think Canning an unsafe minister, and doubt whether any administration which he can form can stand, with such strong interests and strong feelings as will be arrayed against it.

"The prospect is discouraging enough both at home and abroad. I cannot but apprehend that we have got ourselves into a situation in Portugal, from which it will not be easy to withdraw without some loss of reputation. Every one who knows the Portuguese must know that they are neither in a humour or in a state to receive a new constitution; and if Don Miguel likes a journey to Madrid better than a voyage to Brazil, we shall find ourselves fooled by France, laughed at by Spain, and on no desirable terms with Portugal.

"Then at home we have to contend with the effects of the liberal system in trade, with the march of intellect, and the consequences of the manufacturing system. The new Ministry will not sleep upon roses. Canning, I think, will not last long, whether he maintains his ascendancy or not. At the time of Lord Londonderry's death his friends, I know, thought that his health would not stand the wear and tear of public business, if it should be of a harassing kind; and, therefore, they rather wished he had gone to India at that time.

"I mean to take my family to Harrogate about the latter end of next month, for three or four weeks. The place is ugly; but there are interesting objects to be seen, and if my womankind are the better for the waters and the excursion, I shall be

content to drink stinking water instead of the ordinary wine on the other side of the Channel. . . . .

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, May 5. 1827.

"My dear Friend,

". . . . Machiavelli has shown you why Mitford (had there been no French Revolution) would have sided with the tyrants instead of the democracies of Greece in his history. Read the history of any despotism, and your feelings become republican; read that of any republic, and you become monarchical. The happiest age of the world, as far as its happiness depends upon earthly governments, was that of the Antonines, and the reign of Augustus before it; and we all know to what these reigns led, not accidentally, but by the sure effects of such a system. As far as relates to government and religion, this country is the most favoured under heaven: not only above all others at this time, but above all others of any time. But our prosperity was hardly won, and is not two centuries old. The Venetian was the most durable of European Governments, and an infernal one it was, though it was the object of admiration to the Liberals of the Great Rebellion.

"The great works of the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Spanish Moors were *not* erected in

barbarous ages, but in times of very high civilisation. Taxation, probably, was not far short of its present amount; the Moors had a tenth of all produce and rents, and wars cost the government nothing, so that there was revenue to spare. God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

R. S."

To the Rev. Neville White.

"Keswick, May 5. 1827.

"My dear Neville,

. . . . . .

"I do not see how these ministerial changes can affect my brother Tom's future prospects. . . . My means have always been precarious. My books are less productive than they were ten years ago; very materially so, as Longman could tell you. Their novelty is gone by, and with all the reputation which I have fairly won I have never been a fashionable, still less a popular, author. At the end of the first twelve months' sale my profits upon the Tale of Paraguay fell short of eighty pounds. I have, God be thanked, been able to make a moderate provision for my family, but not by anything that I have laid by; solely by my life insurance, my books, copyrights, and papers. In other respects I am in a worse situation than I was ten or fifteen years ago. My poems had then a much greater sale, and I stood upon better ground in the Quarterly Review. . . . . I am writing a paper at present for

the first number of a Foreign Quarterly; possibly it is the last that I may ever write for a review. There was an engagement which might have enabled me at once to have come to this resolution, but the last year's failure compelled the publisher to recede from it. I do not, however, expect any difficulty in renewing it elsewhere, and have no fear that that Providence which has hitherto made the labour of the day sufficient for its support, will withdraw from me its continued blessing. . . . . .
I have always done for my brother Tom all I could, and not seldom to my own embarrassment in so doing. . . . .

"The question about National Education you will see discussed in my Colloquies, when they are completed. Here is the gist of the question. The human mind is like the earth, which never lies idle. You have a piece of garden ground. Neglect it, and it will be covered with weeds, useless to yourself and noxious to your neighbours. To lay it out in flowers and shrubbery is what you do not want. Cultivate it then for common fruits and culinary plants. So with poor children. Why should they be made worse servants, worse labourers, worse mechanics, for being taught their Bible, their Christian duties, and the elements of useful knowledge? I am no friend of the London University, nor to Mechanics' Institutes. There is a purpose in all these things of excluding religion, and preparing the way for the overthrow of the Church. But God will confound their devices; and my principle is, that where a religious foundation is laid, the more education the

better. Will you have the lower class *Christians* or *brutes?* . . . . . .

"God bless you, my dear friend!

Yours affectionately,

R. S."

The great question concerning National Education has made rapid strides since these letters were written; and it is more than ever necessary that all who value the Christian character of the nation should strenuously exert themselves, both in promoting religious education, and in preventing an irreligious one. There are several highly interesting letters in the second volume of Dr. Arnold's Life, showing that he laid down principles almost identically the same as that stated here, and resigned his fellowship of the London University because its constitution "did not satisfy the great principle, that Christianity should be the base of all public education in the country."

Dr. Arnold's mode of working out this theory would have been different to that which my father would have advocated; but it is very worthy of remark, that even he, whose views of "Church principles" were so very peculiar, and so far removed from those commonly held by "Churchmen," acknowledged and insisted upon it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

VISIT TO HARROGATE. — ALBUM VERSES. — LORD COLCHESTER. — CONSTITUTIONAL BASHFULNESS. — THE PROSPECT OF ANOTHER LIFE THE ONLY SOLID FOUNDATION FOR HAPPINESS. — PROPOSES TO COLLECT HIS POLITICAL ESSAYS. — MR. CANNING. — HOME POLITICS. — PROJECTED LIFE OF WOLFE. — GROUND OF HIS OPINIONS. — MR. MAY. — MR. COTTLE. — MR. KING. — INTERCOURSE WITH MR. WORDSWORTH'S FAMILY. — THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. — DESIRABLENESS OF PUTTING AN END TO IMPRISONMENT FOR SMALL DEBTS. — DISAGREEABLE DUTIES REQUIRED FROM PUBLIC OFFICERS. — ANCIENT STATUTES. — UNDERTAKES TO EDIT THE VERSES OF AN OLD SERVANT. — BISHOP HEBER. — DIFFICULTIES OF A REMOVAL. — THE PENINSULAR WAR. — ENGAGES TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE KEEPSAKE. — URGES MR. BEDFORD TO VISIT KESWICK. — GOES TO LONDON. — SITS TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE AND SIR F. CHANTREY. — TRANSLATION OF DAVILA NOT LIKELY TO SUCCEED. — HIS UNCLE'S DEATH. — CHOICE OF A FEW STANDARD ENGLISH WORKS. — HIS SON'S STUDIES. — JACKSON'S SERMONS. — LIFE OF NELSON. — DECLINING SALE OF HIS WORKS. — VISIT FROM LIEUT. MAWE. — INTEREST IN MR. MAY'S AFFAIRS. — REMARKS ON THE ANNUALS. — NEW THEORY OF THE WEATHER. — LITERARY EMPLOYMENTS. — INTENDED VISIT TO THE ISLE OF MAN. — 1827—1828.

My father had now for some years found that a summer journey was absolutely necessary for his health, especially for the purpose of warding off, or at least breaking the violence of, the 'hay asthma;' a complaint which, by its regular periodical visita-

tions, seemed to have rooted itself in his system, and threatened to undermine his constitution.

His greatest delight and most complete relaxation was, as we have seen, a foreign excursion; but finding that several of his household required some change of air, he determined to take them to Harrogate, where he had the additional inducement of being joined by Mr. Wordsworth and some of his family.

From thence he writes in somewhat low spirits respecting a distressing infirmity which had now afflicted him for many years, and latterly had rendered all walking exercise extremely painful, and from which he had not at that time any hopes of being relieved.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Harrogate, June 10. 1827.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"\. . . . . .

At my age there can be no expectation that time will remove any bodily infirmity. The probability is, that I shall, ere long, be totally unable to walk; and to look for any chance of good fortune that would set me upon wheels, would be something like looking for a miracle. I am thankful, therefore, that my disposition and sedentary habits will render the confinement which appears to await me a less evil than it would be to most other persons. The latter years of our earthly existence can be but few at the

most, and evil at the best; but he who is grateful for the past, and has his hopes in futurity, may very well be patient under any present privations, and any afflictions of which the end is in view.

"There is enough in this neighbourhood to repay me for a short tarriance here, even with the discomforts which, especially in my case, are felt always in an absence from home. As yet I have only seen William Herbert's garden, where there is a splendid display of exotics; the grounds at Plumpton, where the rocks very much resemble the scenery of Fontainbleau; the cave where Eugene Aram buried the body of Daniel Clarke; the hermitage carved in the rock at Knaresborough; and the dropping well, which, in my childhood, I longed to see, as one of the wonders of England. Knaresborough is very finely situated, and I should spend some of my mornings in exploring all the points of view about it if I were able to move about with ease. I wish you were here; the place itself is pleasanter than I had expected to find it. We are on a common, with a fine, dry, elastic air; so different from that of Keswick, that the difference is perceptible in breathing it, and a wide horizon, which in its evening skies affords something to compensate for the scenery we have left. The air would, I verily believe, give you new life, and among the variety of springs there is choice of all kinds for you. . . . .

"So much for Harrogate. Now for a word or two concerning my own pursuits. You will or may, if you please, see a paper of mine upon the Moorish History of Spain in the first number of the Foreign

Quarterly, when it is published. The Foreign Quarterly pays me 100*l.* for my paper, but I do not calculate upon doing anything more for it. There are hardly readers enough who care for foreign literature to support a journal exclusively devoted to it, certainly not enough to make it a very lucrative speculation. And unless it were so, it could not afford to pay me as I am accustomed to be paid.

"A lady here, whom we never saw, nor ever before heard of, sent her album for Wordsworth and myself to write in, with no other preliminaries than desiring the physician here, Dr. Jaques, to ask leave for her! When the book came, it proved to be full of pious effusions from all the most noted Calvinist preachers and missionaries. As some of these worthies had written in it texts in Hebrew, Chinese, and Arabic, I wrote in Greek, 'If we say that we have no sin,' &c., and I did *not* write in it these lines, which the tempting occasion suggested: —

> "What? will-we, nill-we, are we thrust
> Among the Calvinistics—
> The covenanted sons of schism,
> Rebellion's pugilistics.
> Needs must we then ourselves array
> Against these state tormentors;
> Hurrah for Church and King, we say,
> And down with the dissenters.

"Think how it would have astonished the fair owner to have opened her album, and found these verses in it, signed by R. S. and W. W.

"It will be charity to write to me while I am here, where, for want of books, I spell the newspaper. God bless you!

R. S."

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Keswick, July 30. 1827.

" My dear Rickman,

" I am out of humour with myself respecting Lord Colchester *, as if from shyness on my part there had been a want of due attention to him. He called on his arrival to thank me for having made all arrangements for his movement in this neighbourhood, and came just as I had a party assembling for dinner; and having that party I did not, of course, ask him for the evening, which otherwise I should have done. The next day I went to his inn a little after seven in the evening, meaning, if he had not been wearied with the round which he had taken, to have asked him to drink tea in a pleasanter room than the Inn affords. But he proved to be at dinner, for which reason I merely left my card; and then, because his rank stood in the way, and made me fearful of appearing to press myself upon him, I did not write a note to invite him up, which I should have done had he been Mr. Abbott. The next day brought me a very obliging note from him, after his departure. He has had from us good directions and commissariat services, but not that personal attention which I wished to have paid him.

" In this way, through a constitutional bashfulness, which the publicity of authorship has not over-

* Mr. Rickman had written to tell him that Lord Colchester was going to the Lakes, and intended calling upon him, and requesting him to give him some information as to the best mode of seeing the country.

come, and through the sort of left-handed management (I do not mean *sinister*) which that bashfulness occasions, I have repeatedly appeared neglectful of others', and have really been so of my own interests. Upon the score of such neglect, no man living has more cause for reproach than I have; but it passes off with only a transitory sense of inward shame, occurring more or less painfully when occasion calls to mind some particular sin of omission.

. . . . . .

"I believe, my dear R., that most men by the time they have reached our age are ready, whatever their pursuits may have been, to agree with Solomon, that they end in vanity. If they are not mere clods, muckworms, they come to this conclusion, — wealth, reputation, power, are alike unsatisfactory when they are attained, alike insufficient to content the heart of man, which is ever discontented till it has found its rest. This it finds in the prospect of immortality, in the anticipation of a state where there shall be no change, except such as is implied in perpetual progression. When we have learnt to look forward with that hope, then we look back upon the past without regret, and are able to bear the present, however heavy and painful sometimes may be its pressure. There is no other support for a broken spirit; no other balm for a wounded heart.

"You have overworked yourself, which I have ever been afraid of doing. The wonder is that you have not suffered more severely and irremediably; and that while so working you should have yet been

able to lay in that knowledge of other kinds, which renders you (as I have found you during well nigh thirty years) the most instructive of all companions. Ant-like, you have toiled during the summer, and have stored your nest: my summer work leaves me as little prepared for winter as the grasshopper; but this is rather my fortune than my fault, and therefore no matter of self-reproach.

"What you have to do is to extricate yourself from all unnecessary and ungrateful business, and give the time which you may thus gain to more healthful and genial pursuits, — books, to which inclination would lead you, and, above all, travelling. I wish you could have gone with Henry Taylor and his father — a man whom you would especially like; still more do I wish you would come here and take a course of mountaineering, — upon which I should very gladly enter, and which would be to my bodily benefit. And then we might talk at leisure and at will over the things of this world and the next.

"God bless you, my dear friend!

R. S."

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Keswick, August 15. 1827.

"My dear Rickman,

"I am about to reprint in a separate form such of my stray papers as are worth collecting from the Quarterly Review, &c., beginning with two volumes of Essays, Moral and Political. For this I have the

double motive of hoping to gain something by the publication*, and wishing to leave them in a corrected state. Shall I print with them your remarks upon the economical reformers in the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1810, and your paper upon the Poor Laws? Certainly not if you have any intention of collecting your own papers, which I wish you would do. But if you have no such intention, or contemplate it at an indefinite distance, then it would be well that so much good matter should be placed where it would be in the way of being read; and there I should like it to be as some testimony and memorial of an intimacy which has now for thirty years contributed much to my happiness, and, in no slight degree, to my intellectual progress. In this case I will take care to notice that the credit of these papers is not due to me, either specifying whose they are, or leaving that unexplained, as you may like best.

. . . . . .

"Your foresight concerning poor Mr. Canning has been sadly realised. Sorry I am for him, as every one must be who had any knowledge of the better part of his character. But I know that his death is not to be regretted, either for his own sake or that of the country, for he had filled his pillow with thorns, and could never again have laid down his head in peace. I do not disturb mine with speculating what changes may or may not follow; nor, in truth, with any anxieties about them. Perhaps

* This hope was not realised; they never paid their expenses!

it may be desirable that the Whigs should be allowed rope enough, and left to plunge deeper and deeper in the slough of their Irish difficulties. They can never satisfy the Macs and the great O's without conceding everything which those gentlemen please to demand, and that cannot be done without bringing on a civil war.

"I am about to write a Life of General Wolfe*, which will be prefixed to his letters. The letters will disappoint every one. Can you tell me or direct me to anything that may assist me in it? There is the taking of Loisbourg, and the campaign in which he fell. The rest must be made up by showing the miserable state of the army; his merits as a disciplinarian, being in those days very great; my memorabilia concerning Canada, abundance of which are marked in books which I read long since, and by whatever other garnish I can collect. My pay for the task-work is to be 300 guineas.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Sept. 13. 1827.

"My dear H. T.,

"I am sorry to hear that cares have been knocking at your door; they must have gone out of their way, methinks, to call there. I thought that you had no

* This intention was never carried into effect, it being found impossible to procure sufficient materials.

thorns either in your sides or your pillow. Tidings after an absence of a few weeks afford indeed at all times matter for uneasy apprehension; and if you and I had this to learn, the two journies which we have taken together would have taught it us.

"I found a great want of you (as they say in this country) during your absence. One likes to have one's friends in a local habitation where at any time they may be found; to be out of reach is too like being out of the world. It often came into my thoughts that if H. T. were in London I should have written to him upon such and such occasions, and quite as often that I should have had some brief notices of the strange turns of the wheel.

"You distrust opinions, you tell me, when you perceive a strong tenour of feeling in the writer who maintains them. The distrust is reasonable, and is especially to be borne in mind in reading history. My opinions are (thank God!) connected with strong feelings concerning them, but not such as can either disturb my temper or cloud my discernment, much less pervert what I will venture to call the natural equity of my mind. I proceed upon these postulates, — 1. That revealed religion is true; 2. that the connection between Church and State is necessary; 3. that the Church of England is the best ecclesiastical establishment which exists at present, or has yet existed; 4. that both Church and State require great amendments; 5. that both are in great danger; and 6. that a revolution would destroy the happiness of one generation, and leave things at last worse than it found them.

"If our institutions are worth preserving we cannot be attached to them too strongly, remembering always that the only way to preserve them is by keeping them in good repair. The two duties upon which I insist are those of conservation and improvement. We must improve our institutions if we would preserve them; but if any go to work upon the foundations, down must come the building.

"How is it possible to reflect upon the history of former times without inquiring what have been the good and evil consequences of the course which things have taken at the age which you are considering? It is, surely, no useless speculation to inquire whether good results which have been dearly purchased might not have been obtained at less cost. If I were to build a house, I should consult my neighbour, who might tell me how I might go to work more advantageously than he had done. *What might have been* is a profitable subject for speculation, because it may be found useful for what yet *may be.*

"God bless you!

R. S."

To John May, Esq.

"Keswick, Sept. 15. 1827.

"My dear Friend,

"..... I can very well enter into the melancholy part of your feelings upon this transplantation to a strange city, though that city is to

me the place in the world, as far as mere place can go, where I should feel myself most at home. *Where* is your bank, and where your dwelling-house? Tell me, that I may see them in my mind's eye, when I think of you. I never thought to have seen Bristol again; but now that you are there I may find in my heart to revisit it, and show you the houses where my childhood and youth were past.

"You ought to become acquainted with my old friend Joseph Cottle, the best-hearted of men, with whom my biographical letters will one day have much to do. It would give him great pleasure to see any one with whom he could talk about me. Make an hour's leisure some day and call upon him, and announce yourself to him and his sisters as my friend. You will see a notable portrait of me before my name was shorn, and become acquainted with one who has a larger portion of original *goodness* than falls to the lot of most men.

"I would have you know King, the surgeon, also, with whom I lived in great intimacy, and for whom I have great and a sincere regard. His wife is sister to Miss Edgeworth. A more remarkable man is rarely to be found, and his professional skill is very great.

"These are the only friends in Bristol who are left to me, and perhaps I can say nothing that will recommend them more to you than when I add that they are both warmly attached to me.

"Now for my household and personal concerns. The Harrogate expedition answered its purpose in some degree for us all. . . . Your god-daughter

has been living a most active life between this place and Rydal Mount, with which a constant interchange of visits has been going on since our return, not to speak of occasional meetings half way; and for a mountain excursion with the Bishop of Chester, who went up Saddleback with us last week. My hay asthma was not prevented by the journey, but it was shortened. I escaped with a visit of one month instead of a visitation of three, and am willing to think that the last two years, by cutting the disease short, have weakened its habit, and shaken its hold. The Harrogate waters have also materially benefited my digestion, so that on the whole, though far from a sound man, I am in better condition than for some time past.

"The Quarterly Review and I have made up our differences, and my paper, which had been unceremoniously postponed since January last, leads the van in the new number. I learn from John Coleridge that his mind is made up in favour of what is called Catholic Emancipation, and therefore I am very glad the Review is in other hands; for, if it had taken that side, I should certainly have withdrawn from it, and have done everything in my power to support a journal upon my own principles, which as certainly would have been started; and which, in fact, has been prevented from starting by my refusal to conduct it, on the ground that the Quarterly Review will keep its course. I am reviewing Hallam's Constitutional History for the Christmas number, and have engaged to review Barantes' History of the Dukes of Burgundy for the Foreign Quarterly.

Gillies, a nephew of the historian, is the projector of this, and edits it conjointly with a Mr. Frazer, whom I know only by letter. Scott writes in it. . . .

"God bless you!

Yours most affectionately,

R. S."

To John Rickman, Esq.

"Keswick, Sept. 18. 1827.

"My dear Rickman,

". . . . . Your scheme for putting an end to previous imprisonment for all minor offences, has always seemed to me one of the most practicable and useful suggestions that has ever been offered for preventing much evil and saving much expense. And I cannot but hope it will be carried into effect, in the way of which good it will at least be put by bringing it again forward.

"Wordsworth, in his capacity of Stamp Distributor, received a circular lately requiring him to employ persons to purchase soda powders when sold without a stamp, and then lay an information against the vendors. It seems as if they were resolved so to reduce the emolument in the public services, and connect such services with them, that no one with the habits and feelings of a gentleman shall enter or continue in it.

"Mr. N. breakfasted with me, and we talked of you and Mr. Telford. He maintained what seemed to me a most untenable assertion, that pau-

perism has decreased since the Restoration, and says the returns prove this. Now it is certain that the poor laws were not so misapplied as to breed paupers till within our own times; nor did the manufacturers in those days increase and multiply in whole districts.

"In looking through the statutes of Henry VII., I have found that an abatement or allowance as it is called of '6000*l.* in every fifteenth and tenth (*i. e.* upon the two) was made in relief, comfort, and discharge of the poor towns, cities, and burghs in the realm, wasted, desolate, and destroyed, or over greatly impoverished, or else to such fifteenth or tenth over greatly charged.' This allowance to be divided according to former example. I will hunt this subject back, and endeavour to ascertain whether a deduction was made from the impost on the money distributed in relief.

"The statutes I clearly see have not yet been read as you have taught me to read. Though I have only examined this reign, several curious inferences have appeared which I believe others have neglected to make. I find a disposition in the older laws to keep the lower classes in castes, making the child follow his father's calling, and a law allowing no one to be apprenticed in any town, unless the parents had lands or rent to the amount of 20*l.* a-year. The laws opposed the strong desire of bettering their condition which the labouring people manifested, and the only liberty allowed was of breeding their children to learning. Henry VII. repealed the restrictions upon apprenticeship, upon the petition of the Norwich

people, but for that city only, going to work experimentally in his laws.

"I learn, too, that the cross-bow would have superseded the bow and arrow, even if fire-arms had not been introduced, and that there was a great anxiety to keep that weapon from the people. The higher orders had an obvious interest in continuing the use of those weapons which were least effective against armour; and the cross-bow, like the musket, was a leveller a weak hand could discharge, it required as little practice as a gun, and generally went with surer aim than the arrow, perhaps with greater force.

"H. T. tells me that Huskisson's health can never stand the fatigue of his Parliamentary business. Do not you overwork yourself, however much it may be the taste of Ministers and post horses to be so sacrificed. God bless you!

R. S."

During the few weeks my father passed at Harrogate in the early part of the summer, he received an application from a poet in humble life, John Jones by name, to peruse and give his opinion of some poems. He was struck with the simple-hearted frankness of the writer, and with the feeling and natural piety displayed in his verses; and he replied to him in such a manner as to give encouragement to a further communication of his productions; and finally he undertook to edit a small volume of poems, prefacing it by a biographical sketch of the lives of uneducated poets.

As in many other cases, his good nature in this one drew on him much more expenditure of time and trouble than he at first anticipated; but he thought himself well repaid by the perfect happiness he had been the means of affording Jones, and by his warm gratitude, and also by having been enabled to put him in possession of a sum of money which might assist in procuring comforts for his latter years. Some further particulars concerning him will be found in the following letters.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Oct. 31. 1827.

"My dear Grosvenor,

". . . . . Thank you for the interest you take in my scheme for serving honest John Jones. There is no one point, Grosvenor, in which you and I accord more entirely, than in our feelings concerning servants, and our behaviour towards them. The savings' banks may do for this class all, or almost all that you desire, if there be but religious education to give them an early sense of duty, which I think it will be more easy to give than to bring about the desired amendment in the behaviour of their superiors. To amend that, there must be a thorough reform in our schools, public and private, which should cut up the tyranny of the boys over their juniors by the roots.

"You have seen exactly in the true light what my views and motives are with regard to Jones. I

want to read a wholesome lecture in this age of Mechanics' Institutes, and of University College. I want to show how much moral and intellectual improvement is within the reach of those who are made more our inferiors, than there is any necessity that they should be, to show that they have minds to be enlarged, and feelings to be gratified, as well as souls to be saved, which is the only admission that some persons are willing to make, and that grudgingly enough; and if I can by so doing, put a hundred pounds into Jones's pocket (which, if a few persons will bestir themselves for me, there is every likelihood of doing), I shall have the satisfaction of giving him a great deal of happiness for a time, and of rendering him some substantial benefit also. . . . . .

"Did you see my paper upon the Spanish Moors in the Foreign Quarterly? I have another to write for one of the journals into which it has split, upon M. de Barantes' History of the Ducs de Bourgogne. This and a paper upon the Emigration Report for the Quarterly Review will be taken in hand immediately on my return. Lope de Vega will arrive about the 15th, and I look for a noble importation from Brussels before Christmas, consisting of the books which I purchased there last year, and others of which a list was left with Verbeyst, the best of booksellers, who gives me when I deal with him as good Rhenish as my 'dear heart' could desire, and better strong beer than ever hero drank in Valhalla out of the skull of his enemy. . . . . .

"We are fitting up an additional room for books, and if you do not next year come to see me in my

glory among them, why you will commit a sin of omission for which you will not forgive yourself when it is no longer to be repaired.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To Mrs. Hodson.

"Keswick, Nov. 16. 1827.

"My dear Madam,

"Mr. Charles Hodson may, perhaps, have told you that I was likely to bring forward the rhymes of an old servant for publication by subscription, and that, in that case, it was my intention to solicit your assistance in procuring names for my list.

"The man's name is John Jones,—it could not be a more unpoetical one, but he could not help it,—the Muses have forgiven him for it, and so I hope will you. He lives with Mr. Bruere of Kirkby Hall near Catterick, and has served the family faithfully for twenty years. Mr. Otter (the biographer of Dr. Clarke) assures me of this. Jones is just of my age, in his fifty-fourth year. If I can get a tolerably good list of subscribers, I will offer the list and the book to Murray, and get what I can for it. The price may be from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* If we have any good success, something may be obtained which would assist him in the decline of life.

"Do not suppose that I present him to notice as a heaven-born genius, and that I have found another Bloomfield. There is enough to show that Nature had given him the eye, and the ear, and the heart of a poet; and this is sufficient for my purpose; quite so

to render any reader satisfied that he has bestowed his bounty well in subscribing to the volume. The good sense and good feeling of the man are worth more than his genius; and my intention is to take the opportunity for showing how much intellectual enjoyment, and moral improvement in consequence, is within the reach of persons in the very humblest ways of life; and this moral cultivation, instead of unfitting them for their station, tends to make them perform their duties more diligently and more cheerfully; and this I mean to oppose to the modern march of intellect, directed as that is with the worst intentions and to the worst ends. This will be the subject of my introduction, with some remarks upon the poetry of uneducated men. Jones tells his own story, and I am sure you will be pleased with it and his manner of telling it, and with the simplicity and good sense of his letters.

"Reginald Heber's Journal (his East Indian one), will very soon be published. There was a man whom the world could very ill spare; but his works and his example will live after him. Alas! the works of the wicked survive them also; but the example of their lives too often is forgotten. My household desire their kindest remembrances to you and Mr. Hodson, to whom I beg mine also. We were some of us much the better for the Harrogate waters, and, indeed, I myself continue to feel the benefit which I derived from them.

Believe me, my dear Madam,
Yours with sincere regard,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

My father's residence at Keswick placed him so much out of the world, that his friends naturally often endeavoured to persuade him to move nearer London, not only because they wished to have more frequent opportunities of seeing him, but also because they thought a less remote part of the country would be better in many respects, both for himself and his family.

But the time was now past when such a change was practicable. He was, as it were, fast anchored by his large Library; and this, with other causes, combined to keep him to the end in his mountain home.

In the following letter he refers to a possible motive for removal. What this was does not appear, but from other letters I conjecture it to have been the chance of one of his daughters settling in the south.

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

"Keswick, Nov. 22. 1827.

"My dear H. T.,

"My lease expires in the spring of 1831. So long, if I should live so long, I shall certainly remain where I am, and, indeed, at this time the house is undergoing some alterations to render it more habitable in its worst parts, and to afford more accommodation for my books, the last cargo from Verbeyst's being on the way. The obstacles to a removal afterwards are so great on the score of inclination, inconvenience, and expense, that among all possible chances,

I see but one which will overcome them. . . . . Supposing the motives to exist, and the obstacles to be surmountable, Bath is the place on which I should fix. I should like my old age to be past in the scenes of my childhood, and if I am not to sleep the ἱερον υπνον with my children here, I should wish to be gathered to my fathers.

"I hardly think you would be sorry if I produced another such volume of controversy as the Vindiciæ of which historical and philosophical disquisition would be the meat, and controversy only the seasoning. For the form of a second volume is what I should choose, having, in fact, begun one sixteen months ago, and made abundant notes for it.

"It is very certain that when two sets of cut-throats played their favourite game against each other during the Peninsular War, my wishes were always with the Spanish party, though they might have been just as great ruffians as the other. But, surely, I have neither dissembled nor extenuated the cruelties of the Spaniards; and it is upon the leaders of the French army that my reproach falls, who had their full share in Bonaparte's guilt. I have *not* relied rashly upon Spanish and Portuguese authorities, but the scale on which I have related events in which the British army had no share is not what —— likes. . . . . I take my side, and that warmly, but my desire is to be just, and so far strictly impartial. Now, when I add, that in proceeding with my third volume I shall bear your observations in mind, you will not do me the injustice to suppose

that they needed, or could need, anything like an apology.

"It would have been well for me, if I had always had friends as able and as willing to stand forward in my defence as you are. But I have had back-friends instead, as well as enemies. They have done me some injury, as far as regards the sale of my books; other harm it has been out of their power to do. My character is not mistaken by those who know me; and for the world at large (the world! that little portion of it I mean which concerns itself with such things), it may safely be left to the sure decision of time. Under more favourable circumstances I might have accomplished more and better things. But when the grave-digger has put me to bed, and covered me up, it will not be long before it will be perceived and acknowledged that there are few who have done so much. . . . .

"God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

R. S."

To Allan Cunningham, Esq.

"Keswick, Feb. 24. 1828.

"My dear Allan Cunningham,

"I will do anything for you*; but I wish you had been fifteen days earlier in your application. For just so long ago, young Reynolds (son of the dramatist), called here, and introducing himself by

* Mr. Cunningham at this time had accepted the editorship of Sharpe's forthcoming annual, called The Anniversary.

a letter, then introduced Charles Heath. Charles Heath proceeded expeditiously to business, presented me with a 'Keepsake' from his pocket, said that he had been into Scotland for the express purpose of securing Sir Walter's aid, that he had succeeded, that he now came to ask for mine, and should be happy to give me fifty guineas for anything with which I would supply him. Money, — money you know, makes the mare go, — and what after all is Pegasus, but a piece of horse-flesh? I sold him at that price a pig in a poke; a roaster would have contented him: 'perhaps it might prove a porker,' I said; improvident fellow as I was not to foresee that it would grow to the size of a bacon pig before it came into his hands! I sold him a ballad-poem entitled 'All for Love, or a Sinner well saved,' of which one-and-twenty stanzas were then written. I have added fifty since, and am only half-way through the story. It is a very striking one, and he means to have an engraving made from it. First come, first served, is a necessary rule in life; but if I could have foreseen that you would come afterwards, the rule should have been set aside; he might have had something else, and the bacon pig should have been yours.

"Heath said that Sharpe was about to start a similar work of the same size and upon the same scale of expense: this I take it for granted is yours; and he seemed to expect that these larger Annuals would destroy the dwarf plants. The Amulet will probably survive, because it has chosen a walk of its own and a safe one. The Bijou is likely to fall, as

Lord Goderich's administration did, for want of cordiality among the members concerned in it. Alaric will hold out like a Goth. Ackerman understands the art of selling his wares, and has in that respect an advantage over most of his rivals. Friendship's Offering is perhaps in the worst way. But these matters concern not the present business, which is — what can I do for you? One of two things.

"I can finish for you an Ode upon a Gridiron *, which is an imitation of Pindar, treating the subject as he treats his, heroically and mythologically, and representing both the manner and character of his poetry more closely than could be done in a composition of which the subject was serious. I should tell you that though I think very well of this myself, it is more likely to please a few persons very much than to be generally relished.

"Or, I can write for you a life of John Fox the Martyrologist, which may, I think, be comprised in five or six and twenty of your pages. This, however, you cannot have in less than three months from this time.

"Now, take your choice; and, remember, that when you go into your own country, you are to make Keswick in your way, and halt with me.

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"Heath has sold 15,000 of the Keepsake, and has bespoken 4000 yards of silk for binding the next volume!!!"

* This fragment, which has not been published before, will be found in an Appendix.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, March 30. 1828.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"There used to be a quicker interchange of letters between you and me when we were younger, and each, with less to think of, had a great deal more to say.

"I think you will see me, God willing, about the third week in May; but my way is not as yet quite clear; nor am I sure what stoppages it may be expedient to make upon the road. The only sure thing is, that I shall remain as short a time as possible in and about town, having to make a wide western circuit on the way home. I should take this circuit with much greater satisfaction, if you would make a good honest hearty engagement to meet me at Keswick on my arrival there. The man Grosvenor ought to bear in mind that neither he, nor the man Southey, have any right to put off things from year to year, in reliance upon the continuance of life and ability; that they are both on the high road to threescore, both in that stage of existence in which all flesh may fitlier be called hay than grass, because the blossom is over, and the freshness, and the verdure, and the strength are past. But let us meet while we can. Nothing would do more good both to Miss Page and you than to pass your autumn here, and nothing would do me more good than to have you here.

"The paper upon Emigration in this last Quarterly

Review is mine, or rather upon the causes which render a regulated Emigration necessary. Our fabric of society, Grosvenor, is somewhat in the condition that the Brunswick Theatre was before the crash, — too much weight suspended from the roof; and to make things worse, we allow all sort of undermining, and are willing to let every thing be removed that was erected for securing the building. They talk, I see, of abolishing the Exchequer. I will forgive them if they do it in time to emancipate you; yet I wish you to have the next step first, and then, Grosvenor, peradventure, you may be the last auditor, and I the last Laureate. Well, it will matter little to us when we are in the Ghost: you will not haunt Palace Yard, and I shall not haunt the levee.

"God bless you! . . . . . .

R. S."

In the last letter my father speaks of an intended visit to London. His object in this was twofold, and neither of them of a cheerful kind: the first, to see his uncle, Mr. Hill, for the last time, who, at the age of seventy-nine, was rapidly approaching his latter end; the second, to place himself under the surgeon's hands for the removal, if possible, of the infirmity I have before alluded to.

With respect to this latter intention, his careful consideration for the feelings of others was strongly shown. Knowing the weak state of my mother's spirits, and the natural anxiety which all his family would feel, if they knew he was about to undergo a

painful operation, and one not unattended with danger, he concealed altogether his purpose; nor did they receive the slightest intimation of it until, with a trembling hand, from his bed he penned a few lines communicating the safe and successful result. "God be thanked," he says, "I shall no longer bear about with me the sense of a wearying and harassing infirmity. . . . and, though you will not give me credit for being a good bearer of pain, because I neither like to have my fingers scorched by a hot plate, nor scarified by that abominable instrument called a pin, Mr. Copeland will. . . . Henry Taylor and Bedford have been the most constant of my visitors, but I have had inquiries out of number, and none among them more frequent than the Bishop of Limerick."

Among his other London engagements after his recovery, he had to sit to Sir T. Lawrence, for Sir Robert Peel, and also to Sir Francis Chantrey, who was very desirous of executing a bust of him. The former of these was, on the whole, the most successful likeness of my father taken in later life; at least it is generally considered so. He used to speak of the process of sitting to Sir T. Lawrence as a very agreeable one; as, the more easy and unembarrassed the conversation, the better for the painter, who also sometimes requested my father to read to him some of his poems, as affording opportunities of catching the various expressions of his countenance in the most natural manner, the blending of which into one harmonious whole is, I suppose, the greatest triumph of art.

With Sir Francis Chantrey he was more intimate, and thither their mutual friend, Mr. Bedford, always accompanied him: and there, too, was Allan Cunningham; so the moulding went on merrily, for Chantrey loved a good story, and the reader need not be told that Mr. Bedford would both give and take a joke.

The sculptor, however, was not so successful as the painter; and, though he made several attempts to improve the likeness by after-touches, he never regarded his task as satisfactorily accomplished, though many persons were well satisfied with it; indeed, although he promised my father a marble copy of it, he would never fulfil his promise, always purposing to amend his work.

After his death, I believe it was purchased by Sir R. Peel.

To Mrs. Hodson.

"Keswick, Aug. 14. 1828.

"My dear Madam,

"I wish there were but one ten thousand of those persons in England who talk about new books and buy them, whether they read, mark, and inwardly digest them or not, that felt half as much interest in any forthcoming or expected work of mine as you are pleased to express, and as I should be unjust, as well as ungrateful, if I did not give you credit for. Alas! my third volume of the Peninsular War is far from complete, very far. It must be a close and

hard winter's work that will make it ready for publication in the spring.

"My way to London towards the latter end of May was, I confess, through Ripon, but it was in the mail-coach, for I performed the whole journey without resting on the way. It was anything but a pleasant one. I went to see an uncle (my best friend) for the last time in this world; his continuance, at the age of fourscore, in pain, infirmity, and earthly hopelessness, not being to be desired*, even though his deliverance must be, in a mere worldly view, a great misfortune to his family. He married in his sixtieth year, and has six children. I went also in the secret determination of undergoing a surgical operation, if it should be deemed expedient, for an infirmity which had long afflicted me. Thank God! it has succeeded, and I am once more a sound man, which I had not been for some twelve years.

"If I am now not quite as able to skip over the mountains as I was when first my tent was pitched here, it will be owing only to the gradual effect of time, not to any disablement from a painful and dangerous cause.

* "I would not, as I saw thee last,
For a king's ransom have detained thee here,
Bent, like the antique sculptor's limbless trunk,
By chronic pain, yet with thine eye unquenched,
The ear undimmed, the mind retentive still,
The heart unchanged, the intellectual lamp
Burning in its corporeal sepulchre.
No; not if human wishes had had power
To have suspended Nature's constant work,
Would they who loved thee have detained thee thus,
Waiting for death."

Dedication to Colloquies with Sir T. More.

"No publisher I am afraid, in this age, would venture to bring out a translation of Davila. The sale of books is grievously diminished within the last six or eight years (I speak feelingly). To have any success a book must be new—a single season antiquates it; it must come from a fashionable name (nobility is now turned to a marketable account in this way); or it must be personal, if not slanderous; but, if slanderous, then best of all. It is the general diminution of income consequent on the depreciation of agricultural produce, and the experiments in free trade which has affected the booksellers, new books being the first things which persons who feel it necessary they should retrench, find they can do without.

"And who, in this most ignorant age, reads Davila? Most ignorant I call it relative to historical reading; for, if our statesmen, so called by the courtesy of England, read Davila, and such historians as Davila, they could not commit such blunders as they have committed, are committing, and will commit; nor should we at this time have had cause to apprehend changes, and consequent convulsions, from which we must look alone to Providence to preserve us. Were there more of sound knowledge, there would be more of sound principle and of sound feeling. If Davila were published, some two or three of the worthies who dug up and mutilated the remains of Hampden might, perhaps, if they were to know that it was the book which Hampden studied when he was preparing himself and the nation for a rebellion and subversion of the lawful

government, have thought it worth while to peruse it with the same sort of patriotic foresight.

"I am writing some verses describing the whole gallery of my portraits for Allan Cunningham's annual volume. Such volumes are among the plagues of my life, but Allan Cunningham is a right worthy man, and I owe him something for having carried a remonstrance from me to the editor of the Morning Chronicle, on occasion of some atrocious attacks upon me in that paper.

"I have made an arrangement with Murray concerning John Jones's rhymes. He will publish them, and give Jones the whole of his subscription copies; they amount to little more than 200 at present, but the list may be increased as much as we can. The verses will go to press as soon as Murray enables me to prepare the introduction by procuring for me the works of certain low and untaught rhymers of whom I wish to speak — Taylor the Water Poet, Stephen Duck, &c.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To John May, Esq.

"Keswick, Sept. 22. 1828.

"My dear Friend,

"Before this reaches you, you will have heard

that my dear uncle is relieved from the burden of age and infirmity which pressed upon him so heavily in his latter days. This day brought me the news of his deliverance, and it was the first that I had of his illness; but I was prepared for it, knowing that the first breath of wind must shake the dry leaf from the tree.

"It is somewhat remarkable that either on the night before, or after his decease (I am not certain which, but think it was the former) I was very much disturbed throughout the night in dreams concerning him. I seldom remember to have suffered so much in sleep, or to have wept more than I did then, thinking that I saw him, as I had last seen him, bent and suffering, helplessly and hopelessly, and that he reproved or rather reasoned with me for allowing myself to be so affected. This is perfectly explicable; but it impressed me strongly at the time; and if in some of his latter hours his thoughts were directed towards me (as they may have been), I could find a solution which would accord with my philosophy, though it may not be dreamt of in that of other men.

"I have long looked for this event, and however important in one point of view the prolongation of his life might appear, I could not, if wishes or prayers could have done it, have stretched him upon the rack of this world longer.

"There is some comfort in thinking that he now knows, if he never knew it before, how truly I loved and honoured him. I often indulge the belief that

towards our dead friends our hearts are open and our desires known.

. . . . . .

"God bless you, my dear friend!

Yours most affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Nov. 28. 1828.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"You may get the whole of Sir Thomas Brown's works more easily perhaps than the Hydrotaphia in a single form. The folio is neither scarce nor dear, and you will find it throughout a book to your heart's content. If I were confined to a score of English books, this I think would be one of them; nay, probably, it would be one if the selection were cut down to twelve. My library, if reduced to those bounds, would consist of Shakspeare, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton; Lord Clarendon; Jackson, Jeremy Taylor, and South; Isaac Walton, Sidney's Arcadia, Fuller's Church History, and Sir Thomas Brown; and what a wealthy and well-stored mind would that man have, what an inexhaustible reservoir, what a Bank of England to draw upon for profitable thoughts and delightful associations, who should have fed upon them!

". . . . I am glad you have passed six weeks pleasurably and profitably, though grudging a little that they were not spent at Keswick, where,

among other things, I should like you to see the additional book-room that we have fitted up, and in which I am now writing, dividing my time between the two book-rooms by spells, so that both may be kept well aired. It would please you to see such a display of literary wealth, which is at once the pride of my eye, and the joy of my heart, and the food of my mind; indeed, more than metaphorically, meat, drink, and clothing for me and mine. I verily believe that no one in my station was ever so rich before, and I am very sure that no one in any station had ever a more thorough enjoyment of riches of any kind, or in any way. It is more delightful for me to live with books than with men, even with all the relish that I have for such society as is worth having.

"I broke off this morning (not being a post day) for the sake of walking to Lodore, to see the cataract in its glory, after heavy rain in a wet season. A grand sight it was, and a grand sound. The walk, however, has just induced enough of agreeable lassitude to disincline me for my usual evening's pen-work.

"Your godson comes on well with his books, and if you are disposed to make him a godfather's gift, you may send him a Septuagint, that being a book in which Michaelis advises that all who are intended for the theological profession should be grounded at school. Intentions, or even wishes, I hardly dare form concerning him: but this I am sure is the best and happiest profession which a wise man could

choose for himself, or desire for those who are dear to him. . . . . God bless you!

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 8. 1828.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"I do not wonder that neither you nor your friend are acquainted with the name of Jackson as a divine, and I believe the sight of his works would somewhat appal you, for they are in three thick folios. He was Master of Corpus (Oxford) and vicar of Newcastle-upon-Tyne in the early part of Charles the First's reign, but his works were not published in a collective form till after the Restoration, when they were edited by Barnabas Oley, who was also the editor of George Herbert's Remains. In our Old Divines there is generally something that you might wish were not there: less of this in Jackson, I think, than in any other, except South; and more of what may truly be called divine philosophy than in any or all others. Possibly you might not have the same relish for Jackson that I have, and yet I think you would find three or four pages per day a wholesome and pleasant diet.

"If you have not got the sermons of my almost-namesake, Robert South (who was, moreover, of Westminster), buy thou them forthwith, O Grosvenor Charles Bedford! for they will delight the very cockles of thy heart. . . . . .

"I cannot give full credit to your story* about the Life of Nelson. It is not likely that the American Government, which is as parsimonious as Mr. Hume would wish ours to be, should incur the expense; and if they had, it is very unlikely that I should not have heard of it from the Americans who find their way to me, or those American acquaintance who give them letters of introduction. If the fact were so, it should be put in the newspapers. But I dare say that, if Henry will cross-question his informant, he will find that it has been asserted upon very insufficient grounds. As for our Government doing any thing of this kind, they must first be taught to believe that it is part of their duty to provide wholesome instruction for the people. This they will learn when they have had sufficient cause to repent of their ignorance, and not *till* then. For myself I am very far from complaining of Government, to which, indeed, I owe much more than to the public. You know what his Majesty is pleased

* "I met a Mr. Brandreth at my brother's a few days ago, who has lately returned from the West Indies. He says the American Government has printed an edition of your Life of Nelson, sufficiently numerous for a distribution on fine paper to every officer, and on coarse paper to every man in their fleet. This is what should have been done here long ago, and would have been done if our statesmen had been anything better than politicians, or considered the people of the country as anything but mere machines, unendowed with feelings or motives of action. It ought to be in the chest of every seaman, from the admiral to the cabin boy. But our rulers have long been in the habit of calculating the people only by arithmetical figures, and look upon them only in the mass, without taking human character into the account. 'We politicians, you know,' said the late Lord Londonderry once to a friend of mine, 'have no feelings.' No, indeed, should have been the answer, nor do you reckon upon any in others." — *G. C. B. to R. S., Dec.* 1828.

to allow me through your hands. Now from the said public my last year's proceeds were, — for the Book of the Church and the Vindiciæ, per John Murray, *nil;* and for all the rest of my works in Longman's hands, about 26*l.* In this account, you know, the Peninsular War and the Life of Nelson are not included, being Murray's property. But the whole proceeds of my former labours, were what I have stated them, for the year ending at midsummer last; so that if it were not for reviewing, it would be impossible for me to pay my current expenses. As some explanation I should tell you that Roderick and Thalaba, and Madoc are in new editions, which have not yet cleared themselves. They are doing this very slowly, except Roderick, from which, if it had been clear, I should have received 35*l.*

"There are many causes for this. The Annuals are now the only books bought for presents to young ladies, in which way poems formerly had their chief vent. People ask for what is new; and to these may be added, that of all the opponents of the great and growing party of revolutionists, I am the one whom they hate the most, and of all the supporters of established things the one whom the anti-revolutionists like the least. So that I fight for others against many, but stand alone myself.

"God bless you!

R. S."

To John May, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 11. 1828.

"My dear Friend,

"If my long summer absence, and the continual interruptions which followed it to the middle of October, had not brought most heavy arrears of business upon my hands, you would have heard from me ere this. It seems my fate, like yours, to have more business as I advance in life, and less leisure for what I should take more delight in; — however, God be praised who gives me strength and ability to go on, and enables me to support what, even with the best and most careful economy, is necessarily an expensive household.

"Dec. 15.

"I have been prevented from finishing this letter by the unexpected appearance of Lieut. Mawe, who has come from Peru down the Orellana, being the first Englishman who has ever descended that river. He has brought his manuscript to me before it goes to the press. I had seen him at Chantrey's just on his arrival, and he is wishing now that my History of Brazil had fallen in his way before he began his expedition. You may suppose how interesting I find his conversation and his journal. The account which he gives of Para is not favourable; trade is declining for want of specie; the English and American merchants are obliged to take produce in payment, and on that account price their goods it is said 30 per cent. above what they otherwise would do, and this makes them too dear for the market. Steam-boats, whenever they are introduced, will

alter the condition of that country, and produce apparently a most beneficial effect.

"God bless you, my dear friend! and bring you through all those difficulties which you had so little reason to expect, and had done nothing to bring upon yourself. The inflictions of injustice are, I suppose, the most difficult of all evils to bear with equanimity — evils which arise from our own faults we receive as their chastisement and our own deserts, — those which Heaven are pleased to inflict are borne as being its will. I hope and trust that there are better days in store for you. Alas! how ill do times and seasons sometimes suit with our views and wishes. Had you been removed to Bristol four-and-twenty years sooner, I should never have been removed from it.

"Once more, with kind remembrances from all here,

Yours most affectionately,
R. S."

To Allan Cunningham, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 21. 1828.

"My dear Allan,

"Having no less than seven females in family, you will not wonder that as yet I have seen little more than the prints in your book * and its table of contents. It is, I do not doubt, quite as good in typographical contents as any of its rivals. The truth is, that in this respect there can be little to choose between; they are one and all of the same

* The Anniversary.

kind; the same contributors are mostly to be found in all of them, and this must of necessity bring the merits of all pretty much to an average. I am not sure that it would be for your interest to monopolise three or four writers, whose names happen to be high on the wheel of Fortune, if by so doing you should exclude some of those that are at present on the lower spokes. To me it seems the best policy that you should have many contributors, because every one would, from self-love, wish to promote the sale of the volume; and, moreover, every writer is the centre of some little circle, within which what he may write is read and admired. But the literary department, make what exertions you will, must be as inferior in its effect upon the sale to the pictorial one, as it is in its cost. At the best, Allan, these Annuals are picture-books for grown children. They are good things for the artists and engravers, and, therefore, I am glad of their success. I shall be more glad if one of them can be made a good thing for you; and I am very sure that you will make it as good as a thing of its kind can be made; but, at the best, this is what it must be.

"I have not seen the Keepsake yet, neither have I heard from its editor. He has 'o'erstept the modesty of puffing' in his advertisements, and may very likely discover that he has paid young men of rank and fashion somewhat dearly for the sake of their names. You know upon what terms I stand with that concern.

"You wish for prose from me. I write prose more willingly than verse from habit, and because the hand

of time is on me; but, then, I cannot move without elbow room. Grave subjects which could be treated within your limits, do not occur to me; light ones I am sure will not; playfulness comes from me more naturally in verse. I have one or two stories which may be versified for you, either as ballads or in some other form, and which will not be too long. Want of room, I am afraid, would apply equally to a life of John Fox, which would better suit the Quarterly Review, if Dibdin should bring out his projected edition. Sometimes I think the Bust may afford me a subject; but whether it would turn out song or sermon, I hardly know, perhaps both in one.

"Your book is very beautiful. The vignettes are especially clever. Of the prints Sir Walter interests me most for its subject, Pic-a-Back perhaps for its execution. It is the best design I ever saw of Richard Westall's. To make your book complete as exhibiting the art of the age, I should like something from Martin and something from Cruikshank, otherwise I do not see how it could be improved.

"God bless you!

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Keswick, Dec. 29. 1828.

"My dear Grosvenor,

"I have two things to tell you, each good in its kind,—the first relating to the moon, the second to myself.

"It is not likely that you should recollect a poor, harmless, honest old man, who used to deliver the letters when you were at Keswick; Joseph Littledale is his name, and, if you remember him, it will be by a chronic, husky cough, which generally announced his approach. Poor Littledale has this day explained the cause of our late rains, which have prevailed for the last five weeks, by a theory which will probably be as new to you as it is to me. 'I have observed,' he says, 'that, when the moon is turned upward, we have fine weather after it; but, if it is turned down, then we have a wet season; and the reason I think is, that when it is turned down, it holds no water, like a bason, you know, and then down it all comes.' There, Grosvenor, it will be a long while before the march of intellect shall produce a theory as original as this, which I find, upon inquiry, to be the popular opinion here.

"Next concerning myself. A relation of my friend Miss Bowles heard at a dinner-party lately that Mr. Southey had become a decided Methodist, and was about to make a full avowal of his sentiments in a poem called the Sinner well saved.* 'The title,' said the speaker, 'shows plainly what it is. But I have seen it; I have had a peep at it at the publisher's, and such a rant!!' . . . .

"I am about to begin a paper upon Surtees' History of the County of Durham for the next Quarterly Review, a subject which requires no more labour than

* A Roman Catholic legend, taken from the "Acta Sanctorum," versified, and published in the collected edition of his poems, under the title of "All for Love; or a Sinner well saved."

that of looking through the three folios, and arranging what matter of general interest they contain in an amusing form; and this is comparatively easy work. Moreover, I am about a Life of Ignatius Loyola for the Foreign Review. My books having nearly come to a dead stand-still in their sale, it becomes necessary for me to raise my supplies by present labour, which, thank God, I am at present very well able to do. I shall work hard to make provision for a six weeks' holiday, commencing early in May, when I mean (if we all live and do well, and alas! Grosvenor, how little is this to be depended upon!), to remove my women-kind to the Isle of Man for sea air and bathing if they like it. The island is worth seeing, and there is no place where we could get at so little expense, or live so cheaply when there. We are but two stages from Whitehaven, and from thence there is a steam-packet. There I shall go over the whole island, and write verses when it rains.

"*Wednesday*, 31. — . . . I did not know that there was a folio edition of South. Six octavo volumes of his sermons were published during his life, five more after his death, from his manuscripts which had not been corrected for the press. The Oxford Edition comprises the whole in seven octavos. One sermon among the posthumous ones is remarkable, because it was evidently written (probably in his younger days) as a trial of skill, in imitation of Sir Thomas Brown. . . .

"God bless you, my dear Grosvenor!

R. S."

APPENDIX.

A.

Two Letters concerning Lord Byron, published in Southey's Essays, 2 vols., Murray, 1832.

"HAVING, in the preface to my 'Vision of Judgment,' explained the principle upon which the metre of that poem is constructed, I took the opportunity of introducing the following remarks:—

"'I am well aware that the public are peculiarly intolerant of such innovations, not less so than the populace are of any foreign fashion, whether of foppery or convenience. Would that this literary intolerance were under the influence of a saner judgment, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition — the spirit rather than the form! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted! For more than half a century English literature had been distinguished by its moral purity, — the effect, and, in its turn, the cause of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the brothel. There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so; and woe to those by whom the offence

cometh! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws themselves are unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity, individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither be published nor written, if they were discouraged, as they might and ought to be, by public feeling. Every person, therefore, who purchases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abettor of the crime.

"'The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences which can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity; and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

"'These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings, who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favourite vices, and deceive themselves. What, then, should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood, and with deliberate purpose?

Men of diseased* hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul! The school which they have set up may properly be called the Satanic School, for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterised by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.

"'This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest reasoners†, that "the destruction of governments

* "*Summi poetæ in omni poetarum sæculo viri fuerunt probi; in nostris id vidimus et videmus; neque alius est error a veritate longiùs quàm magna ingenia magnis necessario corrumpi viti is. Secundo plerique posthabent primum, hi malignitate, illi ignorantia; et quum aliquem inveniunt styli morumque vitiis notatum, nec inficetum tamen nec in libris edendis parcum, eum stipant, prædicant, occupant, amplectuntur. Si mores aliquantulum vellet corrigere, si stylum curare paululum, si fervido ingenio temperare, si moræ tantillum interponere, tum ingens nescio quid et vere epicum, quadraginta annos natus, procuderet. Ignorant verò febriculis non indicari vires, impatientiam ab imbecillitate non differre; ignorant a levi homine et inconstante multa fortasse scribi posse plusquam mediocria, nihil compositum, arduum, æternum.*" — *Savagius Landor, De Cultu atque Usu Latini Sermonis.* This essay, which is full of fine critical remarks and striking thoughts felicitously expressed, reached me from Pisa, while the proof of the present sheet was before me. Of its author (the author of Gebir and Count Julian), I will only say in this place, that, to have obtained his approbation as a poet, and possessed his friendship as a man, will be remembered among the honours of my life, when the petty enmities of this generation will be forgotten, and its ephemeral reputations shall have passed away.

† South.

may be proved, and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects' manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in the mathematics." There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long subsist—a truth which all history exemplified; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused, as by poisoning the waters of literature.

" 'Let rulers of the State look to this in time! But, to use the words of South, if "our physicians think the best way of *curing* a disease is to *pamper* it, the Lord in mercy prepare the Kingdom to suffer, what He by miracle only can prevent!"

" 'No apology is offered for these remarks. The subject led to them; and the occasion of introducing them was willingly taken, because it is the duty of every one, whose opinion may have any influence, to expose the drift and aim of those writers who are labouring to subvert the foundations of human virtue and of human happiness.'

"Lord Byron, in his next publication, was pleased to comment upon this passage, in the ensuing words:—

" 'Mr. Southey, too, in his pious preface to a poem, whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler, because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the "Legislature to look to it," as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution,—*not* such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the "Satanic School." This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted: Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastile, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French revolution was *not* occasioned by any writings.

"'It is the fashion to attribute everything to the French revolution, and the French revolution to everything but its real cause. That cause is obvious. The Government exacted too much, and the people could neither *give* nor *bear more*. Without this, the encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration.

"'And the *English* revolution (the first, I mean), what was it occasioned by? The *Puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer. Acts—acts on the part of Government, and *not* writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are leading to the future.

"'I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist. I wish to see the English Constitution restored, and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have *I* to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The Government may exult over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves, repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on, and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley?* One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again; but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theophilanthropy. The Church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the reclaimers, and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well-informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of

space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt. There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water in the pale sunbeam of human reason, but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes, unless, indeed, they are persecuted: *that*, to be sure, will increase anything.

"'Mr. S., with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated "death-bed repentance" of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant "Vision of Judgment," in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. S.'s sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence, neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, *I* have not waited for a "death-bed" to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the "diabolical pride" which this pitiful renegado, in his rancour, would impute to those who scorn *him*.

"'Whether, upon the whole, the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate, is not for me to ascertain; but as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion (easily proved, if necessary), that I, "in my degree," have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the only *act* of *my* life, of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connection of his own, did no dishonour to that connection nor to me.

"'I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey's calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland, against

me and others. They have done him no good in this world; and if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What *his* "death-bed" may be, it is not my province to predicate; let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all works, sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow-creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apotheosis of George the Third, and the Elegy on Martin the Regicide all shuffled together in his writing-desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of Mr. Landor, the author of "Gebir," whose friendship for Robert Southey will, it seems, "be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten."

"'I for one neither envy him "the friendship" nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelusson's fortune, in the third and fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in "English Bards,") Porson said, "would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, and not till then." For the present I leave him.'"

The foregoing passage, which has here been given at length, called forth the first of the ensuing letters.

LETTER I.

To the Editor of the Courier.

"Keswick, Jan. 5. 1822.

"Sir,

"Having seen in the newspapers a note relating to myself, extracted from a recent publication of Lord Byron's, I request permission to reply through the medium of your journal.

"I come at once to his lordship's charge against me,

blowing away the abuse with which it is frothed, and evaporating a strong acid in which it is suspended. The residuum, then, appears to be, that 'Mr. Southey, on his return from Switzerland (in 1817), scattered abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against Lord Byron and others.' To this I reply with *a direct and positive denial*.

"If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk, or monk of La Trappe,—that he had furnished a *harem*, or endowed an hospital, I might have thought the report, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly, passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation, for no more than it was worth. In this manner I might have spoken of him as of Baron Gerambe, the Green Man, the Indian Jugglers, or any other *figurante* of the time being. There was no reason for any particular delicacy on my part in speaking of his lordship; and, indeed, I should have thought anything which might be reported of him would have injured his character as little as the story which so greatly annoyed Lord Keeper Guilford,—that he had ridden a rhinoceros. He may ride a rhinoceros, and though every one would stare, no one would wonder. But making no inquiry concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no curiosity, I heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat. When I spoke of wonders to my friends and acquaintances on my return, it was of the flying-tree at Alpnach, and the eleven thousand virgins at Cologne,—not of Lord Byron. I sought for no staler subject than St. Ursula.

"Once, and only once, in connection with Switzerland, I have alluded to his lordship; and as the passage was curtailed in the press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the Quarterly Review, speaking incidentally of the 'Jungfrau,' I said 'it was the scene where Lord Byron's *Manfred* met the Devil and bullied him, though the Devil

must have won his cause before any tribunal, in this world or the next, if he had not pleaded more feebly for himself than his advocate, in a cause of canonization, ever pleaded for him.'

"With regard to the others, whom his lordship accuses me of calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his friends, whose names I found written in the album at Mont Anvert, with an avowal of atheism annexed, in Greek, and an indignant comment, in the same language, underneath it. Those names, with that avowal and the comment, I transcribed in my note-book, and spoke of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, the gentleman in question would not have thought himself slandered by having that recorded of him which he has so often recorded of himself.

"The many opprobrious appellations which Lord Byron has bestowed upon me, I leave as I find them, with the praises which he has bestowed upon himself.

> "'How easily is a noble spirit discern'd
> From harsh and sulphurous matter that flies out
> In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks.'
>
> *Ben Jonson.*

But I am accustomed to such things; and, so far from irritating me are the enemies who use such weapons, that when I hear of their attacks, it is some satisfaction to think they have thus employed the malignity which must have been employed somewhere, and could not have been directed against any person whom it could possibly molest or injure less. The viper, however venomous in purpose, is harmless in effect while it is biting at the file. It is seldom, indeed, that I waste a word or a thought upon those who are perpetually assailing me. But abhorring as I do the personalities which disgrace our current literature, and averse from controversy as I am, both by principle and inclination, I make no profession

of non-resistance. When the offence and the offender are such as to call for the whip and the branding-iron, it has been both seen and felt that I can inflict them.

" Lord Byron's present exacerbation is evidently produced by an infliction of this kind, not by hearsay reports of my conversation four years ago, transmitted him from England.

" The cause may be found in certain remarks upon the Satanic School of Poetry, contained in my preface to the Vision of Judgment. Well would it be for Lord Byron if he could look back upon any of his writings with as much satisfaction as I shall always do upon what is there said of that flagitious school. Many persons, and parents especially, have expressed their gratitude to me for having applied the branding-iron where it was so richly deserved. The Edinburgh Reviewer, indeed, with that honourable feeling by which his criticisms are so peculiarly distinguished, suppressing the remarks themselves, has imputed them wholly to envy on my part. I give him, in this instance, full credit for sincerity: I believe he was equally incapable of comprehending a worthier motive, or inventing a worse; and, as I have never condescended to expose, in any instance, his pitiful malevolence, I thank him for having in this stript it bare himself, and exhibited it in its bald, naked, and undisguised deformity.

" Lord Byron, like his encomiast, has not ventured to bring the matter of those animadversions into view. He conceals the fact that they are directed against authors of blasphemous and lascivious books; against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality like themselves; against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals.

"His lordship has thought it not unbecoming in him to call me a scribbler of all work. Let the word *scribbler* pass; it is an appellation which will not stick like that of *the Satanic School*. But, if a scribbler, how am I one of *all work?* I will tell Lord Byron what I have *not* scribbled, what kind of work I have *not* done:—

"I have never published libels upon my friends and acquaintances, expressed my sorrow for those libels, and called them in during a mood of better mind, and then reissued them when the evil spirit, which for a time had been cast out, had returned and taken possession, with seven others more wicked than himself. I have never abused the power, of which every author is in some degree possessed, to wound the character of a man or the heart of a woman. I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not dare affix my name, or which I feared to claim in a court of justice, if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller. I have never manufactured furniture for the brothel. None of *these things* have I done; none of the foul work by which literature is perverted to the injury of mankind. My hands are clean! There is no damned spot upon them!—no taint, which all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten!

"Of the work which I *have* done it becomes me not here to speak, save only as relates to the Satanic School, and its Coryphæus, the author of Don Juan. I have held up that school to public detestation, as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals of the country. I have given them a designation *to which their founder and leader answers.* I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliath in the forehead. I have fastened his name upon the gibbet for reproach and ignominy, as long as it shall endure. Take it down who can!

"One word of advice to Lord Byron before I conclude.

When he attacks me again let it be in rhyme. For one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper should be obliged to *keep tune.*

" And while he may still indulge in the same rankness and violence of insult, the metre will, in some degree, seem to lessen its vulgarity.

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

LETTER II.

To the Editor of the Courier.

" Keswick, Dec. 8. 1824.

" Sir,

" On a former occasion you have allowed me, through the channel of your journal, to contradict a calumnious accusation as publicly as it had been preferred; and though, in these days of slander, such things hardly deserve refutation, there are reasons which induce me once more to request a similar favour.

" Some extracts from Captain Medwin's recent publication of Lord Byron's Conversations, have been transmitted to me by a friend, who, happening to know what the facts are which are there falsified, is of opinion that it would not misbecome me to state them at this time. I wish it, however, to be distinctly understood, that in so doing I am not influenced by any desire of vindicating myself; that would be wholly unnecessary, considering from what quarter the charges come. I notice them for the sake of laying before the public one sample more of the practices of the Satanic School, and showing what credit is due to Lord Byron's assertions. For that his lordship spoke to this effect, and in this temper, I have no doubt: Captain Medwin having, I dare say, to the best of his recollection, faithfully performed the worshipful office of retailing all the effusions of spleen, slander,

and malignity which were vented in his presence. Lord Byron is the person who suffers most by this ; and, indeed, what man is there whose character would remain uninjured, if every peevish or angry expression, every sportive or extravagant sally, thrown off in the unsuspicious and imagined safety of private life, were to be secretly noted down and published, with no notice of circumstances to show how they had arisen, and when no explanation was possible? One of the offices which has been attributed to the Devil, is that of registering every idle word. There is an end of all confidence or comfort in social intercourse, if such a practice is to be tolerated by public opinion. When I take these Conversations to be authentic, it is because, as far as I am concerned, they accord, both in matter and spirit, with what his lordship himself had written and published ; and it is on this account only that I deem them worthy of notice — the last notice that I shall ever bestow upon the subject. Let there be as many 'More last Words of Mr. Baxter' as the 'reading public' may choose to pay for, they will draw no further reply from me.

"Now, then, to the point. The following speech is reported by Captain Medwin as Lord Byron's : — 'I am glad Mr. Southey owns that article* "Foliage," which excited my choler so much. But who else could have been the author? Who but Southey would have had the baseness, under pretext of reviewing the work of one man, insidiously to make it a nest-egg for hatching malicious calumnies against others? I say nothing of the critique itself on "Foliage ;" but what was the object of that article? I repeat, to vilify and scatter his dark and devilish insinuations against me and others. Shame on

* A volume of poems by Mr. Leigh Hunt. The reader who may be desirous of referring to the article, will find it in vol. xviii. of the Quarterly Review, p. 324. — *R. S.*

the man who could wound an already bleeding heart — be barbarous enough to revive the memory of an event that Shelley was perfectly ignorant of, and found scandal on falsehood! Shelley taxed him with writing that article some years ago; and he had the audacity to admit that he had treasured up some opinions of Shelley, ten years before, when he was on a visit to Keswick, and had made a note of them at the time.'

"*The reviewal in question I did not write.* Lord Byron might have known this if he had inquired of Mr. Murray, who would readily have assured him that I was not the author; and he might have known it from the reviewal itself, wherein the writer declares in plain words that he was a contemporary of Shelley's, at Eton. I had no concern in it, directly or indirectly; but let it not be inferred that in thus disclaiming that paper, any disapproval of it is intended. Papers in the Quarterly Review have been ascribed to me (those on Keats's Poems, for example), which I have heartily condemned both for their spirit and manner. But for the one in question, its composition would be creditable to the most distinguished writer; nor is there anything either in the opinions expressed, or in the manner of expressing them, which a man of just and honourable principles would have hesitated to advance. I would not have written that part of it which alludes to Mr. Shelley, because, having met him on familiar terms, and parted with him in kindness (a feeling of which Lord Byron had no conception), would have withheld me from animadverting in that manner upon his conduct. In other respects, the paper contains nothing that I would not have avowed if I had written, or subscribed, as entirely assenting to, and approving it.

"It is not true that Shelley ever inquired of me whether I was the author of that paper, which purporting, as it did, to be written by an Etonian of his own standing, he very well knew I was not. But in this part of Lord

Byron's statement there may be some mistake, mingled with a great deal of malignant falsehood. Mr. Shelley addressed a letter to me from Pisa, asking if I were the author of a criticism in the Quarterly Review, upon his Revolt of Islam, not exactly, in Lord Byron's phrase, *taxing* me with it, for he declared his own belief that I was not, but adding, that he was induced to ask the question by the positive declaration of some friends in England, that the article was mine. Denying, in my reply, that either he or any other person was entitled to propose such a question upon such grounds, I, nevertheless, assured him that I had not written the paper, and that I had never, in any of my writings, alluded to him in any way.

"Now for the assertion, that I had the audacity to admit having treasured up some of Shelley's opinions, when he had resided at Keswick, and having made notes of them at the time. What truth is mixed up with the slander of this statement, I shall immediately explain, premising only, that, as the opinion there implied concerning the practice of noting down familiar conversation, is not applicable to me, I transfer it to Captain Medwin for his own especial use.

"Mr. Shelley having, in the letter alluded to, thought proper to make some remarks upon my opinions, I took occasion, in reply, to comment upon his, and to ask him (as the tree is known by its fruits) whether he had found them conducive to his own happiness, and the happiness of those with whom he had been most nearly connected? This produced a second letter from him, written in a tone, partly of justification, partly of attack. I replied to this also, not by any such absurd admission as Lord Byron has stated, but by recapitulating to him, as a practical illustration of his principles, the leading circumstances of his own life, from the commencement of his career at

University College. The earliest facts I stated upon his own authority, as I had heard them from his own lips; the latter were of public notoriety. Here the correspondence ended. On his part it had been conducted with the courtesy natural to him; on mine, in the spirit of one who was earnestly admonishing a fellow-creature.

"This is the correspondence upon which Lord Byron's misrepresentation has been constructed. It is all that ever passed between us, except a note from Shelley, some years before, accompanying a copy of his *Alastor* and one of mine in acknowledgment of it. I have preserved his letters, together with copies of my own; and, if I had as little consideration for the feelings of the living as Captain Medwin has displayed, it is not any tenderness towards the dead* that would withhold me now from publishing them.

"It is not likely that Shelley should have communicated my part of this correspondence to Lord Byron, even if he did his own. Bearing testimony, as his heart did, to the truth of my statements in every point, and impossible as it was to escape from the conclusion which was then brought home, I do not think he would have dared produce it. How much or how little of the truth was

* In the preface to his Monody on Keats, Shelley, as I have been informed, asserts that I was the author of the criticism in the Quarterly Review upon that young man's poems, and that his death was occasioned by it. There was a degree of meanness in this (especially considering the temper and tenour of our correspondence) which I was not then prepared to expect from Shelley, for that he *believed* me to be the author of that paper, I certainly do not believe. He was once, for a short time, my neighbour. I met him upon terms, not of friendship indeed, but, certainly, of mutual good will. I admired his talents; thought that he would outgrow his errors (perilous as they were); and trusted that, meantime, a kind and generous heart would resist the effect of fatal opinions which he had taken up in ignorance and boyhood. Herein I was mistaken. But when I ceased to regard him with hope, he became to me a subject for sorrow and awful commiseration, not of any injurious or unkind feeling; and when I expressed myself with just severity concerning him, it was in direct communication to himself.—*R. S.*

known to his lordship, or with which of the party at Pisa the insolent and calumnious misrepresentations conveyed in his lordship's words originated, is of little consequence.

" The charge of scattering dark and devilish insinuations is one which, if Lord Byron were living, I would throw back in his teeth. Me he had assailed without the slightest provocation, and with that unmanliness, too, which was peculiar to him; and in this course he might have gone on without giving me the slightest uneasiness, or calling forth one animadversion in reply. When I came forward to attack his lordship, it was upon public, not upon private, grounds. He is pleased to suppose that he had mortally offended Mr. Wordsworth and myself many years ago, by a letter which he had written to the Ettrick Shepherd. ' Certain it is,' he says, ' that I did not spare the Lakists in it, and he told me that he could not resist the temptation, and had shown it to the fraternity. It was too tempting; and as I could never keep a secret of my own (as you know), much less that of other people, I could not blame him. I remember saying, among other things, that the Lake poets were such fools as not to fish in their own waters. But this was the least offensive part of the epistle.' No such epistle was ever shown to Mr. Wordsworth or to me; but I remember (and this passage brings it to my recollection) to have heard that Lord Byron had spoken of us in a letter to Hogg, with some contempt, as fellows who could neither vie with him for skill in angling nor for prowess in swimming. Nothing more than this came to my hearing; and I must have been more sensitive than his lordship himself could I have been offended by it. But if the contempt which he then expressed had equalled the rancour which he afterwards displayed, Lord Byron must have known that I had the *flocci* of his eulogium to balance the *nauci* of his scorn, and that the one would

have *nihili-pilified* the other, even if I had not well understood the worthlessness of both.

"It was because Lord Byron had brought a stigma upon English literature that I accused him; because he had perverted great talents to the worst purposes; because he had set up for pander-general to the youth of Great Britain as long as his writings should endure; because he had committed a high crime and misdemeanour against society, by sending forth a work in which mockery was mingled with horrors, filth with impiety, profligacy with sedition and slander. For these offences I came forward to arraign him. The accusation was not made darkly, it was not insinuated, nor was it advanced under the cover of a review. I attacked him openly in my own name, and only not by his, because he had not then publicly avowed the flagitious production by which he will be remembered for lasting infamy. He replied in manner altogether worthy of himself and his cause. Contention with a generous, honourable opponent leads naturally to esteem, and probably to friendship; but, next to such an antagonist, an enemy like Lord Byron is to be desired,—one who, by his conduct in the contest, divests himself of every claim to respect; one whose baseness is such as to sanctify the vindictive feeling that it provokes, and upon whom the act of taking vengeance is that of administering justice. I answered him as he deserved to be answered, and the effect which that answer produced upon his lordship has been described by his faithful chronicler, Captain Medwin. This is the real history of what the purveyors of scandal for the public are pleased sometimes to announce in their advertisements as 'Byron's Controversy with Southey!' What there was 'dark and devilish' in it belongs to his lordship; and had I been compelled to resume it during his life, he who played the monster in literature, and aimed his blows at women, should have been treated accord-

ingly. 'The Republican Trio,' says Lord Byron, 'when they began to publish in common, were to have had a community of all things, like the Ancient Britons, — to have lived in a state of nature, like savages, and peopled some island of the blest with children in common, like ——. A very pretty Arcadian notion!' I may be excused for wishing that Lord Byron had published this himself; but though he is responsible for the atrocious falsehood, he is not for its posthumous publication. I shall only observe, therefore, that the slander is as worthy of his lordship as the scheme itself would have been. Nor would I have condescended to have noticed it even thus, were it not to show how little this calumniator knew concerning the objects of his uneasy and restless hatred. Mr. Wordsworth and I were strangers to each other, even by name, at the time when he represents us as engaged in a Satanic confederacy, and we never published anything in common.

"Here I dismiss the subject. It might have been thought that Lord Byron had attained the last degree of disgrace when his head was set up for a sign at one of those preparatory schools for the brothel and the gallows, where obscenity, sedition, and blasphemy are retailed in drams for the vulgar. There remained one further shame, — there remained this exposure of his private conversations, which has compelled his lordship's friends, in their own defence, to compare his oral declarations with his written words, and thereby to demonstrate, that he was as regardless of truth, as he was incapable of sustaining those feelings suited to his birth, station, and high endowments, which sometimes came across his better mind.

Robert Southey."

B.

THE GRIDIRON;

A PINDARIC ODE.

1.

Broiling is best; bear witness, gods and men!
Awake, my Pen,
Promoted from some goose or gander's pinion
To be the sceptre wherewithal I sway
The Muses' wide dominion!
And thou, my spirit, for a loftier flight
Than ere the Theban eagle gain'd prepare;
Win with strong impulse thine ethereal way,
Till from the upper air,
Subjected to thy sight,
Regions remote and distant ages lie,
And thine unbounded eye
All things that are on earth or were in time descry.

2.

Broiling is best; from Jove begin the strain,
High-thundering Jupiter, to whom belong
The Gridiron and the song.
Whence came the glorious Gridiron upon earth?
O daughter of Mnemosyne, relate
When, where, and how the idea uncreate,
That from all ages in the all-teeming mind
Had slept confined,
Received in happy hour its formal birth.
Say, Muse, for thou canst tell
Whate'er to gods or men in earliest days befell:
Nor hath Oblivion in her secret cell,
Wherein with miserly delight
For aye by stealth
She heaps her still accumulating wealth,
Aught that is hidden from thy searching sight.

3.

Twas while the Olympian gods
Were wont among yet uncorrupted nations
To make from time to time their visitations,
Disdaining not to leave their high abodes
And feast with mortal men:
To Britain were the heavenly guests convened;
Its nymphs and silvan gods assembled then,
From forest and from mountain,
From river, mere and fountain;
Thither Saturnian Jove descended
With all his household deities attended;
And Neptune with the oceanic train,
To meet them in his own beloved isle
Came in his sea-car sailing o'er the main.
In joy that day the heav'ns appear'd to smile,
The dimpled sea to smile in joy was seen,
In joy the billows leap'd to kiss the land;
Yea, joy like sunshine fill'd the blue serene,
Joy smooth'd the waves, and sparkled on the sand;
Winds, woods, and waters sung with one consent;
The cloud-compelling Jove made jovial weather,
And earth, and sea, and sky rejoiced together.

4.

The sons of Britain then, his hearty hosts,
Brought forth the noble beef that Britain boasts,
To please, if please they might, their mighty guest.
And Jove was pleased, for he had visited
Men who on fish were fed,
And those who made of milk their only food,
A feeble race with children's meat content,
Whey-blooded, curd complexioned. But this sight
Awaken'd a terrestrial appetite
That gladden'd his dear heart. The chief
Of gods and men approving view'd

The Britons and their beef;
His head ambrosial in benignant mood
He bent, and with a jocund aspect blest
The brave Boöphagi, and told them broil'd was best.

5.

He touch'd his forehead then,
Pregnant this happy hour with thought alone,
Not riving with parturient throbs, as when
Panoplied Pallas, struggling to come forth,
Made her astonish'd Mater-pater groan,
And call on Vulcan to release the birth.
He call'd on Vulcan now, but 'twas to say
That in the fire and fume-eructant hill
The sweltering Cyclops might keep holiday,
For his own will divine,
Annihilant of delay,
Should with creative energy fulfil
The auspicious moment's great intent benign.
So spake the All-maker, and before the sound
Of that annunciant voice had pass'd away,
Behold upon the ground,
Self-form'd, for so it seem'd, a Gridiron lay.

6.

It was not forged by unseen hands,
Anticipant of Jove's commands,
Work worthy of applause,
And then through air invisibly convey'd,
Before him upon Earth's green carpet laid.
Jove in his mind conceived it, and it was;
But though his plastic thought
Shaped it with handle, feet, and bars, and frame,
Deem not that he created it of nought.
Nothing can come of nothing: from the air
The ferrean atoms came;
The air, which poising our terraqueous ball,
Feeds, fosters, and consumes, and reproduces all.

7.

Now the perfect Steak prepare!
Now the appointed rites begin!
Cut it from the pinguid rump,
Not too thick and not too thin;
Somewhat to the thick inclining,
Yet the thick and thin between,
That the gods, when they are dining,
May commend the golden mean.
Ne'er till now have they been blest
With a beef-steak duly drest;
Ne'er till this auspicious morn
When the Gridiron was born.

8.

Gods and demigods alertly
  Vie in voluntary zeal:
All are active, all are merry,
  Aiding, as they may, expertly,
Yet in part the while experi-
  mentally the expected meal.
Then it was that call'd to birth,
From the bosom of the earth,
By Apollo's moving lyre,
Stones, bituminous and black,
Ranged themselves upon the hearth
Ready for Hephæstus' fire:
While subjacent faggots crack,
Folds of foglike smoke aspire,
Till the flames with growing strength
All impediment subdue,
And the jetty gloss at length
Is exchanged for Vulcan's hue.
Now with salt the embers strew,
In faint explosion burning blue.
All offending fumes are gone,
Set, oh set, the Gridiron on!

9.

But who is she that there
From Jove's own brain hath started into life?
Red are her arms, and from the elbow bare;
Clean her close cap, white and light,
From underneath it not a hair
Straggles to offend the sight.
A fork bidented, and a trenchant knife,
She wields. I know thee! yes, I know thee now,
Heiress of culinary fame;
Clothed with pre-existence thou!
Dolly of the deathless name!
Thy praise in after days shall London speak,
O kitchen queen,
Of pearly forehead thou, and ruby cheek!
And many a watery mouth thy chops will bless,
Unconscious they and thou alike, I ween,
That thou hadst thus been ante-born to dress
For Jupiter himself the first beefsteak.

10.

O Muse divine, of Jove's own line, expound
That wonderful and ever-only birth
Like which the womb of Possibility
(Aye-and-all-teeming though it be)
Hath brought no second forth.
What hand but thine, O Muse divine, can sound
The depth of Mysteries profound
Sunk in arcanal ages and in night?
What but thy potential sight,
Piercing high above all height,
Reach them in the abyss of light?

11.

It were ignorance or folly
To compare this first-born Dolly
With Athenè ever young;

Grey-eyed, grave, and melancholy,
In her strength and in her state,
When from her cranial egg the Goddess sprung
Full-fledged, in adamantine arms connate.
Verily produced was she
In her immortality;
This of Dolly was a fan-
tastic birth, or, rather, man-
ifestation soon to be
Revoked into nonentity.
* * * *

Thus far, apparently, is completed; that which follows is transcribed from loose slips of paper.

Anticipating all her wishes,
Spirits come with plates and dishes.
Can more be needed? Yes, and more is here.
Swifter than a shooting-star,
One to distant Malabar
Speeds his way, and, in a trice,
Brings the pungent Indian spice.
Whither hath Erin's guardian Genius fled?
To the Tupinamban shore
This tutelary power hath sped;
Earth's good apples thence he bore,
One day destined to abound
On his own Hibernian ground,
Praties to be entitled then,
Gift of Gods to Irishmen.
* * * *
And strike with thunder from my starry seat
Those who divorce the murphies from the meat.
* * * *
Bring me no nectar, Hebe, now,
Nor thou, boy Ganymede!
He said, and shook his smiling brow,
And bade the rock with Porter flow, —

The rock with porter flow'd.
Not such as porter long hath been
In these degenerate days, I ween;
But such as oft, in days of yore,
Dean of St. Peter's, in thy yard,
Though doors were double lock'd and barr'd,
I quaff'd as I shall quaff no more;
Such as loyal Whitbread old,
Father of the brewers bold,
From his ample casks preferr'd
When he regaled the King, the good King George the Third.

* * * *

Far more than silver or than gold
The honest pewter pot he prized,
And drank his porter galvaniz'd.

* * * *

Teetotallers avaunt, and ye who feed,
Like grubs and snails, on root, or stem, or weed;
Nor think
That by such diet and such drink
Britain should rule the main.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.